

roots or fruit, an ape; if a woman, a bear; if water from a jar, the bird *chátaka*; if carriages, a camel; if small cattle, a goat.

That man, who designedly takes away the property of another, or eats any holy cakes not first presented to *the deity* at a solemn rite, shall inevitably sink to the condition of a brute."

Six charges delivered to the Calcutta Grand Jury are published: in them he points out the importance of the Supreme Court, and of juries—gives his opinion that forgery in India cannot be punished with death—recommends a mitigation of the imprisonment in Calcutta jail—and points out the evils of slavery in Calcutta:—

"Hardly a man or woman exists in a corner of this populous town, who hath not at least one slave child, either purchased at a trifling price, or saved perhaps from a death, that might have been fortunate, for a life, that seldom fails of being miserable: many of you, I presume, have seen large boats filled with such children coming down the river for open sale at *Calcutta*: nor can you be ignorant, that most of them were stolen from their parents, bought, perhaps, for a measure of rice in a time of scarcity, and that the sale itself is a defiance of this government, by violating one of its positive orders, which was made some years ago, after a consultation of the most reputable *Hindús* in *Calcutta*, who condemned such a traffic, as repugnant to their *Sástra*. The number of small houses in which these victims are pent, make it, indeed, very difficult for the settlement at large to be apprized of their condition; and if the sufferers knew where or how to complain, their very complaints may expose them to still harsher treatment; to be tortured, if remanded, or, if set at liberty, to starve."

He refers to the prevalence of perjury, drinking, gambling and punch houses in Calcutta, makes some excellent remarks on the duties of jurors, and gives a quotation from Sydney, which is a key note to his own political principles:—

"The good of a people ought to be fixed on a more solid foundation than the fluctuating will or fallible understanding of one or a few: for this reason law is established, which no passion can disturb. It is void of desire and fear, of lust and anger; it is pure dispassionate mind; written reason, retaining some measure of the divine perfection: it enjoins not that, which pleases a weak, frail man, but, without any regard to persons, commands what is good, and punishes evil in all, whether noble or base, rich or poor, high or low: it is deaf, inexorable, inflexible."

These charges are well-worthy the perusal of all those in this country who discharge the functions of jurors.

A translation is given of *Al Sirajeyah* or the Mahommedan law of inheritance, composed by Sirajuddin and Sherif, the Litleton and Coke of Mussalman courts—also of the *Property of Intestates*, by a Mussalman native of Mesopotamia;—it is "a law tract in verse." The *Essay on Suppressing Riots*, shows that the civil power has full authority without resorting to the military in cases of riots. Of his "Essay on the Law of Bailments," Gibbon has remarked "Sir W. Jones has given an ingenious and rational essay on the law of bailments. He is

perhaps the only lawyer equally conversant with the year books of Westminster, the commentaries of Ulpian, the Attic pleadings of Isæus, and the sentences of Arabian and Persian Kazis."

In his work on *the Gods of Greece, Italy and India*, Sir W. Jones traces up with great clearness all mythology to four principal sources:—

"I. Historical, or natural, truth has been perverted into fable by ignorance, imagination, flattery, or stupidity; as a king of *Crete* whose tomb had been discovered in that island, was conceived to have been the God of *Olympus*, and *MINOS*, a legislator of that country, to have been his son, and to hold a supreme appellate jurisdiction over departed souls; hence too probably flowed the tale of *CADMUS*, as *BOCHART* learnedly traces it; hence beacons or volcanos became one-eyed giants and monsters vomiting flames; and two rocks, from their appearance to mariners in certain positions, were supposed to crush all vessels attempting to pass between them; of which idle fictions many other instances might be given from the *Odyssey* and the various *Argonautic* poems. The less we say of *Julian* stars, deifications of princes or warriors, altars raised, with those of *APOLLO*, to the basest of men, and divine titles bestowed on such wretches as *CAJUS OCTAVINUS*, the less we shall expose the infamy of grave senators and fine poets, or the brutal folly of the low multitude: but we may be assured, that the mad apotheosis of truly great men, or of little men falsely called great, has been the origin of gross idolatrous errors in every part of the pagan world. II. The next source of them appears to have been a wild admiration of the heavenly bodies, and, after a time, the systems and calculations of Astronomers: hence came a considerable portion of *Egyptian* and *Grecian* fable; the *Sabian* worship in *Arabia*; the *Persian* types and emblems of *Mithra* or the sun, and the far extended adoration of the elements and the powers of nature; and hence perhaps, all the artificial Chronology of the *Chinese* and *Indians*, with the invention of demigods and heroes to fill the vacant niches in their extravagant and imaginary periods. III. Numberless divinities have been created solely by the magic of poetry, whose essential business it is, to personify the most abstract notions, and to place a nymph or a genius in every grove and almost in every flower: hence *Hygieia* and *Faso*, health and remedy, are the poetical daughters of *ÆSCULAPIUS*, who was either a distinguished physician, or medical skill personified; and hence *Chloris*, or verdure, is married to the *Zephyr*. IV. The metaphors and allegories of moralists and metaphysicians have been also very fertile in Deities; of which a thousand examples might be adduced from *PLATO*, *CICERO*, and the inventive commentators on *HOMER* in their pedigrees of the Gods, and their fabulous lessons of morality; the richest and noblest stream from this abundant fountain is the charming philosophical tale of *PSYCHE*, or the *Progress of the Soul*; than which to my taste, a more beautiful, sublime, and well supported allegory was never produced by the wisdom and ingenuity of man. Hence also the *Indian MAYA*, or, as the word is explained by some *Hindú* scholars, "the first inclination of the Godhead to diversify himself (such is their phrase) by creating worlds," is feigned to be the mother of universal nature, and of all the inferior Gods; as a *Kashmírian* informed me, when I asked him, why *KAMA*, or *Love*, was represented as her son; but the word *MAYA*, or *delusion*, has a more subtle and recondite sense in the *Vedánta* philosophy, where it signifies the system of perceptions, whether of secondary or

of primary qualities, which the Deity was believed by EPICHRUS, PLATO, and many truly pious men, to raise by his omnipresent spirit in the minds of his creatures, but which had not, in their opinion, any existence independent of mind."

He then discusses the connection between the Gods of Greece, Italy and India. He compares *Ganesa* having an elephant's head, the symbol of wisdom, with Janus, in the names of both were sacrifices and daily duties begun; *Saturn* with Noah and Manu—*Lakshmi* and Ceres, both female deities—*Indra* and *Jupiter*—*Siva* and *Jupiter Genitor*—*Suradevi* and *Bacchus*—*Neptune* and *Siva* with his trident—*Durga* and *Pallas*—*Saraswati* and *Minerva*—*Iswara* and *Isis*—*Ram* and *Dionysius*—*Krishna* and *Apollo*—*Vishwakarma* and *Vulcan*—*Káli* and *Diana*. Sir Wm. then traces the relation between Egypt and India in the name *Misar*—"priests from Egypt came and settled in Tírhút"—the Nile is derived from the Sanskrit *nil*, blue. He thinks the story of *Krishna* was partly derived from a spurious gospel brought into India. Sir W. Jones concludes his discourse with a strange declaration:—

"We may assure ourselves, that neither *Mussalmans* nor *Hindús* will ever be converted by any mission from the Church of Rome, or from any other church; and the only human mode, perhaps, of causing so great a revolution will be to translate into Sanskrit and Persian such chapters of the Prophets, particularly of ISAIAH, as are indisputably Evangelical, together with one of the Gospels, and a plain prefatory discourse containing full evidence of the very distant ages, in which the predictions themselves, and the history of the divine person predicted, were severally made public; and then quietly to disperse the work among the well-educated natives; with whom if in due time it failed of producing very salutary fruit by its natural influence, we could only lament more than ever the strength of prejudice, and the weakness of unassisted reason."

Sir W. J. had a house at Krishnagur, where he may have penned these lines: it is now in ruins, but within one hundred yards of it are erected a Christian Church, Mission House, Mission Schools and residences for native Christians, and in the district are the greatest number of converts in North India!

In an article on the *Chronology of the Hindús* he endeavours to reduce within the limits of historical probability the Hindú Yug, that Adam was the *ádím* or first Noah or Manu,—on the age of Buddha, he supposes there were two Buddhas with an interval of 1,000 years between them,—the genealogies of the Suryabansa and Chandrabansa; Jarasandha, a contemporary of Judhistir, founded a new dynasty in Magadh—a list is given of 21 Andhra Kings who reigned in Magadh between B. C. 908 and 456, when Magadh ceased to be an independent kingdom, being reduced to insignificance by the Pal kings of Gaur. He traces the foundation of the Indian empire

above 3,800 years ago—supposes that Sakya, or Sishak imported Buddhism into India from Egypt, about 12 centurise B. C.—But his data for Hindú chronology are very few, vague, and unsatisfactory; he chiefly depends on the place of the colures.

Sir Wm. in his paper on “*the Antiquity of the Indian Zodiac*,” endeavours to show it was not borrowed from the Greeks or Arabs:—

“In fact, although the figures of the twelve *Indian* signs bear a wonderful resemblance to those of the *Grecian*, yet they are too much varied for a mere copy, and the nature of the variation proves them to be original; nor is the resemblance more extraordinary than that, which has often been observed, between our *Gothic* days of the week and those of the *Hindus*, which are dedicated to the same luminaries, and (what is yet more singular) revolve in the same order: *Ravi*, the Sun; *Soma*, the Moon; *Mangala*, Tuisco; *Buddha*, Woden; *Vrihaspati*, Thor; *Sutra*, Freya; *Sani*, Saturn; yet no man ever imagined, that the *Indians* borrowed so remarkable an arrangement from the *Goths* or *Germans*.

There is no evidence, indeed, of a communication between the *Hindús* and *Arabs* on any subject of literature of science; for, though we have reason to believe, that a commercial intercourse subsisted in very early times between *Yemen* and the western coast of *India*, yet the *Bráhmans*, who alone are permitted to read the six *Vedángas*, one of which is the astronomical *Sástra*, were not then commercial, and, most probably, neither could nor would have conversed with *Arabian* merchants. The hostile irruption of the *Arabs* into *Hindústán*, in the eighth century, and that of the *Moguls* under CHENGIZ, in the thirteenth, were not likely to change the astronomical system of the *Hindús*; but the supposed consequences of *modern* revolutions are out of the question; for, if any historical records be true, we know with as positive certainty, that AMARSINH and KALIDAS composed their works before the birth of CHRIST, as that MENANDER and TERENCE wrote before that important epoch: now the twelve *signs* and and twenty-seven *mansions* are mentioned, by the several names before exhibited, in a *Sanskrit* vocabulary by the first of those *Indian* authors, and the second of them frequently alludes to *Róhini* and the rest by name in his *Fatal Ring*, his *Children of the Sun*, and his *Birth of KUMARA*.”

He shews that the Púranic astronomy is not to be confounded with the Jyatish or mathematical astronomy. In his paper on the *Lunar year of the Hindús*, an account is given of all the Hindú festivals held in each month of the year. Sir W. J's. *Hindú Odes* first appeared in Gladwin's miscellany, a work which preceded the Asiatic Researches, and the first periodical published in Calcutta.

Sir W. Jones' *Eleven discourses* delivered before the Asiatic Society are distinguished for the variety of subjects he has brought forward, the valuable suggestions and hints thrown out, and their freedom from dogmatism: they show that though an active professional man he turned his leisure hours to good account. He was the first President of the

Asiatic Society, and few of his successors have imbibed his spirit: it reflects disgrace on men to accept an office for the mere honour of it without performing the duties; we have known of a President of the Asiatic Society who would not take his dinner half an hour earlier in order to enable him to attend a monthly meeting—the spirit of the age loaths having men as drones at the head of a Society, even though they be Lords, and could trace up their ancestry to the Plantagenets. Sir W. Jones executed the duties of his office faithfully—*si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. His memorial lies in these inestimable discourses.

Sir W. Jones, in his preliminary discourse to the Asiatic Society states, that the design of forming such a Society occurred to him on his way to India, the objects he states to be:—

“It is your design, I conceive to take an ample space for your learned investigations bounding them only by the geographical limits of *Asia*; so that, considering *Hindustan* as a centre, and turning your eyes in idea to the North, you have on your right, many important kingdoms in the Eastern Peninsula, the ancient and wonderful empire of *China* with all her *Tartarian* dependencies, and that of *Japan*, with the cluster of precious islands, in which many singular curiosities have too long been concealed: before you lies that prodigious chain of mountains, which formerly perhaps were a barrier against the violence of the sea, and beyond them the very interesting country of *Tibet*, and the vast regions of *Tartary*, from which, as from the *Trojan* horse of the poets, have issued so many consummate warriors, whose domain has extended at least from the banks of the *Ilissus* to the mouths of the *Ganges*: on your left are the beautiful and celebrated provinces of *Iran* or *Persia*, the unmeasurable deserts of *Arabia*, and the once flourishing kingdom of *Yemen*, with the pleasant isles that the *Arabs* have subdued or colonized; and farther westward, the *Asiatic* dominions of the *Turkish* sultans, whose moon seems approaching rapidly to its wane.—By this great circumference, the field of your useful researches will be inclosed; but, since *Egypt* had unquestionably an old connection with this country, if not with *China*, since the language and literature of the *Abyssinians* bear a manifest affinity to those of *Asia*, since the *Arabian* arms prevailed along the *African Mediterranean*, and even erected a powerful dynasty on the continent of *Europe*, you may not be displeased occasional to follow the streams of *Asiatic* learning a little beyond its natural boundary.

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Agreeably to this analysis, you will investigate whatever is rare in the stupendous fabric of nature, will correct the geography of *Asia* by new observations and discoveries; will trace the annals, and even traditions, of those nations, who from time to time have peopled or desolated it; and will bring to light their institutions, civil and religious; you will examine their improvements and methods in arithmetic and geometry, in trigonometry, mensuration, mechanics, optics, astronomy, and generally physics; their systems of morality, grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics; their skill in chirurgery and medicine, and their advancement, whatever it may be, in anatomy and chemistry. To this you will add researches into their agri-

culture, manufactures, trade; and, whilst you inquire with pleasure into their music, architecture, painting, and poetry, will not neglect those inferior arts, by which the comforts and even elegances of social life are supplied or improved."

Would that his plans had been carried out with spirit since by the Asiatic Society! In Sir W. Jones' time there were *weekly* meetings of the Society, *now* few besides the officers of the Society, attend at the *monthly* meetings. He next enlarges on the beneficial results likely to ensue from the labors of the Society.

In his *Second Anniversary discourse* in 1785, he congratulates the Society on "their progress having far exceeded his expectations." He points out the importance of studying the geography of India, the botany as useful for diet and medicine :—

"The noble deobstruent oil, extracted from the *Eranda* nut, the whole family of *Balsams*, the incomparable stomachic root from *Columbo*, the fine astringent, ridiculously called *Japan* earth, but in truth produced by the decoction of an *Indian* plant, have long been used in *Asia*; and who can foretell what glorious discoveries of other oils, roots, and salutary juices, may be made by your society."

Its music :—

"But the *Hindú* system of *music* has, I believe, been formed on truer principles than our own; and all the skill of the native composers is directed to the great object of their art, *the natural expression of strong passions*, to which *melody*, indeed, is often sacrificed: though some of their tunes are pleasing even to an *European* ear. Nearly the same may be truly asserted of the *Arabian* or *Persian* system; and, by a correct explanation of the best books on that subject, much of the old *Grecian* theory may probably be recovered."

He expresses a wish which has not been fulfilled :—

"Yet I cannot forbear expressing a wish, that the activity of the *French* in the same pursuits may not be superior to ours, and that the researches of M. SONNERAT, whom the court of *Versailles* employed for seven years in these climates, merely to collect such materials as we are seeking, may kindle, instead of abating, our own curiosity and zeal."

He makes a proposal which has never been properly carried out :—

"If each of us were occasionally to contribute a succinct description of such manuscripts as he had perused or inspected, with their dates and the names of their owners, and to propose for solution such *questions* as had occurred to him concerning *Asiatic* Art, Science, and History, natural or civil, we should possess without labour, and almost by imperceptible degrees, a fuller catalogue of Oriental books, than has hitherto been exhibited, and our correspondents would be apprised of those points, to which we chiefly direct our investigations."

The *third anniversary discourse* embraces a wide scope of historical subjects,—he censures etymological investigation

(Germany however disproves his censures)—he notices the geography of India :—

“Nor can we reasonably doubt, how degenerate and abased so ever the *Hindús* may now appear, that in some early age they were splendid in arts and arms, happy in government, wise in legislation, and eminent in various knowledge.”

He then treats of the *Vrija Bhasha*, or vernacular language used near Mathúra when the Mussalmans came to India; the Hindi “the primeval language of Upper India,” the Deva Nagari and its cognate characters used from Kashgar to Ramisaram, and from Sindh to Siam; the Indian religion :—

“We now live among the adorers of those very deities, who were worshipped under different names in old *Greece* and *Italy*, and among the professors of those philosophical tenets, which the *Ionic* and *Attic* writers illustrated with all the beauties of their melodious language. On one hand we see the trident of NEPTUNE, the eagle of JUPITER, the satyrs of BACCHUS, the bow of CUPID, and the chariot of the *Sun*; on another we hear the cymbals of RHEA, the songs of the *Muses*, and the pastoral tales of APOLLO NOMIUS.”

Of mythological affinities, he justly remarks :—

“Although I cannot believe with NEWTON, that ancient mythology was nothing but historical truth in a poetical dress, nor with BACON, that it consisted solely of moral and metaphysical allegories, nor with BRYANT, that all the heathen divinities are only different attributes and representations of the Sun or of deceased progenitors, but conceive that the whole system of religious fables rose, like the *Nile*, from several distinct sources, yet I cannot but agree, that one great spring and fountain of all idolatry in the four quarters of the globe was the veneration paid by men to the vast body of fire which “looks from his sole dominion like the God of this world;” and another, the immoderate respect shown to the memory of powerful or virtuous ancestors, especially the founders of kingdoms, legislators, and warriors, of whom the *Sun* or the *Moon* were wildly supposed to be the parents.”

He makes the following observation on a subject which ought to be investigated by some ethnologist in this country :—

“All these indubitable facts may induce no ill-grounded opinion, that *Ethiopia* and *Hindústan* were peopled or colonized by the same extraordinary race; in confirmation of which, it may be added, that the mountaineers of *Bengal* and *Bahar* can hardly be distinguished in some of their features, particularly their lips and noses, from the modern *Abyssinians*, whom the *Arabs* call the children of CUSH: and the ancient *Hindús*, according to STRABO, differed in nothing from the *Africans*, but in the straitness and smoothness of their hair, while that of the others was crisp or woolly.”

He writes flatteringly of the inventive powers of the *Hindús* :—

“The *Hindús* are said to have boasted of three inventions, all of which, indeed, are admirable, the method of instructing by *apologues*, the *decimal scale* adopted now by all civilized nations, and the game of *Chess*, on which they have some curious treatises; but, if their numerous works on Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Music, all which are extant and accessible, were

explained in some language generally known, it would be found, that they had yet higher pretensions to the praise of a fertile and inventive genius."

The *fourth Anniversary discourse* treats of the Arabs, who with the Hindus were both commercial nations at a very early period, and both retained their primitive features, languages and manners in spite of foreign conquest. Sir W. Jones gives the following lively but over-coloured picture of the Arabs:—

"Their eyes are full of vivacity, their speech voluble and articulate, their deportment manly and dignified, their apprehension quick, their minds always present and attentive; with a spirit of independence appearing in the countenances even of the lowest among them. Men will always differ in their ideas of civilization, each measuring it by the habits and prejudices of his own country; but, if courtesy and urbanity, a love of poetry and eloquence, and the practice of exalted virtues be a juster measure of perfect society, we have certain proof, that the people of *Arabia*, both on plains and in cities, in republican and monarchical states, were eminently civilized for many ages before their conquest of *Persia*."

He then dwells on—the encouragement given by the university of Leyden, by Golius, Schultens and Erpenius to the study of Arabic—the difference of the Arabic from the Sanskrit in its aversion to compound words and trilateral roots, and the affinity of its characters to the Hebrew—the Sabianism of the ancient Arabs and their adopting, like the Hindús, the powers of God represented by female deities and the adoration of stones—the Kibla of Mecca—the settlement of people in Arabia about 1800 years before Christ, when the Hindús under Ram were extending their conquests to Ceylon—their ports, the emporia of considerable commerce between Egypt and India—the skill of the early Arabs in poetry and rhetoric,—

"A language, that is only spoken, may nevertheless be highly polished by a people, who, like the ancient *Arabs*, make the improvement of their idiom a national concern, appoint solemn assemblies for the purpose of displaying their poetical talents, and hold it a duty to exercise their children in getting by heart their most approved compositions."

The *fifth discourse* is occupied with TARTARY, "the foundry of the human race," the ancient Scythia which Monsieur Bailli considered to be the spring of arts and sciences to the rest of Europe, though Sir W. J. shows the Tartars had no literature. Even Genghis Khan could find none of his own Moguls able to write his despatches, and Timur could neither read nor write. Over fifty dialects are spoken between Moscow and China. The theory of Bailli respecting the ancient civilization of Tartary is discussed,—its Sabianism—Lamaism

was diffused from Tibet into Tartary—few great monuments of Tartarian antiquity exist :—

“ No evidence, therefore, has been adduced to shake my opinion, that the *Moguls* and *Tartars*, before their conquest of *India* and *Persia*, were wholly unlettered ; although it may be possible, that, even without art or science, they had, like the *Huns*, both warriors and lawgivers in their own country some centuries before the birth of *CHRIST*.”

In his *sixth discourse* he dwells on *PERSIA*, or the empire of Iran, “ the noblest peninsula in the habitable globe.” Sir W. Jones shows that Persia was first known to the Greeks in the time of Cyrus, the Khosran of Firdausi—he treats of the loss of old Persian archives—of the Pahlavi, the learned language of Persia, a dialect of Chaldaic,—the Zend, the sacred tongue, and the vernacular Parsi :—

“ Having twice read the works of *FIRDAUSI*, with great attention, since I applied myself to the study of old *Indian* literature, I can assure you with confidence, that hundreds of *Pársi* nouns are pure *Sanskrit*, with no other change than such as may be observed in the numerous *bhāshās*, or vernacular dialects, of *India* ; that very many *Persian* imperatives are the roots of *Sanskrit* verbs ; and that even the moods and tenses of the *Persian* verb substantive, which is the model of all the rest, are deducible from the *Sanskrit* by an easy and clear analogy : we may hence conclude, that the *Pársi* was derived, like the various *Indian* dialects, from the language of the *Bráhmans*.”

Of the Zend, 7-10th is of Sanskrit origin :—

“ The oldest discoverable languages of *Persia* were *Chaldaick* and *Sanskrit* ; and that, when they had ceased to be vernacular, the *Pahlavi* and *Zend* were deduced from them respectively, and the *Pársi* either from the *Zend* or immediately from the dialect of the *Bráhmans* ; but all had perhaps a mixture of *Tartarian*.”

The ancient Persian religion was Sabianism, traces of which are preserved among the Sagnic Bráhmans, who keep up a perpetual fire for their nuptial ceremonies, shraddas and their own funeral pile. Zoroaster, who travelled into India, reformed the old Persian religion, acknowledging fire as only a symbol : the Mussalmans overthrew this system. Sir W. Jones relates about the Súfis, who, like the Esoteric Bráhmans, hold the doctrine of Maya, of the soul being an emanation from God, of absorption in deity, and speak of beauty and love in a transcendental and mystic sense. He thinks that from Persia issued colonies to all the countries of Asia :—

“ We may therefore hold this proposition firmly established, that *Irán*, or *Persia* in its largest sense, was the true centre of population, of knowledge, of languages, and of arts ; which, instead of travelling westward only, as it has been fancifully supposed, or eastward, as might with equal reason have been asserted, were expanded in all directions to all the regions of the world, in which the *Hindú* race had settled under various denominations.”

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The *seventh discourse* is on the CHINESE. In it he discusses the origin of the Chinese, attributed by the Bráhmans to Khetryas who abandoned India: the Chinese empire was in its infancy, when Manu's laws were compiled B. C. 1,200. In Manu the Chinas are mentioned as a race of outcast Hindús. He discusses the religious connections between the Chinese and Hindús :—

“ We discover many singular marks of relation between them and the old Hindús : as in the remarkable period of *four hundred and thirty-two thousand*, and the cycle of *sixty* years; in the predilection for the mystical number *nine* ; in many similar fasts and great festivals, especially at the solstices and equinoxes; in the just-mentioned obsequies consisting of rice and fruits offered to the manes of their ancestors; in the dread of dying childless, lest such offerings should be intermitted; and, perhaps, in their common abhorrence of *red* objects, which the *Indians* carried so far, that *Manu* himself, where he allows a *Bráhman* to trade, if he cannot otherwise support life, absolutely forbids “ his trafficking in any sort of *red* cloths, whether linen or woollen, or made of woven bark.” All the circumstances, which have been mentioned under the two heads of *literature* and *religion*, seem collectively to prove (as far as such a question admits proof) that the *Chinese* and *Hindús* were originally the same people, but having been separated near four thousand years, have retained few strong features of their ancient consanguinity, especially as the *Hindús* have preserved their old language and ritual, while the *Chinese* very soon lost both, and the *Hindús* have constantly intermarried among themselves, while the *Chinese*, by a mixture of *Tartarian* blood from the time of their first establishment, have at length formed a race distinct in appearance both from *Indians* and *Tartars*.”

He notices Japan, the Britain of the East, colonised by Hindús 1,300 B. C., where Hindú idolatry prevailed from the earliest ages.

The *eighth discourse* takes a wide survey of the Islanders, Borderers and Mountaineers of Asia. In this he treats of the Abyssinians, the Affghans of Jewish origin, the Gypsies of Hindú descent who entered Europe via Egypt, the Aborigines of India, and of the Eastern Archipelago, the parent of whose languages was Sanskrit, the Tibetans of Hindú descent, the Burmese, the Brachmani of Ptolemy.

The *ninth discourse* is on the origin and families of nations. He treats of the human race sprung from one pair diverging from the plains of Irán or Persia in three clans—the Arab, Hindú and Tartar—he makes some just observations on the Etymological reveries of Bryant, resulting from his ignorance of Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit.

The *tenth discourse* is on ASIATIC HISTORY, NATURAL OR CIVIL. He makes the following observation which deserves the attention of every Indian resident :—

“ For, though labour be clearly the lot of man in this world, yet, in the

midst of his most active exertions, he cannot but feel the substantial benefit of every liberal amusement, which may lull his passions to rest, and afford him a *sort of repose without the pain of total inaction*, and the real usefulness of every pursuit, which may enlarge and diversify his ideas, without interfering with the principal objects of his civil station or economical duties."

He points out the modified value of Hindú mythology as a clue to history :—

"The numerous *Purāṇas* and *Itihāsas*, or poems mythological and heroic, are completely in our power; and from them we may recover some disfigured, but valuable, pictures of ancient manners and governments; while the popular *tales* of the *Hindús*, in prose and in verse, contain fragments of history; and even in their *dramas* we may find as many real characters and events, as a future age might find in our own plays, if all histories of *England* were, like those of *India*, to be irrecoverably lost: for example, a most beautiful poem by SOMADEVA, comprising a very long chain of instructive and agreeable stories, begins with the famed revolution at *Pátaliputra* by the murder of King NANDA, with his eight sons, and the usurpation of CHANDRAGUPTA, and the same revolution is the subject of a tragedy in *Sanskrit*, entitled the Coronation of CHANDRA, the abbreviated name of that able and adventurous usurper. From these, once concealed but now accessible, compositions, we are enabled to exhibit a more accurate sketch of old *Indian* history than the world has yet seen, especially with the aid of well-attested observations on the places of the colures."

He refers to the geographical labors of Wilford and the astronomical ones of Davis—the site of Palibathrá. He touches on Hindú mythology, mineralogy, botany, and manufactures. "The manufactures of Sugar and Indigo have been well known in these provinces for more than two thousand years."

The *eleventh discourse* is on the PHILOSOPHY OF THE ASIATICS—their *medicine*;—they have no book which treats it as a science, "the *Ayurveda* as a revealed science precluding improvement from experience"—their metaphysics in the schools of Kapila, and Gotama, author of the *Nyáya* :—

"*Nyáya*, or *logical*, a title aptly bestowed; for it seems to be a system of metaphysics and logic better accommodated than any other anciently known in *India*, to the natural reason and common sense of mankind; admitting the actual existence of *material substance* in the popular acception of the word *matter*, and comprising not only a body of sublime dialectics, but an artificial method of reasoning, with distinct names for the three parts of a proposition, and even for those of a regular syllogism."

Of Vyasa, the founder of the Vedānta, he writes :—

"The fundamental tenet of the *Vedānti* school, to which in a more modern age the incomparable SANKARA was a firm and illustrious adherent, consisted, not in denying the existence of matter, that is, of solidity, impenetrability, and extended figure (to deny which would be lunacy), but, in correcting the popular notion of it, and in contending, that it has no essence independent of mental perception, that existence and perceptibility are convertible terms, that external appearances and sensations are illusory,

and would vanish into nothing, if the divine energy, which alone sustains them, were suspended but for a moment; an opinion, which EPICHRMUS and PLATO seem to have adopted, and which has been maintained in the present century with great elegance, but with little public applause."

Their *Ethics* were delivered in the form of Aphorisms. In *Natural Philosophy*, Sir Wm. thinks the Asiatics had some glimpse of the doctrine of gravitation. This discourse is attended with melancholy interest, as it was delivered only six weeks before the death of the great Orientalist.

Sir W. Jones, in an elaborate paper, points out the confusion that has arisen from various writers spelling Oriental names according to their caprice—the difficulty in recognising the names of eastern towns, in Greek writers, because—

"They had an unwarrantable habit of moulding foreign names to a Grecian form, and giving them a resemblance to some derivative word in their own tongue: thus, they changed the *Gogra* into *Agoranis*, or a river of the assembly, *Uchah* into *Oxydracæ*, or sharp-sighted, and *Renas* into *Aornos*, or a rock inaccessible to birds."

He refers to the obscurity of De Herbelot in consequence of this—the importance of a fixed system in Persian:—

"A learner of *Persian*, who should read in our best histories the life of Sultan AZIM, and wish to write his name in *Arabic* letters, might express it thirty-nine different ways, and be wrong at last: the word should be written *Adzem* with three points on the first consonant."

He notices the two chief systems—the first advocated by Major Davy, of writing according to the pronunciation, the second of Halhed and Wilkins writing according to the letters. Halhed used double letters for the long vowels and intermixed Italian with Roman letters. Sir W. Jones has adopted the Italian pronunciation of the vowels as his standard, which thus answers for learned foreigners on the continent as well as for Englishmen. Sir Wm. employed *c*, leaving *k* to express a guttural *k* in Arabic; but later Orientalists have not followed him here, as *c* is now very properly discarded, *s* being used for its soft sound, *k* for its hard. His grand rule is "to give every full sound its own specific symbol." No one can read the productions of Oriental writers before Sir W. Jones' time without being convinced of the necessity of some fixed system: that work of extraordinary philological research, the *Mithridates* of Adelung is obscure in many parts in consequence of there being no definite plan for spelling Sanskrit words. Hindú names are generally significant, but their force is lost when inaccurately spelled: Gilchrist's system long held sway, but Sir W. Jones' is the one now adopted by the Asiatic Societies of London, Calcutta, Bombay, and by almost all the Continental Societies.

The influence of missionary literature has been lent to it, and there seems little doubt that half a century hence it will be the only recognised one. Professor Wilson remarks of it, "though Sir W. Jones' system does not express sounds as well as Gilchrist's, it is constructed on more philosophic principles, is more easily comprehended by the Orientalists of Continental Europe, and is more accurately adapted to the analogies of the Devanágari Alphabet."

In the days of Sir W. Jones, the Persian language was the medium of business in all the Company's Courts; in 1794 a knowledge of Persian was required from all judges of circuit, and appellants, though it was not the usual channel of communication in private among either judges, interpreters, parties or witnesses! The Romans spread their language in all the countries they conquered—the Portuguese promoted with great assiduity the diffusion of their tongue—and the Musalmans diffused the Urdú throughout India—while the English strangely discouraged the use of their own language in Canada, South Africa, and Mauritius. In Sir W. Jones' time the study of Persian was rendered imperative on all civil servants; this gave an impulse to the study of Persian. Sir Wm. wrote a Persian Grammar, in the preface to which he shows the evil that resulted to the study of the Persian from dry philosophy, from "men of learning who have no taste, and men of taste who have no learning:" he shews the need of patronage:—

"But there is yet another cause which has operated more strongly than any before mentioned towards preventing the rise of oriental literature; I mean the small encouragement which the princes and nobles of Europe have given to men of letters. It is an indisputable truth, that learning will always flourish most where the amplest rewards are proposed to the industry of the learned; and that the most shining periods in the annals of literature are the reigns of wise and liberal princes, who know that fine writers are the oracles of the world, from whose testimony every king, statesman, and hero must expect the censure or approbation of posterity. In the old states of Greece the highest honours were given to poets, philosophers, and orators; and a single city (as an eminent writer* observes) in the memory of one man, produced more numerous and splendid monuments of human genius than most other nations have afforded in a course of ages."

Of the men who have suffered from the want of patronage, he states:—

"Hyde, who might have contributed greatly towards the progress of eastern learning, formed a number of expensive projects with that view, but had not the support and assistance which they deserved and required. The labours of Meninski immortalized and ruined him: his dictionary of the Asiatic languages is, perhaps, the most laborious compilation that was

* Ascham.

ever undertaken by any single man ; but he complains in his preface that his patrimony was exhausted by the great expence of employing and supporting a number of writers and printers, and of raising a new press for the oriental characters."

Sir W. Jones' *Grammar* was the result of years of labor: he thus states its plan:—

"I have, therefore, endeavoured to lay down the clearest and most accurate rules, which I have illustrated by select examples from the most elegant writers; I have carefully compared my work with every composition of the same nature that has fallen into my hands.

It has been my chief care to avoid all the harsh and affected terms of art which render most didactic works so tedious and unpleasant, and which only perplex the learner, without giving him any real knowledge: I have even refrained from making any enquiries into general grammar."

The first Persian book he recommends to be read is the *Gúlístán*, he advises that Arabic should be studied at the same time:—

"The Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Ethiopæan tongues are dialects of the Arabic, and bear a resemblance to it as the Ionic to the Attic Greek; the jargon of Hindústán, very improperly called the language of the Moors, contains so great a number of Persian words, that I was able with very little difficulty to read the fables of Pilpai which are translated into that idiom: the Turkish contains ten Arabic or Persian words for one originally Scythian, by which it has been so refined, that the modern kings of Persia were fond of speaking it in their courts: in short, there is scarce a country in Asia or Africa, from the source of the Nile to the wall of China, in which a man who understands Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, may not travel with satisfaction, or transact the most important affairs with advantage and security."

An edition of his *Grammar* has been published, much improved, by Professor Lee.

A "*history of the Persian language*" is given—he points out the ignorance of the Persian among the ancient Greeks—the flourishing state of it under the Persian kings—the discouragement given to it by the Mussalmans, as the Kalifs encouraged Arabic, which by their conquests was mixed with the Persian—Firdausi spent thirty years on his poem, which comprised sixty thousand couplets: in the time of Sádi, the Arabic was incorporated with the Persian. Baber introduced Persian literature into India; the Turks improved their dialect by a mixture of Persian; the Turkish was afterwards spoken commonly at the Court of Persia. "*A History of Nadir Shah*" was published in French by Sir W. Jones; it abounds in interesting information respecting Nadir Shah's low origin—his rising by sheer energy to the throne of Persia—his victories over the Turks, Russians, Affghans and Persians—his invasion of India

through the defiles of Kábúl—his destruction of 200,000 Hindús—the sack of Delhi. Few can read this life without having some suspicion that the invasion of India, effected by Nadir Shah, an adventurer of fortune, is practicable by Russia with her superior power. Fraser in 1742, published an interesting life of Nadir Shah: he compiled it from over 200 Persian MSS. collected in the east, and from eye-witnesses of the scenes. Fraser was the first Englishman who brought Sanskrit MSS. into Europe. Sir W. J. wrote his translation from Persian into French at the request of the King of Denmark. As an introduction to the History of Nadir Shah, he gives a description of Asia—the Persian empire—the Tartarian kingdoms—the Indian empire—the Turkish empire—a short history of Persia—the Pishdadian family—the Caianian family—the Sassanian family—and the Mahommedan Dynasties.

The *Moallakat*, or seven poems, suspended in the temple of Mecca, were compiled previous to Mahommed's time, and are the only literary monument of the Ante-Mahommedan state of Arabia. Sir W. translated them at the time of war:—

“It is hoped, that the war will raise no obstacle to this intercourse with the scholars of *Leyden, Paris, and Madrid*; for men of letters, as such, ought, in all places and at all times, to carry *flags of truce*.”

It is a series of love tales, but describes the manners and customs of the Nomades of the Arabian desert, the wars and love intrigues of their chiefs. This series comprises the Poems of Muriolkais, Tarafa, Gohair, Lebeid, Antara, Amru, Hareth. He translated various other poems also from the Arabic. In his “*Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations*,” he considers Arabia to be the country best adapted for pastoral poetry: he defends eastern imagery thus:—

“So, when they compare the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of jasmine, their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hailstones, and snow-drops, their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus, their curled hair to black scorpions and to hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates and the colours of them to snow, their shape to that of a pine-tree, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c. these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking, as that of the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew, and that of a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.”

Their mode of life suggests the imagery:—

“Except when their tribes are engaged in war, they spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they

pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents : thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure, of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring."

He describes the love of the Arabs for poetry :—

"The fondness of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the respect which they show to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority : the principal occasions of rejoicing among them, were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe : when a young *Arabian* has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the *Arabic* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical Academy, that used to assemble at stated times, in a place called *Okadh*, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved : the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple, whence they were named *Modhakibat*, or *Golden* and *Moallakat*, or *Suspended* : the poems of this sort were called *Kasseidas* or *eclogues*."

He refers to the poems of Sádi, Firdausi,—how the Persians borrowed in their poetic style from the Arabs, as the Turks have done from the Persians, and the Romans from the Greeks. —He points out the advantage of studying oriental writings in addition to Latin and Greek ; as giving a greater insight into the history of the human mind, furnishing new images, &c.

Sir W. Jones composed an ode in imitation of Alcæus, which expresses such noble sentiments that we shall give it entire :—

What constitutes a State ?
 Not high-rai's'd battlements or labour'd mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,
 With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their duties know,
 But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :—
 These constitute a State,
 And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will*,
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill ;
 Smit by her sacred frown

The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en th' all-dazzling *Crown*
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
 Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall *Britons* languish, and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

The "*Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentarii*" written in Latin, at the age of 23, treat of the love of the Asiatics for poetry—of Asiatic metres—the Arabic Idyl—Persian verse—Poetic images—Translation—the mystic signification of poetry—Heroic Poetry—Funereal poetry—Moral poetry—Amatory poems—the various Arabic, Persian and Turkish poets. He wrote also in French a *Traité sur la Poésie Orientale*, wherein he discusses the subject of oriental poetry—the Heroic poetry of eastern nations—Amorous poetry—Elegies—Moral poetry—Satires—Panegyrics.

In his essay *on the Musical modes of the Hindús*, he points out the distinction between music as an art and a science:—

"Thus it is the province of the *philosopher*, to discover the true direction and divergence of sound propagated by the successive compressions and expansions of air, as the vibrating body advances and recedes; to show why sounds themselves may excite a tremulous motion in particular bodies, as in the known experiment of instruments tuned in unison; to demonstrate the law, by which all the particles of air, when it undulates with great quickness, are continually accelerated and retarded; to compare the number of pulses in agitated air with that of the vibrations, which cause them; to compute the velocities and intervals of those pulses in atmospheres of different density and elasticity; to account, as well as he can, for the affections, which music produces; and, generally, to investigate the causes of the many wonderful appearances, which it exhibits: but the *artist*, without considering, and even without knowing, any of the sublime theorems in the philosophy of sound, may attain his end by a happy selection of *melodies* and *accents* adapted to passionate verse, and of *times* conformable to regular metre; and above all, by *modulation*, or the choice and variation of those *modes*."

He gives a short notice of the ancient music—Persian music—Indian music and its decline.

On the *Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindús* he shows the comparison between the religious mysticism of Europe, Súfism and Vedantism—Hafiz. He gives the following account of Jayadeva:—

"The loves of KRISHNA and RADHA, or the reciprocal attraction between the divine goodness and the human soul, are told at large in the tenth book of the *Bhágavat*, and are the subject of a little *Pastoral Drama*, en-

titled *Gítagovinda* : it was the the work of JAYADEVA, who flourished, it is said, before KALIDAS, and was born, as he tells us himself, in KENDULI, which many believe to be in *Kalinga* : but, since there is a town of a similar name in *Burdwan*, the natives of it insist that the finest lyric poet of *India* was their countryman, and celebrate in honour of him an annual jubilee, passing a whole night in representing his drama, and in singing his beautiful songs."

A translation is given of the *Gítagovinda*—He wrote various short pamphlets, as *remarks on the island of Johanna*, containing an interesting account of a visit paid there by Sir W. J. and of the conversations he had with the King of the island ; He describes *The Indian Game of Chess* or *Chaturanga*, in which the Bráhmans of Bengal formerly excelled. Sir W. Jones has also written on *Natural History*, as on the *Indian Gross Beak*, the *Pagolin* of *Bahar*, the *Loris* ; He recommends arsenic for the cure of *Elephantiasis*. *The Literature of the Hindús* presents a brief view of the chief Sanskrit books :—

"Of the Philosophical Schools it will be sufficient here to remark, that the first *Nyáya* seems analogous to the *Peripatetic*, the *second*, sometimes called *Vaiseshika*, to the *Ionic*, the two *Mimánsà's*, of which the *second* is often distinguished by the name of *Vedánta*, to the *Platonic*, the first *Sánkhya* to the *Italic*, and the *second*, or *Pátanjala* to the *Stoic*, Philosophy ; so that GAUTAMA corresponds with ARISTOTLE ; KANADA with THALES ; JAIMINI with SOCRATES ; VYASA with PLATO ; KAPILA with PYTHAGORAS ; PATANJALI with ZENO."

Sir Wm. translated the *HITOPADESA* of Vísfnúsarman : it is now translated into over twenty languages. He misapplied his genius in composing hymns to the Hindú Gods—to Kámdeo, the Cupid of India—to Durgá, Bhávani, Indra, Súra, Lakshmi, Naráyána,—in the latter the doctrine of Máyá or the non-existence of matter is referred to,—a hymn to Saraswati, Gangá. He published an extract from the *Ramayan* with passages from the *Vedas*. *SAKANTALA* or the *Fatal Ring*, an Indian drama, was translated by Sir W. Jones : it is allowed to be the best production of Kálidas, the prince of Hindú dramatists ; it shows the ancient refinement of the Hindús, for a people must have attained a certain status in civilization to be able to admire such a work as *Sákantálá*. Kalidasa its author was one of the *nabaratna* at the Court of Vikramaditya, the patron of poets, philologists and mathematicians, "a court equal in brilliancy to that of any monarch or country." Dushmanta, the hero of the piece, lived about the time of David. In *Sákantálá* we have the manners of 2,000 years ago pictured before us, as Dushmanta may have ruled over India 1,000 B. C. ; from *Sákantálá* we learn that the worship of the Sun prevailed once in India, and that the

land tax exacted only one-sixth of the produce of the ground. Śakantálá has been well entitled "a mythological pastoral."

Sir Wm. has written several able articles on Indian Botany. "*Design of a treatise on the plants of India.*" "*On the Spikenard of the ancients.*" "*On the fruit of the Melon.*" "*Botanical observations on select Indian plants.*" In viewing the amount of general information possessed by Sir Wm. Jones, we are struck with the remark of Campbell. "In the course of a short life Sir W. Jones acquired a degree of knowledge which the ordinary faculties of man, if they were blest with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass." Sir W. Jones has perhaps made an over-estimate of the value of Sanskrit literature, but he is on a safer side than Ward, who professing to give an abstract of the Mahábhárát, merely selects the absurd parts of the work, while he does not notice the valuable geographical and historical information contained in it. Sir W. Jones, by his high rank in society, in connection with his oriental acquirements, was one of the first to wipe away the reproach advanced by Golám Hussein in 1782. "The tongue happens to be deprived of its office between the Hindústínás and the English; most of the Englishmen do not understand the language of their subjects, and none of the last understand a word of English." By laying open the arcana of Hinduism, he has scattered that halo of romance with which all connected with it was viewed by such men as Reynal and St. Pierre.

There is one division of the writings of Sir William Jones on which our friend has not dwelt much; we mean his poetical compositions. These are of two classes, translations and original productions. As a poetical translator, we question if Sir William has ever been surpassed. We should like to present a few specimens; but must put a check on our desires. We therefore restrict ourselves to the following exquisite epigram from the Persian, which has been often quoted before, and which will be often quoted still, as long as any taste remains for chaste simplicity.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

As an original poetical writer, we confess that Sir William Jones has a little of the appearance of the *poeta factus*, rather than the *poeta natus*. He is not the man to have

Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

His exactness sometimes, to our honest thinking, degenerates into pedantry, and art and labor appear too manifestly in most of his compositions. Yet certainly Jones was a poet; and had he had no other grounds of claim to a niche in the temple of fame, he might have claimed a vacant place on the ground of his poetical merits.

And now, after laying our friend's sketch before our readers, what need we say more? What can we say to enhance the admiration that every intelligent reader must have conceived of one who was pronounced by no mean judge,* "the most enlightened of mankind?" It has been denied by some that Sir William Jones was a man of genius: and we care not to dispute the point. If by genius be meant a wild and fitful exercise of great talents, that will not submit to rule or method, then we fully admit that Jones was not a man of genius. But he was far better. He was a man whose great talents were most stedfastly directed towards the realization of a great object, a man of the most unwearied application, whom no difficulty ever frightened, whom no amount of labor ever caused to turn aside from an undertaking. And in this respect, his life and writings read an important lesson to hundreds of European residents in India. If we might venture to stand as interpreter between the dead and the living, we should say that his example declares aloud to all our countrymen in the East, that there is no one of them who may not accomplish something worthy. There is no man, be he civilian or militaire, lawyer, chaplain, missionary, merchant or agriculturist, who may not devote two or three hours of each day on an average to the pursuit of any extra-professional study or labor that may be most to his liking. How much progress each will make, must of course depend upon his talents; but they must be very moderate talents indeed, which will not enable a man to succeed to a very considerable extent in any pursuit to which he devotes two or three hours of every day; and this amount of time, we repeat it, every European in India has at his disposal, without infringing either on his professional engagements or on proper and needful recreation. If any one expect that he can accomplish much, and at the same time spend his mornings in idleness, his days in business, and his evenings in silly gossip, he will of course be disappointed; but if any one *will*, then we maintain that he *can*, make himself a proficient in any pursuit that he pleases.

* Dr. Johnson.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
 That soft, yet ardent, Athens learned to please,
 To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme, complete in every part ;
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart.
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

For all practical ends and purposes, man is endowed with an ample sufficiency of power, provided only time be vouchsafed to him ; and if his time be shortened by the disposal of the great Supreme, we suppose it will not be a less pleasing retrospect to contemplate designs entered upon and cut short, than time mispent, or spent in vain. Once more, ere we leave this subject, let us urge upon our readers to consider whether they are redeeming their time, and once more, if haply it may have more effect, in the language of poetry :—

*Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones ;
 Ut te ipsum serves, non expergiseris ? Atqui
 Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus : et, ni
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
 Intendes animum studiis, et rebus honestis,
 Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquere. Nam cur,
 Quæ lædunt oculos, festinas demere, siquid
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum ?
 Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude :
 Incipe.*

But if any be disposed to point to the brief career of Sir William Jones, and to argue that he by his vast exertions shortened the period of his useful life ; we can easily answer that death spares the idle no more than the busy ; and that in no case is it possible to say, when he puts a period to the labor of the laborious, whether he might not as soon have stopped the idleness of the idle. But we are not disposed to deny that there is such a thing as an excess of labor, and that overmuch study is a weariness to the flesh. There are cases in which " Science self destroys her favorite sons." Such things have been, and such things will be. But such things never were, and never will be, in the case of any who require to be urged and incited to study ; they are and they will be only with those to whom study is a fatal necessity. Such an one, perhaps, was Jones ; and yet, to say truth, we do think that all his abundant study was less fitted to do him physical injury than was his mis-chosen amusement. How rational men, employed habitually in intellectual work, can dream of sitting

down for amusement to a game of chess, we have never been able to comprehend. We have no difficulty in understanding that people with tolerably strong intellectual powers, and with nothing in their daily work whereon to exercise them, should find chess a relaxation; just as we can understand that those who are employed in sedentary professions should feel it a relief to stretch their limbs; but that men employed in severe intellectual work during the working hours of a long day, should deliberately betake themselves to equally tiring intellectual work as an evening's amusement, transcends our power of conception. The relaxations and amusements of literary men are a matter of no little importance, and well deserving of more attention than is generally paid to them.

We have alluded to the charge of avarice that is by implication brought against Sir William Jones in a brief announcement of his death inserted in *Dodsley's Annual Register* for 1794. From all that we can learn regarding him, we have no hesitation in saying that the charge was utterly unfounded. He certainly did not keep up a grand equipage, and squander his money, as many did in those days in India, and as some do still. He was, we believe, thoroughly economical in respect of his style and equipage; but not because he set too high a value on money, but because both he and Lady Jones set a low value upon those things that money might have bought. As to the dispute that ensued between him and his colleagues on the bench on the one hand, and the Indian government on the other, some vague report of which was probably the ground of the charge advanced against him in the *Register*, we think it very clearly appears that their object was simply to resist what they, under a mistaken apprehension, supposed to be a gratuitous insult inflicted on themselves, and a wanton injury inflicted, not only on them, but on their successors also to all time coming. Of this we can have no doubt, when we consider that when the matter was properly explained, the judges most willingly offered to sacrifice a larger amount of their salary than it had been proposed to take from them; although before the explanation was given, two of the three had resolved to throw up their appointments and return to England. On the whole, we do not know that any name could be named of all the men who have ever been in India, in whose expenditure *the sum laid out for others bore a larger proportion to that laid out for himself* than would be shewn by the account books of Sir William Jones.

Altogether, it seems to us that the life of Sir William Jones

is fitted to be very useful to all scholars, and especially to all Indian scholars. His biographer's part, though it has not escaped grave censure on several grounds, is, to our thinking, very creditably executed. On one of these grounds of censure, and, (in connection with it) on a most important point of Sir William's character, we shall now offer a few remarks, and with these we shall bring our article to a close.

Lord Teignmouth has been severely found fault with, because in several parts of his work, he sets himself to the consideration of the grave and solemn question as to whether the subject of his memoir were a Christian or not. Those who find fault with him on this ground, either suppose that it is a matter of comparatively little importance, or else they suppose that it could admit of no doubt, and might have been safely taken for granted. Now with those who could entertain the former supposition, we have scarcely any common ground on which to argue. Either they or we take an entirely erroneous view of every thing—literally of every thing—that relates to man and his duties and destinies. But if men admit that the Bible is not a tissue of falsehood, and Christianity is not a base imposture, it does not seem that it should be difficult to convince them that a man's being a Christian does not follow as a matter of course, from the mere fact of his having been born in a professedly Christian country, and having been baptized with Christian baptism. No one who knows any thing of the character of Lord Teignmouth can doubt that he must have felt the deepest solicitude as to his friend's having been not merely a nominal and theoretical, but a vital and hearty Christian. He clearly could not, with his sentiments and principles (sentiments and principles with which we fully concur and heartily sympathize) avoid the consideration of the solemn question; and it is pleasing to know that the conclusion arrived at by such a man is in the main satisfactory.

But yet not completely so. Why is it that such a question should be difficult to answer in regard to any of us? The lawyer and the merchant, the soldier, the sailor and the statesman, the sportsman and the gamester, the artist and the naturalist, the poet and the mathematician, usually betray their various tastes and characteristics in the course of every casual conversation and every common-place letter. And is it so that the difference between a lawyer and a sportsman, or between a mathematician and a poet, is less than the difference between a Christian and an unchristian man? Surely, if the Bible is to be our guide, we must answer most emphatically, No. And

yet so it is, that multitudes of Christians go into all kinds of society, and engage in all kinds of business, and speak and write on all kinds of subjects, and yet leave no evidence behind them from which it may be certainly concluded whether they are Christians or not. This is unquestionably a very unsatisfactory state of things; and yet we fear it is the state of things in regard to a great portion of the Christians of our day; and so we fear it was with Sir William Jones. A Christian, in so far as a conviction of the truth and beauty of the Christian system is concerned, he certainly was; and his eloquent and evidently heartfelt eulogium on the surpassing excellence of the Bible must be familiar to the mind of every cultivated reader:—but it does not appear that Christianity ever exercised that controlling influence over him which is unquestionably, on the admission of its truth, its legitimate due. Very much of this want may be traced to the prevalent coldness and indifference of his age, and probably also no small portion to the defect of his early education. His mother was all to him that the most amiable, and accomplished and virtuous mother can be to her son, with the exception of this great and most important want; and so her son was amiable in the highest degree, accomplished beyond example, virtuous as any citizen of Sparta or Old Rome. Do we then say that he was not a Christian? We dare not say so: an authoritative decision on this point belongs to another tribunal—a tribunal, the rectitude of whose awards is infallible, and their issues eternal. But what we do say is this, that it is to us a matter of deep regret, that he does not seem to have derived from Christianity any very large measure of that solid joy which it is fitted to impart; that while his amazing learning is everywhere and always apparent, his religion requires to be searched for. Well it is that it can be found on searching; but better far that no search were required.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Papers respecting the late hostilities on the North-Western Frontier of India. Presented to Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 26th February, 1846.*
2. *Further Papers respecting the late Hostilities on the North-Western Frontier of India, and the conclusion of treaties with the Maharajah Dhulip Singh of Lahore, and the Maharajah Golab Singh of Jummú, &c. &c., 1846.*
3. *Victories on the Sutlej. The Speeches of the Right Honorable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., on moving the thanks of the house to the Army of the Sutlej for the victories of Mudki, Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, in the House of Commons, Monday, March 2nd and Thursday, April 2nd, 1846.*
4. *The War on the Sutlej. May number of the North British Review, 1846.*
5. *Article in the Friend of India. The late Major Broadfoot, &c.*
6. *Article in Colburn's Magazine for May, 1846. "Our tribute to the Army of the Sutlej."*

IN the *second* and *third* numbers of this *Review* we described the rise and progress of the Sikh power. In our *eleventh* we have to tell of its "decline and fall." This catastrophe has not been brought about by the natural process of gradual decay. India has not been looking on at the affecting spectacle of an ancient dynasty sinking feebly and peacefully into the grave; but at the violent agonies of a young and profligate state which has died by its own hand in the mad moments of a national debauch.

Our present narrative therefore will have to deal with military events; with war, and victory, and ruin; and we need give but a hasty outline of the tragedies which have been enacted at Lahore, since we left Híra Singh in the pride of his power, exulting in a double victory over his uncle Súchet Singh, and the brothers Peshora and Kashmíra Singh. The debauched, imprudent, but gallant Súchet Singh slain; Kashmíra Singh and Uttur Singh destroyed; Peshora Singh and Lehna Singh driven from the field; and Golab Singh with cautious cunning keeping to his mountains;—Híra Singh and his coadjutor Pundit Julla seemed left in the Punjab without a rival. Of the former much has been written, but his character is still little understood. That he was the spoilt minion of Runjít is not to be denied; but the energy, activity, and ability

of his later years, and his gallant death,* bespoke a spirit full of promise for his country, if his country could have understood it. If the Punjab had a Shakspeare, Hira Singh would be his "Prince Hal." But Pundit Julla, his adviser, was the man on whom the building up of the empire would have rested. Free alike from the incautiousness of youth, and the impetuosity which premature prosperity had fostered in his master's mind, he pursued his way with slow but certain step along the slippery paths of state intrigue;—one of those cold, deep, calculating men who rise in troubled times on the ruin of every thing around them.

To such a man friend and foe are alike; both are his instruments for a time; both are cast aside when no longer wanted, and without regret or rejoicing forgotten. He has courage enough for the crisis of an empire; none to throw away upon a brawl with an opponent. He believes success to be a heaven to which all roads are holy; and looks upon that man as a fool who tries to gain by force what he might effect by fraud. Such a man *is* Rajah Golab Singh; such a man *was* Pundit Julla. Of the priestly tribe, and we believe a *purohit*† of the Jummú family, he followed the same household tactics as the Jesuits of Europe; insinuating himself into the good graces of Súchet Singh; and early gaining such an influence over his nephew, that latterly he governed him with a more absolute sway than ever Dhyan Singh possessed over the mind of the Veteran Runjit. Pundit Julla's state policy was not less insidious and Jesuitical than his domestic. Secretly and unsparingly he uprooted the old families; lopped off the Sirdars of note, and office bearers of long service; and then grafted in their places creatures of his own. But he outwitted himself; and fell by the hands of his own instruments. He wished himself to be believed the friend and ally of the Sikh soldiers; but while openly he increased their pay and their privileges, he strove secretly to diminish their numbers, and by recruiting the army from the Hill Provinces, surround himself with a body guard of his countrymen who in time might defy the army. His measures were incomplete when the bubble burst. Jealousy had crept in between Rajah Golab Singh, and his nephew; and as its fits went and came, the former encouraged or opposed, the rival claims of Peshora Singh to the Wizarut.

* He was killed in the act of flight; but he was flying from an army; and he turned bravely upon his pursuers, many of whom he slew before he himself was overpowered.

† Family priest.

That prince, however, had no ability; and wanting even the gallantry of his countrymen, he threw up the contest, and fled across the Sutlej. It was about this time (October, 1844,) that an insurrection broke out in Kashmír and the surrounding country. The fort of Mozufferabad commanding the entrance into the Kashmír valley, fell into the hands of the petty Mahommedan chiefs; who, emulating the bigotries of earlier days, massacred all Sikhs who refused to abjure their faith. The Lahore Durbar became alarmed, and troops were ordered up. They refused to march. Cajolery and promises were tried in vain. Intrigues were rife; and the emissaries of Peshora Singh, Lehna Singh, Sham Singh, and other malcontents, were not idle among the soldiers. A military insurrection in the city was the consequence; and Rajah Híra Singh and his followers were in the greatest danger. The young Minister lost not his courage; nor did his master spirit, Pundit Julla, quail; and their small but faithful band of Hill men rallied manfully round both. But a handful of heroes cannot engage an army; nor a priest reason with a rabid multitude. When therefore wit and courage had both done their best, the Rajah and his friends were forced to escape across the Ravi, and fly towards Jummú. The news of their flight soon spread, and an immediate pursuit ensued. The Rajah and his companions stripped off their costly jewels, the golden trappings of their elephants and horses, and strewed them in their track. In vain. Revenge, and not avarice, was the ruling passion of the moment. The mangled limbs of their own children would not have arrested the ruthless soldiers in their pursuit. At last the fugitives were overtaken; but even then they were not subdued: and though their own Sikh escort basely abandoned them, it was not until after a gallant resistance, and slaying many of their enemies, that Rajah Híra Singh, Pundit Julla, Mean Sohun Singh (Golab Singh's eldest son) and Mean Labh Singh, "put the immortal cup of martyrdom to their lips." Their heads were cut off and carried in savage triumph to Lahore. Their bodies were given to the dogs and vultures.

This tragedy closed on the 21st December, 1844; and examining carefully the acts which preceded it, we are obliged to acknowledge, that, though the game played by Rajah Híra Singh and Pundit Julla was both bold and desperate, it was yet the only one left by the army, the *real* rulers, to the *nominal* Government of the Punjab. It failed less from the errors of the Rajah and the Pundit, than from the unprecedented unanimity of the rebellious soldiers; who trampling upon the constitution, acknowledged no law but their own interests;

and to protect those combined together with a greater singleness of purpose than ever dignified the efforts of the Mamelukes, the Janizzaries, or the Prætorians of the ancient world. Two vital errors the Rajah and the Pundit did indeed commit. They despised the wrath, and intrigues of a woman; and they dispensed with the services of Dewan Dína Nath and the Mútsuddís.* In the patrician Sirdars, and the plebeian army, they had surely enemies enough; and should at least have made common cause with men who had learnt the rarest secret of the times—how to fatten on their country's ruin, and survive all revolutions. Of the two mistakes however the former was the worst; for the moving spirit of the revolution just recorded was undoubtedly the Raní.

Junda, or Jund Kowr, was the daughter of a common Sikh horseman; whose peerless beauty being praised before Runjít Singh, he immediately sent for, and married her. This was but one of those freaks of his last years, for whose vicious tyranny the worn out sensualist could plead no passion in excuse. The girl was at once made over to the charge of Rajah Súchet Singh and his Vizír Rai Kesri Singh, who contested with a tent pitcher in their own service the honour of being father to the present Maharajah. Runjít knew this well; but affected to be rejoiced at the child's birth; recognized his legitimacy before all his Court; and then, ever afterwards neglected him. Perhaps he thought he had done enough in giving him a royal birth-right. How royal it might prove, the Jummú brothers were not slow to see; and they carefully kept the child in their possession, to be produced at a fitting opportunity. Raní Junda has been designated by one writer in the Indian Press† “The Messalina of the Punjab;” another, with severer pencil paints her thus; “As abandoned as Messalina in her amours; and as insatiable as Faustina in her excesses; in modern times she can only be compared with Catharine the 2d, who yet falls short of her rapacity of voluptuousness.”‡ The picture is scarcely overdrawn; for to the most selfish ambition of the other sex, she unites in her character the worst vices of her own; and her whole career has been a struggle to reconcile the stern necessities of the one with the soft indulgences of the other. Rajah Lal Singh is the living embodiment of the attempt.

A Brahman of Rhotas, between the Indus and the Jhelum, this adventurer early came to the Capital to try his fortune.

* Writers: in a word “the Secretariat.”

† The *Friend of India*.

‡ Letters of “Brahmani Bull” in the *Delhi Gazette Overland Summary*.

He brought with him as his stock in trade a brawny, athletic person of unusual height even among the Sikhs; an open, merry countenance with rather a sensual expression; a bold, manly bearing; great ambition, and—*no scruples*. His first footing within the precincts of the Court was in the humble capacity of Assistant in the Toshukhanah, or Treasury of Regalia; and a mule's load of the royal chattles was the first charge of the future minister. Rajah Dhyān Singh afterwards selected him as a fit instrument to be set up in opposition to Misr Beni Ram, the head of the Toshukhanah; and he gave him a separate Treasury of his own. But it was not until after Dhyān Singh's death, and when Hīra Singh was in the zenith of his power, that, tired of her old lovers, Ranī Junda cast her eyes on the gallant figure of Misr Lal Singh; and commenced an amour which, though it has drawn down the envy of the young adventurers at the Court, the shame and reprobation of the old Sirdars, and the ribbald jests of the people, has raised the object of it to the Wizarut, and all but regal power in the Punjab. Misr Lal Singh now began to have some weight in the scale of parties. He intrigued alternately with and against the Jummú Rajahs; and no sooner did his bias become consistently hostile than his intimacy with the Ranī was made an excuse for removing him from the Toshukhanah; to the control of which he had succeeded on the death of Beni Ram. The disgrace of her lover gained for Hīra Singh the implacable enmity of the Ranī; and we have already seen the issue.

On the death of the Rajah and Pundit Julla, the watchful Mutsuddis openly joined the rival and successful party; as of course did the ever pliant Fakirs Uzíz-úd-dín, and Nír-úd-dín; and Bhai Ram Singh, the astute Archbishop of Lahore. But all seem to have forgotten that though they had desired, intrigued for, and obtained the destruction of the late ruler; it was the soldiery alone who had effected the measure. The infatuation of the Ranī at this crisis was complete. Instead of looking round her for some bold spirits who would seize with vigorous hand the helm of Government; she threw it, as if it was a bauble, to Jowahir Singh her brother; a weak, vain, besotted debauchee. She herself plunged into a round of festivities, and voluptuousness, with a paramour whom she was now at liberty to honour. The Court joined in their drunken revels; and none perceived that while the ministry were thus celebrating the revolution, the Army had stepped into the Government, and appropriated the power.

The Sikh soldiers now rioted at will; took furlough to their homes when they liked, and returned as it suited them; govern-

ed themselves and their Officers by a parliament of their own, chosen from the ranks; obeyed no other orders; overawed the Government; and set the laws at defiance. The idiot Minister, Jowahir Singh, they openly insulted, with expressions of contempt for his imbecility and drunkenness; and loudly called for Lehna Singh to re-place him in the Wizarut. The Panchayats even forced themselves into the Durbar; demanded gold necklaces and presents, and an increase of pay from 11 to 14 Rupees. The Colonels, Generals, and other Officers lost all authority over their men, who beat them and drove them at will from their ranks.

It might be supposed that such a state of things as has been here hastily described, would soon induce so complete a disorganization, that the Army must dissolve, and disperse over the country in marauding bands. But nothing of the kind occurred. On the contrary, it was the civil and social system, which was torn asunder; the executive Government, which was threatened with dissolution; while the army itself, riotous, and disorderly to all else around, was only drawn more firmly and compactly together by the bond of mutual interest. The very name which they at this time arrogated to themselves, "Surbut-i-Khalsa Ji" or, the body of the Khalsa, breathes the spirit of exclusiveness and unanimity. Their acts, wild and bad as they were, were drawn into the focus of a single object; and thus, while plunder and violence were rife at the capital, the provinces were left unmolested, except by their own Governors. The country about Lahore and Amritsur is indeed the native place of the majority of the Sikh soldiers; so that, though they led a life of alternate war and peace, now drawing their sword in a Court revolution, now guiding the plough in the fields of their own village,* they had no temptation to wander beyond the Manjha.† Anomalous all this, but true. Europeans too often judge Asiatics by European rules; and call false, unnatural, or extraordinary, what is merely new. It is not however a page of history, to be lightly passed over, by the Anglo-Indian, which exhibits the rude Panchayats of the Sikh army, setting at nought the legal authority of the Government, and yet

* It is a common mistake to suppose that the Sikhs are not cultivators. In the Manjha at least they are so; and in a large family where one of several sons has gone to the wars to get his livelihood, he will return occasionally on furlough to see his father and brothers, and cheerfully assist them in cultivating the paternal acres.

† That part of the Punjab which lies between the Ravi and the Byas. The word simply means *central* and refers not so much to its geographical as to its national position, including as it does both the civil and the religious Capital of the Sikh people; the cities of Lahore and Amritsur.

enforcing their own with iron and mysterious sway among their comrades. Rebellion was so regulated that it might be almost called an institution; and Military license had yet its bounds, reducing it to conditional liberty. Woe indeed to the wretch who disobeyed the will of the *nation*! expulsion from the ranks, mutilation of a hand, an ear, or a nose, even *death* awaited him. Mutiny was the condition of their existence; the Government, the Sirdars and their own immediate Officers were their proscribed enemies; and the treasury was their open aim. But to gain these ends, sure never was a debauched army so consistent in its conduct.

But we are rambling from our Military sketch. The reader however will perhaps not be angry with us if we detain him yet a moment to listen to an anecdote of the times we have been recording; perhaps in its very wildness more illustrative of those times than any thing that has been said. General Avitabile, whose character and habits have been drawn to the life in the pages of "The Adventurer in the Punjab" had a daughter (the child of some favorite beauty in his harem) on whom he doted. He brought her up and watched over her, with jealous care, in a cloister-like building which may still be seen in the garden of the General's house, now occupied by Colonel Courtlandt. Here she spent the years of her youth, and grew up a lovely girl. So carefully was all access to her guarded, that even her meals were conveyed to her from without by means of a *tour* such as are used at convent gates. The very shadow of a man had never crossed the threshold of her retreat. And for what high and romantic destiny does the reader think this fair recluse was reserved? Does he picture to himself some young Sikh warrior, who had heard the tale, crouching solitarily night after night among the roses beneath the windows of her prison, and singing in low melting voice the charms of liberty and love, until she forgot her father and fled with her lover to his fort? Does he hear that shout for "a horse and sword!" and see those fifty iron cavaliers spurring madly after one who seems to press a damsel to his broad breast and bid her be not afraid? The old leader of the fifty, far, far, in front, with grey hair streaming in the wind, and his Italian eyes lit up with the prospect of revenge, comes nearer at every bound. The gallant beast on which the young warrior rides sinks deep into the sand at every step beneath his double burden; but mad with the spur still staggers on. But fifty yards and the Ravi is gained. The old man draws his sword. It flashes in the moonlight, bright, cold, and merciless as him who wields it. Not a word is spoken; there is not time to curse or

pray ; not a horse's length between pursuer and pursued ; and ten yards further to the river. The old man strikes his heel into his horse ; they are together ; his left hand drops the reins, and reaches out greedily towards the foe ; his right is in the air ; another moment and—a scream—a plunge—they have missed the ford ;—the young warrior and the old man's daughter are deep beneath the swift waters of the Ravi !—Is this we say our readers' dream of Avitabile and his daughter ? Alas for Romance ! Alas too for *fact ! he married her to his cook ;* a young Mahomedan to whom he also gave with her a large dowry of money, jewels and precious stones. Time passed on, Avitabile had returned to Europe to receive a jewelled sword from the Honorable East India Company, and many honors from the Kings and Princes of the civilized world. The cook and his bride had sunk into private life ; wishing for nothing more than to be left in quiet to enjoy their wealth. But they lived in times when the Government being poor it was *lèse majesté* in a subject to be rich. To hunt out traitors of this kind, and confiscate their property, was a favorite branch of Pundit Julla's administration. The story of our little heroine and her culinary spouse therefore soon reached his ears and excited his cupidity. In the service of General Avitabile there had been a Kashmîr Brahman, named Jodha Ram. He was a handsome, dark featured man, with ability enough to rise to be the General's Dewan ; in which capacity he continued for many years ; and when Avitabile returned to Europe, succeeded to the command of his Battalions, and became a General. By a sort of Punjab propriety he was now selected by the Minister as the fittest person to plunder his patron's daughter : and the Pundit seems not to have been mistaken in his man. The spoilt, petted, prisoned, ill-used daughter of Avitabile was stripped of her jewels and robbed of her riches. But retribution soon overtook the ungrateful servant. Pundit Julla was murdered, and Jowahir Singh sat in his place. Jodha Ram gave offence to the new Minister and was given over to one of those cruel sentences which Runjît Singh was accustomed to call mercy.* But Jodha Ram was a Brahman, and no Hindu would do the deed which would secure to himself damnation through a hundred generations. The Kotwal of the city of Lahore,—a Mussalman, and no very particular person, who had for years been the municipal instrument of violence,—was therefore ordered to cut off the ears and nose of the wretched

* "The culprits, bleeding as they were, were driven out. "Sharp work Bellasis," observed the King, as I looked after the mutilated thieves. "We do not take life but we punish."—Adventurer in the Punjab: Chapter 1st.

man. He too refused; and we blush to record that the only man in Lahore who could be found to execute the barbarous decree was a European. Mr. Gardener, or Gordana, in the Sikh Artillery, took a razor, and with his own hands in cold blood, without personal enmity of any sort, inflicted the punishment which Sikhs, Hindus, and Mussalmen had shrunk from with disgust. But then he was made a *Colonel*; and as Walpole observed, "Every man has his price. The only thing is to find it out!"

But to our narrative. The incapacity and profligacy of Sirdar Jowahir Singh and the little favour that even his liberality gained for him among the troops, naturally inspired the ambitious and discontented with hopes of rivalling, getting rid of, and succeeding him. Of these the only two worth noticing are Rajah Lal Singh and Peshora Singh. The former was abetted by the Rani, who, not devoid of natural affection, found herself hurried, by a passion more violent though less pure, into schemes which could only end in the death of her own brother. Ministers in the Punjab do not *resign* when they have "lost the confidence of the people;" nor are they coldly told that "their services are not required," when they have lost the confidence of the sovereign. In either case the removal is complete; into another world. The unhappy woman therefore could not have blinded herself as to the inevitable tendency of her intrigues. But, though in the early part of June, 1845, (see papers respecting late hostilities, p. 3) the Punchayats of the army, were willing to confer the Viziership on Lal Singh; yet, in the course of the next two months, the lavish promises of the prince who was aiming at the throne, and was secretly supported by Golab Singh, had so worked upon the troops, that we find Bhai Ram Singh advising Major Broadfoot, on the 6th August (see Papers, p. 4), that they intend "to set up Peshora Singh and Rajah Golab Singh as King and Wazir." This was an alarming turn of affairs for both the Minister and the Rani; and united them both in a resolution to assassinate their common enemy. The deed was effected with much mystery through Sirdar Chutter Singh Uttariwallah, whose daughter was betrothed to the Maharajah, and who consequently had a deep interest in keeping Dhulip Singh upon the throne. "The Papers, &c.," p. 6, say the Prince was "put to death on his way from "Attok to Lahore;" but the popular belief in the Punjab, is, that he was murdered in the fort of Attok itself by a *Chúra* or sweeper—sent by Jowahir Singh for that purpose with the promise of being made a General—and that his body was cut up into minute pieces and thrown from the

fort into the Indus to avoid detection. The rage of the Lahore Army at this thwarting of their schemes, knew no bounds; and it soon became apparent that instead of staving off, the Minister had only hastened, his downfall. Largesses, bribes, promises for the future, failed to appease the baffled troops; and even a projected expedition against the English, could not turn them aside from their now settled resolution to murder Jowahir Singh. The catastrophe has gone the round of the newspapers and the Theatres of Europe; and is graphically recorded by Major Broadfoot in the "Papers" so often quoted, (pp. 9-10). Suffice it here that the miserable wretch, whose debauched and cowardly heart shrank from the storm which his crimes had raised, and which his talents could not quell, prepared for flight;—prepared to throw himself for protection on the friendly and forbearing nation, which, during his ministry, he had hated, threatened, and, on one occasion, even marched against. He bribed his guards to let him fly; they took his bribes and confined him in his palace.

On the 21st of September they led him out in state to the plain of Mean Mír; and in the presence of his sister and the Maharajah, he was shot down like a dog. So died the last and worst Wazir of the Punjab empire established by Runjít Singh.* Rání Junda evinced some natural affection and remarkable courage on the occasion. She even effected the punishment of the ringleaders in the late tragedy, and, as if roused by her brother's death and her son's danger, assumed the Government, sat openly in Durbar, and "laid aside her debaucheries with her veil." ("Papers," p. 10). But the time for prudence had gone by. The vessel of the state, too long unwatched, had drifted to the rapid's edge; and all that skill and courage now could do, was, to seize the helm, put the bark's head straight, and plunge boldly into the foaming gulf. Finding that it was hopeless to oppose the Army, the Rání wisely yielded; encouraged its excesses; called its madness reason; and urged it on in the hope of guiding it to destruction. History scarcely records a conception more bold and able; and, while reprobating its unprincipled execution, we cannot withhold our admiration at the design. Runjít Singh, in the zenith of his power, thought all sacrifices light to preserve the friendship of the British; Rání Junda, in the depth of her despair, when the Sikh nation was at its weakest, sought safety in a war with British India.

And how was British India prepared to meet it? What was

* No one had the courage to fill Jowahir Singh's vacant place at Lahore till the breaking out of the war; and the cession of the Jullundhar Doab, broke up the kingdom of "The five Waters."

the condition and attitude of the North-West Frontier? These are questions of deep interest; for on the answer given to them depends the stamp which history shall set on the character of the Governor to whom that Empire and frontier were entrusted. The time for writing a complete history of the "War with the Sikhs" has not yet arrived: and in this present hasty *sketch* we neither presume to attempt the sacred task of instructing posterity with "the truth, the *whole truth*, and nothing but the truth," of the late great events; nor do we pretend to the information necessary to enable us to do so if we wished. We do not even promise or intend to tell the reader all we know; he must be content with the assurance that we will tell him nothing that we know to be false. He has a right, however, to expect that we discuss this *threshold question* of the war with him; and we do it the more willingly that the Indian Press seems for once to have left it, in some measure, to the Press of England to perceive what was going on in India. The state of the North-West Frontier, previous to the Sikh invasion, has been criticised in our Eastern papers by many writers possessed of great military talent, and by many more possessed of none: but it was reserved for the author of a Paper called, "The war on the Sutlej," in the *North British Review* (see the heading of this article), to rise superior to Military, or any other merely conventional criticism, and scan the question in its length and its breadth with the eye of a statesman and a philanthropist. The following passage we conceive to be a fairer statement of the point at issue than any which has yet appeared in print:—

"The question is, not whether, presuming a war with the Sikhs to have been an inevitable occurrence, the Governor General had so disposed his troops as to enter upon it with the greatest possible advantage on his side, and to prosecute it, to its termination, with the greatest success. *Had it been merely a war-question—a question as to the best means of prosecuting an inevitable war, we have little doubt that the main body of the British troops would, at the commencement of last December, have been posted on the very banks of the Sutlej.* But this was not the question. Sir Henry Hardinge had not to decide between two forms of war, but, as far as human sagacity could penetrate the future, between peace and a war. He believed, that it was desirable to preserve peace, and he adopted measures, best calculated to ensure its preservation. He believed that by keeping the main body of his army at Umballa, he would have been able to preserve peace, whilst, on the other hand, he was of opinion that a forward movement would have had an inevitable tendency to precipitate the very collision which he was so anxious to avoid. To have advanced the head quarters of the army to Ferozepore, or the immediate neighbourhood of Ferozepore, would have had all the appearance of an offensive movement; and as the Governor General had wisely determined not to provoke a war, he abstained from the adoption of a measure which would have surely resulted in the frustration of those

peaceful intentions which have so honourably distinguished his entire policy towards the Punjab."

And again :—

"The whole case, as between the Governor General and his assailants, may be thus briefly stated. It was desirable above all things to preserve peace. There was nothing to warrant the supposition that peace could not be preserved. To have posted a large army, sufficient to prevent the Sikhs from crossing the river at any point, on the immediate banks of the Sutlej, would have provoked the collision which it was so desirable to avoid. *Therefore, Sir Henry Hardinge did not move up the main body of his disposable Troops to the immediate banks of the Sutlej.* In other words, he did not, to avert an evil which there was no just cause to anticipate, bring down upon himself another of far greater magnitude, as certain and as present as the other was conjectural and remote."

Even this writer, however, does not do full justice to the policy of the Governor General. In his eagerness to shew the folly of posting an army on the banks of the Sutlej, he overlooks the wisdom of taking such Military precautions as the circumstances *would* allow; of strengthening the frontier as much as it was possible to do without losing sight of the grand object, the preservation of peace. He takes it for granted, as most other writers seem to have done, that, because the Governor General did not *assemble* an army in the North-West, therefore, he did not provide the means of doing so if required; that in short he allowed the North-West Frontier to remain in the disgracefully unprotected state in which Lord Ellenborough left it. This is a grievous error; and the sooner it is corrected the better. We are no defenders of folly in high places. Our pages have ere now pointedly shewn that the great defect of our military system is its want of preparation.* Trusting overweeningly, like true Englishmen, in our intrinsic strength; confiding with more than Mahomedan infatuation in our "*ikbal*;" we leave much, sometimes all, to fortune. Such was long, very long, our practice on the North-West Frontier. For years and years the station of Lúdi-ana alone, unsupported by a man nearer than Kurnal, stood in the face of the Punjab. Two or three thousand men with six 6-Pounders daring the whole Sikh Army!—a lamb drinking at a rivulet with a wolf. It may be said that the Punjab was then quiet; there was then no danger. Idle, most idle, will this answer prove to every man who has read Indian history, and learnt to see in the blue and cloudless sky of Eastern politics, no safety against the insidious storm. The hatred of the Sikh people was then as great; the ability to

* *Calcutta Review*, No. 3, Article,—Military Defence.

indulge it, greater. One life alone stood between the nations. One mind, and that directed not by love, not by fidelity, *but by a rare union of insatiable ambition with common sense*, turned the still flowing tide of Sikh conquest back from the Jumna towards the Indus. For nearly forty years has the station of Lúdiana been established; and for more than half of that time has Ferozepore been trumpeted as “a most desirable military position.” In December, 1838, it became a station for British troops; and such a one as the British in India alone could have established; answering no one possible object for which it could have been intended,—too weak even to protect itself, much less the neighbouring town. The nominal strength of the post was four Regiments of Infantry, and one of Irregular Cavalry. Seldom, however, was half that force present; and sometimes only a single Regiment; while the six field pieces were made the butts of Dum-Dum experiment; one month horsed, the next bullocked, and, when the bullocks grew thin and “ill-favoured,” horsed again: so that the Artillery of the advanced picket of British India was *hors du combat*, for nearly as many months of the year as there were guns. This was Lord Auckland’s defence of the frontier, and, in common justice to His Lordship, it may be said it was only a continuation of the system that had obtained under Lords Wellesley, Minto, Hastings, Amherst and Bentinck. Lord Ellenborough somewhat improved matters. He established a large reserve station at Umballa, sixty miles nearer to the frontier than Kurnal; and he threw an apology for an intrenchment around the Magazines and stores at Ferozepore, hitherto exposed at random even to the midnight robber and incendiary. It will indeed claim some portion of our reader’s credulity to believe, that, during the first year of the occupation of Ferozepore, the ammunition of the troops in the cantonment was kept three miles off, *in the bricked up gateways of the city*.

So much for the past, and the predecessors of the present Governor General. Let us now turn to Lord Hardinge. He found Punjab affairs much in the same condition they had been in for the last twelve months of Lord Ellenborough’s administration. But did he allow the frontier to remain as that nobleman had left it? Far otherwise. Silently and unostentatiously he strengthened the force in the North-West. He gave no possible cause of offence by military movements, in season or out of season, indicative of distrust.

His acts never gave the lie to his words as we find them recorded in his letter to the Secret Committee; not so much as the rustling of a plume ever broke the peaceful silence of the

frontier. The abstract "principles of war," which a late writer in the *Friend of India* has well said "do not alter," required an old and experienced soldier to do one or other of two things; either to hurry up large reinforcements to Ferozepore; or to withdraw that post altogether. But Sir Henry Hardinge did neither; he was something more than an old and experienced soldier, snuffing like the war-horse the battle from afar, and preparing for it with exultation. He was the statesman, to whose calm and unimpassioned judgment it was given to preserve the peace of India; and he chose that middle course which the result has proved united the dignity of forbearance with the necessity of defence. Slowly, silently, and by degrees, he added to the Native Regiments at Ferozepore until they amounted to seven; he doubled the Cavalry; he quadrupled the Artillery; gave confidence to the whole by the addition of a British Regiment; and to crown the whole, instead of leaving a haphazard, bed-ridden, or dotard Brigadier at the head of this gallant force, he selected one of the best officers in the Indian Army, Major General Littler, to command it. In the same sure but silent manner was the entire frontier reinforced. Regiments, as if in ordinary relief, but without the issue of the customary published orders, were drawn away from the extremes of the Bengal Presidency. Cuttack, Chittagong, Barrackpore, Benares, Allahabad, and even the Madras stations, were weakened to strengthen Delhi, Meerut, Umballa, and Ludiana. The excellence of the scheme, was, that it was effected without suspicion, and excited no alarm. All of ourselves, who could put two and two together; who took sufficient interest in the public acts of Government, and had time and will to consider why some Regiments were relieved early, others late; and why unusual numbers were crowded even to the Upper Doab;—could draw the inference that more than usual danger was expected in the North-West: but we repeat that the movement was effected without stir, excitement or alarm, either domestic or foreign. It is perhaps the best proof of the precautionary measures of the Governor General, that, when summed up, they seem almost to amount to the opposite and preposterous charge of *forcing on the war by the extent of his Military preparations on the frontier*;—a charge, contemptuously, and satisfactorily disposed of by Sir Henry himself in letter No. 9, pp. 12-13, of the "Papers," before quoted. So far, then, as our Government was concerned, the Sikhs were neither tempted by our weakness, nor driven by our threats to break the treaty, and commence hostilities. One objectionable act alone was committed; though we are not aware that it has

attracted notice, much less censure from the critics of the policy. We refer to the bringing up from Bombay of an armed bridge of boats. In our opinion such boats should *always* have formed a portion of the frontier military equipment. But *this* was not the time to make preparations that must bear the appearance at least of meditated war. Moreover, we are not prepared to say that all the Indian papers were perfectly judicious in their speculations on the prospect of a Punjab war; we cannot vindicate the seasonableness or the propriety of some of the after dinner speeches of Sir Charles Napier, Sir Jasper Nichols, and others, carefully reported at the Lahore Durbār; but whatever apprehensions, these, or any thing else said or done on this side of the water, created, we may safely say that they exerted no efficient agency in bringing about the war; and that the violence and intemperance of the Sikh soldiery, the weakness of their leaders, and the despair of their Government, alone impelled them to hostilities. But this is beside the question, which is "the state of the North-Western Frontier."

On the 11th of December, 1845, the enemy crossed the Sutlej and invaded British India. Twelve miles from the ford, in the cantonment of Ferozepore, was a compact and well appointed force of upwards of 10,000 men, with 21 field and ten heavy guns, ready and willing to dispute the passage of the river. Why it was *not* disputed has yet to be revealed. The General and most about him, believed their little army amply able either to oppose the enemy in his passage; or to defend themselves in possession of Ferozepore. We incline to a similar opinion. But this is a question which fate has left, perhaps for ever, undecided. Suffice it to say, that when, after years of empty boasting, the Sikhs at last came as enemies across the Sutlej, they found 15,000 *more soldiers between that river and Meerut than had been left there by the war-loving Lord Ellenborough or any of his predecessors*. Was *this*, we ask, a want of preparation? Is this the culpable negligence of which Sir Henry Hardinge is accused? We have already seen why this increased but scattered defensive force was not already "in hand" (to borrow a word from the dictionary of Aliwal); why it was not collected into an army on the frontier:—it was, because this would have rendered *inevitable* the collision which Sir Henry, his Council, and his Agent on the North-West Frontier, hoped and believed to be an improbable contingency.

We have now to see whether the troops, which a wise Governor had spread in peaceful attitude over the surface of the North-West Provinces, were yet within "bugle call," and

could be summoned to arms in time to repel an enemy. Hitherto Sir Henry Hardinge had been slow, cautious, forbearing almost to timidity; as if peace were a strange but imperative duty that had been imposed on him. The crossing of the Sikhs was like the magic word which woke the seven sleepers. It broke the spell upon his nature and disenchanted him. The cold snows of age and prudence melted and disappeared before the rekindled fire and energy of the hero of Albuera; the identity of the accomplished statesman passed away, and left a Military leader in its place presiding over the army of the Sutlej. "Telemachus suddenly beheld Minerva! She spread her ægis over him." The Meerut and Umballa divisions were hurried up; the two British Regiments were summoned from the Hills; the Lúdiana force concentrated at Bussean; and in half the time, we confidently assert, in which, under ordinary Indian Generals, the troops would have been *ready to remove*,* they had *formed an army on the line of march*, fought two victorious pitched battles at Múdkí and Ferozshah, and encamped at Nialkí with the enemy on the other side of the insulted frontier. Well was the ardour of the Governor General at this crisis seconded by the more than youthful energy and activity of the Commander-in-Chief, whose gallant figure dashing by the column was wont to provoke from many a young "sub" the hacknied lines—

Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He shew'd the sign, he named the place—
And pressing forward like the wind
Left clamour and surprise behind.

* * * * *
He vanish'd; and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward the fiery cross!

It is however but just to say that a Governor General only, and such a Governor General as Sir Henry Hardinge, happily combining the statesman with the soldier, could have brought the whole resources of the country, at a moment's notice, to bear upon the most imminent danger that has ever threatened British India.

There are more victories in a campaign than those which are gained amid the roar of cannon on the battle field, and recorded afterwards in golden lettered flags; and though the march—

* "When a small party was beaten at Kythul in the Sikh states within forty miles of Kurnal (one of our army Division stations) it was three days before a small force could move; it was *then* found that there was no small arm ammunition in store; and ascertained that a European corps could not move under a fortnight from Subathú."—*Calcutta Review*, No. 3, Art: "Military Defence."

In December, 1845, the same European corps at Subathú, and H. M.'s 29th Foot marched out of their Cantonments after 12 hours' notice, to join the army of the Sutlej.

the *rush*—of the British Army from Umballa to the frontier seems now forgotten, or but little thought of, because it gave neither medal nor promotion; yet was it not the least of the achievements of the war of 1845-46. The Commander-in-Chief, writing from Múdkí on the 19th December, 1845, with a keen remembrance of its anxieties and fatigues, devotes a few generous lines of his despatch to its record.

"All this," he says, "is soon related; but most harassing have been the marches of the troops in completing this concentration. When their march had been further prolonged to this place they had moved over a distance of upwards of *one hundred and fifty miles in six* days, along roads of heavy sand; their perpetual labour allowing them scarcely time to cook their food, even when they received it, and hardly an hour for repose before they were called upon for renewed exertions.*"

A writer in the *Friend of India* has since called it "such a march as had not been attempted in India since the days of Lake." Let us look therefore a little closer at its incidents; let us not rejoice too much in the fireside reader's privilege, and, with imagination's seven leagued boots, skip at once over those "150 miles", which an Army of flesh and blood, with exceeding toil and labour, and to the wonder and admiration of its commanders, marched over "in seven days." On the night of the 15th June, 1818, the poet sings—

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

On the 11th December, 1845, before the British Army marched to the Waterloo of India, every thing had been prepared for a similar festive scene in the Durbar tents of Sir Hugh Gough at Umballa. No need however for *secrecy* then; for carrying on the farce of gaiety; and Generals stealing away "as quietly as possible at 10 o'clock to join their divisions en route."† The ball was given up by common consent, and in that tearful night many a wife who is now a widow pressed her last kiss upon her husband's cheek. Next morning commenced the march on which the fate of two empires hung. The whole road from Umballa to Rajpúra, a distance of 16 miles, was covered with advancing troops and artillery; and the green crops in the fields on either side of the line of march were trodden under

* This is a mistake, the first march was on the 12th, and the last (into Múdkí) on the 18th; seven marches in all. The mistake would easily arise by subtracting 12 from 18, to get the number of marches; instead of including that of the 12th.

† See note to Stanza 21, Canto 3, *Childe Harold*, Murray's edition.

foot and scattered over by strings of baggage camels, and Camp followers, who, unable to find room upon the old high way, soon made a new one for themselves, and scrambled on in the dark through gardens and over ditches in a style more sporting than Military. What a motley and amusing scene is an Indian line of march! Here, Jack sepoy, bitterly cold, has tied up his head like a stage coach traveller, and then stuck his full dress *Chako* on the top of it,—much askew. Behind him, rejoicing in the privilege of his rank, jogs along on a miserable bare-ribbed *tattú* a grey haired *Súbadar*; his very oldest clothes are put on economically for the occasion; but round his throat glitters through the dust his gold-beaded necklace; and on his left breast perhaps dangles on a ribbon, twice too long, a medal or a star. Next, covering the whole column with dust, canters by a devil-may-care Subaltern; his forage cap cocked knowingly over his ear; a cheroot in his mouth puffing away like a chimney; and under him the best Bombay Arab that could be got for money, though it would not carry his bills. “Bless my soul, Sir,” croaks a wheezy voice on the other side of the road, “how often *must* I tell you to keep that *beast* in the rear?” It is the fat Major; who has pulled up in his *buggy* to spit the Ensign’s dust out of his mouth, and knuckle it out of his eyes. On one side of the road a hackery has fallen, in the dark, into a ditch; and on the other, a gun. The former will be there half the day; for the Gariwan is smoking his *húkah* and waiting till Providence sends somebody to help him. The other will be all right in ten minutes; for a dozen strapping Horse Artillery men have “put their shoulders to the wheel,” and are hauling away to a jolly chorus. *Chaque pays, chaque mode!* Look at that half-clad knock-kneed wretch, shuffling along at one untiring pace, with a pliant bambú over his shoulder, and, at either end of it, a heavy green box slung by ropes. He is a *Banghy bearer*; and you may take an inventory of his load without opening the Pitarahs; *one* of them is *always* devoted to a *Guthri*,* and the *other* to plates, dishes, and a teapot; for woe betide the Khidmutgar who has not breakfast ready the moment the Regiment comes upon its ground. But mind your head, or it will be knocked off by that half mad Camel who is overladen with tents and “tots,”† and is dancing about the road, furious at the clattering on his back. That red haired grenadier, with the yellow facings, is one of the gallant 9th

* The Indian *vade mecum*; a bundle containing a change of clothes, and something of every thing that “master” possesses.

† Tin pots out of which the European soldiers drink.

foot; and if what he is now swearing at the Camel was not *pure* Irish, there could not be a doubt about his country, for at the end of his bayonet he has slung his boots, and is walking barefoot to *warm himself*. Whose hackery is that with a *slipper bath* in it? There are no ladies in Camp;—it belongs to one of the Hospitals; and those three black heads poking out at the mouth of the bath are the Hospital Cook's children, who *live in it when it is not wanted*. Such are some of the queer incidents and characteristic scenes which cheat the soldier of a laugh on the India line of march.

But let us resume our knapsack and march on. On December 13th, the Commander-in-Chief's force marched to Sirhind; * eighteen miles of a sandy and distressing road for both men and horses. And now the dark curtain of the future began to rise. Aides-de-Camp went and came, "hot with haste," between the Governor General at Lushkuri-khan-ki-Surai, and the Commander-in-Chief at Sirhind. The news spread like wild fire through the Camp that 8,000 Sikhs had crossed the Sutlej eight miles above Ferozepore; and Sir Hugh Gough, with his Assistant Adjutant General, and Military Secretary, might be seen galloping through the sun to meet and consult with Sir Henry Hardinge at Kunha-ki-Surai, half way between their respective Camps.† All day those two Camps wait, with feverish anxiety, the result of their leaders' deliberations; and, at last, midnight brings the expected "After-Orders" for a forced march of 20 miles on Esrú. The publication of the celebrated Proclamation, of the 13th December, is now whispered about the Army; the very cook-boys discuss the annexation of the Cis-Sutlej states to British India. The Army too was this day (14th December) told off into Divisions and Brigades; appointments were delighting and disappointing the ambitious; and *business* for all was beginning in real earnest.

As an index of popular opinion, and a confirmation of that acknowledged by the Governor General in his letter to the

* This once populous and wealthy city is now nothing more than a miserable cluster of the habitations of the living amid the ruins of the habitations of the dead. For an account of the fearful destruction which overtook it, see "Malcolm's Sketch of the Sikhs."

† These two Peninsula veterans set an example of personal and equestrian activity during the campaign, which diffused itself through the whole General Staff; and won the hearts of the Arab Merchants in the Upper Provinces, who (*Ap ke nam sinke Khadawund!*) flocked up at the close of the war to replace the *screws* that had been *doing nothing but going express*, since they left Umballa. Sir Henry Hardinge's ride to Lúdiána is history; and we are told that Sir Hugh Gough thought nothing of riding from his camp at Nisikf into Ferozepore and back again in a morning,—more than 60 miles. A change for the better this from Generals who on *foot* or in *palkis*, manœuvred Armies!

Secret Committee, dated 31st December,* it is not unworthy of remark here that the Army at this time was divided into two parties, those who disbelieved the crossing of the Sikhs altogether ; and those who, more polite, condescended to believe it on the Governor General's authority, but were certain they would recross before our Army could come up to engage them. On December 15th, the Umballa force moved on to Luttala, nearer thirty than twenty miles, and orders were issued for a rigid reduction of baggage. On December 16th, the force marched thirty miles to Wudní, overtaking the Governor General and the Lúdiána Force at Bussean. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech to the House of Commons, on March 2nd, said: " From Umballa the troops marched to a place called Bussean, where, owing to the prudent precautions of the Governor General, they found an ample supply of food and stores." It was Major Broadfoot, who, acting under the orders of the Governor General, carried those wise precautions into effect: and not only *here* but on the whole march to Múdkí he may be said to have been the Commissary General of the Army of the Sutlej. Even after his death, his subordinate officers became and continued, till very late in the campaign, the real Commissariat of the Army. The people of the country were now all supposed to be hostile ; and those who were with the advanced guard that day will not easily forget Major Broadfoot and his rough and ready troop of wild looking Affghans, galloping across the plain from village to village, summoning out the grey beards, and, with perfect mastery of their corrupt and broken dialect, acquired in a short residence of 15 months upon the frontier, explaining the terms of the Proclamation and extracting from the most refractory *Múfsid*† supplies for the advancing Army. At Wudní, however, matters were different: the village nestled under the wing of a strong brick fort, and the fort itself belonged immediately to the Khalsa Crown. Supplies were positively refused. The Political Agent's very crabbedest Punjabi could not wheedle the Buniyahs out of enough *Ata* to make a Chupatti. The Horse Artillery was therefore ordered up, and as the guns wheeled round into position, the men, ever ready for a joke, very happily exclaimed: " These be the Political Agents !" They were indeed. It was unnecessary for them even to *speak* ! The very look of them brought out

* Papers respecting the late hostilities, No. 11.

" I concurred with the Commander-in-Chief and the Chief Secretary to Government as well as with my Political Agent, Major Broadfoot, that offensive operations on a large scale would not be resorted to."

† Malcontent.

the trembling villagers in crowds; and supplies followed without delay.*

The forced marches of the previous days were now telling fearfully on the troops, and camels, and a short march of only 10 miles to Churruk, was made upon the following day. A similar march of ten miles, to Lungiana, was ordered for the 18th December; but, though no man in that Army knew it then, a bloody battle was to be fought that day, and the Governor General, in his anxiety to relieve Forozepore, pushed on eleven miles further to the village of Múdkí. For the benefit of those who have a lingering faith in omens, we may as well here record, that, just before morning broke on the march to Múdkí, a brilliant star shot from its place in the firmament and fell over the Sutlej into the dark grave of the earth's horizon. The "Bright Star" is the highest order in the Punjab; and those who think that the everlasting laws of stellar motion are disturbed by the convulsions of this little orb, imperceptible in space, may confirm their superstition with the coincidence. It is "stranger still," and much more to the point, that on the 2d December died the venerable Faqír Uzíz-úd-dín, the able Minister of Runjít Singh, and faithful follower of his policy in all the counsels he was called upon to give to the weak successors of his Master. He knew our power thoroughly, and his voice was ever for friendship and peace. The last act of his life was a remonstrance against the approaching war: and without superstition, with him may be said to have perished the genius of the Punjab.

Three miles from Múdkí, the first indication of the proximity of an enemy reached "the Army of the Sutlej." A note from Major Broadfoot—ever in the front—informed the Commander-in-Chief, that Múdkí was occupied by the Sikhs; in what force it was uncertain. Upon receipt of this intelligence the column was halted; the Artillery ordered to the front; and the Cavalry to support it right and left. Thus "squaring up," in pugilistic phrase, the army resumed its march; with intense anxiety looking for the enemy. The Commander-in-Chief, attended by his own Staff and that of the Governor General (made over to him by Sir Henry who reluctantly remained behind) and supported by two Squadrons of the 5th Light Cavalry, then made a reconnoissance in front, and soon met Major Broadfoot and a party of Christie's horse coming back a little down cast,

* The same scene was repeated on the coming up of General Gilbert's Column the following day; and the place was not taken till the arrival of the Meerut troops on the 30th December. It gives no bad idea of native impudence when we relate that not a single gun was found in the fort, though from the quantity of Jinjal Balls accumulated, it is not improbable that some swivels had been hidden in the wells, or houses, of the village.

with the tidings that the village, now coming into view, had *merely* been occupied by the advanced picket of the Khalsa Army, who had fallen back hastily upon their own main body; not however without carrying off Captain E. Bid-dulph of the 45th Native Infantry, who had the evening before got so far on his way in a gallant but imprudent attempt to join Tait's Irregulars at Ferozepore. The momentary excitement over; the weary foot-sore troops dragged themselves on to Múdkí which they reached at noon;—and what a welcome sight there met their view! Beneath the walls of the fort spread a wide clear tank of water; and the reader, who has not the memory of that long march of 21 miles, with heavy sand under foot and the air thick with the dust disturbed by 15,000 men, cannot paint the eagerness with which men and horses rushed to the bank and tried to slake a thirst which seemed unquenchable. In ten minutes the lake was a mass of floating mud, yet fresh Regiments kept coming up, and fresh thirsty souls kept squeezing their way in, and thinking it was the sweetest draught they had tasted in their lives. Young ladies! languishing on your damask couches, you never sipped eau sucrée or lemonade out of a chrystal goblet that was to be compared to a greasy chako full of muddy Múdkí water. Between two and three o'clock the baggage of the troops was beginning to straggle in, and the men to cook their breakfasts; when Major Boardfoot again galloped into camp with the news—this time true enough—that the enemy was advancing in force in front.

Away with knives and forks, and out swords and pistols! Camels, Elephants, camp followers, and other lumber to the rear! Trumpets sound to horse; bugles, drums and fifes to arms; and the whole army, which, but two hours ago, had made a march of unusual severity, now turned out, as if fully recruited, to the battle.

Once more the Governor General, with a courteous bow that would have done honour to St. James's, waved his dashing staff over to the brave Chief of that brave army; and then fell back upon the infantry. The artillery was in the centre of the front line and the cavalry on either flank; the main body of the infantry in contiguous columns behind; and a reserve in rear of all. A mile and a half at least from their own camp did the British advance in this order before they came under the fire of the Sikh guns; but then the "long bowls" came bounding in among them with deadly aim and that peculiar *whirr* which makes the young soldier "*bob*" his head. Now tumbrils begin blowing up, and artillery men dropping from

their saddles ; the mutual roar of cannon reverberates over the plain ; and smoke obscures the vision. Closer and closer approach the hostile armies ; and a staff officer, almost simultaneously from right and left, gallops up to Sir Hugh, with a report that the Sikh cavalry in clouds are turning both his flanks. Right and left he launches his own cavalry upon them ; right and left their brilliant charge makes the enemy's horse give way. The British infantry deploy, and advance rapidly in line. A finer sight no man ever saw than that deployment and advance. The jaded men, worn out with forced marches and want of food, forgot all their troubles in their eagerness to close, and nearly the whole of an unusually large staff might at one time have been employed in galloping up and down the line to keep the Regiments from "doubling" into action. And now all hands are at it ! Cavalry charging cavalry ; artillery thundering on the flanks ; and infantry exchanging a roar of musketry in the centre. The battle is at its height ; it rages ; but the British *still advance* : and it is a fact, which has not been noticed by any writer yet that we have seen, not even by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in his own despatch, that *the charge of the British Cavalry was the turning point of the battle of Mudki*. Up to that moment every arm of the Sikh force, Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry had been *advancing* ; and though the Artillery and Infantry still stood and struggled manfully after Lal Singh's Cavalry had fled, yet *they never gained another foot of ground* ; and the last two hours of the battle was a series of dogged stands, and skirmishing retreats on the part of the Sikh troops ; of sharp struggles, gun-captures, and pursuits, by the British,—over five miles of the worst ground that ever two armies fought for.—Night closed the contest, or rather the pursuit ; and the British army was left in possession of the field and *nineteen* of the enemy's guns. The despatch says *seventeen* : but we have reason to believe that *nineteen*, if not *twenty*, were captured over night, and three or four taken off the field, by a Sikh detachement, in sight of our burying parties, the next morning. Brigadier Brooke, who commanded the Artillery, in his return of captured ordnance, only reports *fifteen* guns in our possession, but says, "Four more guns are reported to have been dismounted by the men of the horse artillery and left on the field from want of means to bring them away." These discrepancies are reconciled by the supposition that two more guns were afterwards brought in by the British ; and two recovered by the Sikhs. We have heard that an intercepted despatch from Rajah Lal Singh to the Raní, after the battle of

Múdkí, modestly allowed "that owing to the bad state of the roads, and the horses being killed, *some few guns fell into the hands of the Ungrez.*" The grand total of killed and wounded on the British side was 872. Among the mournful list of the dead was the brave Sir Robert Sale, known among the soldiers of his old Regiment (H. M's 13th Light Infantry) by the faithful sobriquet of "Fighting Bob," and in the page of history as "the hero of Jullalabad."* The loss on the enemy's side is not known; indeed it has never been accurately ascertained how many men they brought into the field. The Commander-in-Chief's despatch says, "they were said to consist of from 14,000 to 20,000 infantry, about the same force of cavalry and 40 guns." Sir Robert Peel estimates the Sikh force at "treble the amount" of the British; which would make them upwards of 40,000. We have put the question to a Sikh soldier who was present in all the fights except Aliwal; and he stated that from each of the twelve Regiments of infantry in the entrenched camp of Ferozshah, there went out four Companies; between 20 and 30,000 horsemen under Rajah Lal Singh; and 22 guns; and this we are inclined to think nearly correct.

The victory of the 18th December, 1845, must be acknowledged therefore by every impartial person to have been no mean achievement. It is no easy matter at any time for 14,000 men to thrash between 30 and 40,000; unless, as was the case in our early Indian battles, the discipline is all on the side of the minority. Those days have long passed away. We have been now teaching the art of war to Asia for upwards of a century; and, though not exactly reduced to the sad pass of that celebrated grand-father who taught his grandson draughts,

"Until at last the old man was beaten by the boy;"—

Yet is there no longer that vast disparity between the discipline of the Native and British Indian armies that we can afford to give them, as of old, the odds which Clive thought very fair at Plassey. In the present instance, we think it only just to a very gallant though barbarous enemy, to acknowledge, that the Sikh soldiers are fully equal to our own sepoys in every respect but that of obedience to their officers; a radical deficiency indeed in cantonments, but, as the result proved, of no consequence whatever in the field, when the enemy in front was the hated British, and every common soldier was animated by the same

* A Greek or Roman General would have been more fortunate though less brave; for he would have accepted the augury with which Sir Robert entered on the campaign, and returned in the belief that the Gods were against the expedition. In coming down the Hill from Simla all the swords which had been presented to him for his former services were stolen from among his baggage and never recovered.

religious detestation of the cow-killing rivals of the Khalsa. Not only however did the Sikh army nearly treble ours in number, and nearly equal it in discipline, but it had the immense advantage of coming up fresh to the fight, after lying at their ease in camp from the day they crossed the Sutlej; while the British troops came off a march of 150 miles (twenty-one of which had been performed that morning,) and were exhausted before the battle was begun. The ground too was much in favour of the Sikhs; and they had had plenty of leisure to select it. It was at first, i. e. nearest to Múdkí, an undulating sandy plain, sprinkled, where the cannonade commenced, with trees; and deepening, where the hostile armies closed, into a tangled jungle. No one who has seen Sikhs fight will deny that as light infantry they are not to be excelled. The indispensable requisite of "a Light Bob" is to have self-reliance; to be independent of assistance; to have his wits about him and take advantage of every bush or stump that will give him time to load again, or unseen bring down his unsuspecting foe. In a word, he must be sufficient for himself, and able to act alone. Now these are just the attributes of a Sikh soldier. Independence, self-reliance, and fearless audacity, are the hereditary qualities of his nation; and have been fostered to the most mischievous perfection in the licentious revolutions which reduced the Government of his country to a military despotism. He is proud of being one of the "Surbut Khalsa Jí," and believes himself a match for two *Purubias* at the least; he is proud also of his profession, which Runjít took care should be the most honored in the Panjab; and, instead of being glad to get rid of his accoutrements, he wears them with pleasure, and carries his musket jauntily over his shoulder even when he is out for a stroll. No troops in the world, therefore, are more fitted by nature and habit for carrying on a desultory fight: and the same jungle, which separated and broke the British regiments at Múdkí, only threw the Sikhs into "extended order;" made every hollow an entrenchment, and every bush a battery. Two anecdotes of the field will illustrate these observations.

The fight was nearly over when a Khalsa soldier, who had been just passed by as dead by a British light field battery, rose cautiously from the ground, and taking deliberate aim with his musket at the officer commanding, shot him in the back. Waiting only long enough to see his victim fall, he then stole off, reloading as he went. A Sergeant, who had seen his Captain drop, turned to pursue the murderer, and met a similar fate. Several of his comrades then sprung forward upon the track, but had not gone into the jungle when they heard behind a

neighbouring bush the significant ring of a ramord with which the determined Khalsa was, a third time, driving home his unerring bullet. They prudently abandoned a pursuit which threatened, if continued long enough, to disable a nine-pounder! Another Sikh soldier, feigning to be dead, was kicked up by some men of H. M.'s 50th in their advance, and brought a prisoner before Major General Sir Harry Smith, who told an officer of his Staff, that "spoke the Moors," to ask him, which way his friends had run? The Khalsa made no reply, but making a sudden grasp at the General's sword, drew it like lightning from the scabbard, and would have cut Sir Harry down had he not had a riding cane in his hand, and struck the blade aside. An army composed of men like these is not an enemy to be despised.

On the morning of the 19th of December, it was expected that the Sikhs, reinforced from their main body at Ferozshah, would again advance and attack the British; and Sir Hugh Gough had his men under arms drawn up outside the camp in battle array to meet them. Thus they remained many hours; but, though the dust of a hostile column was distinctly seen moving round the British flank, the battalions which raised it showed no desire to renew their intimacy of the previous day. Every disposition, however, was made to guard against a night attack. None occurred; and the spirits of the harassed troops were cheered by the arrival about 11 o'clock P. M. of H. M.'s 29th Foot, the H. E. I. Co.'s 1st European Light Infantry, the 41st and 11th Native Infantry, and a small detachment of heavy Guns; a most welcome reinforcement. The two former regiments had, as we have already noticed, marched out of their stations in the hills on 12 hours' notice; and their soldier-like exertions to come up, before an engagement with the enemy could take place, threw the rapid march even of the main army into the shade. They were one day too late; but the Governor General showed his high appreciation of their military spirit by sending out his own band to meet them, and welcome them to camp. This flattering and graceful compliment turned out unfortunately; for, in stepping out cheerily to the tune of "the British Grenadiers," they all lost their way in the dark; and kept on marching and playing, playing and marching, till they had exhausted all the popular airs in the language, circumambulated the camp, and been challenged by every astonished sentinel on duty.

We had nearly forgotten to record one of the incidents of the 19th December strongly characteristic of oriental warfare. A Mahomedan Chief, one of the leaders in the fight of Múdkí,

came over on an embassy from the enemy, and, expressing their regret that two nations who had so long been friends should now be enemies, proposed terms of accommodation for the Governor General's acceptance! He was put under a guard, and escorted beyond the pickets.

The 20th of December was a halt to refresh the troops, and complete the sad duty of burying the dead. But it was not an idle day among the British Generals and Captains, who, assembled in the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, listened to the plan of the next day's operations. The Governor General himself volunteered his service as second in command; a step, the prudence and propriety of which has been much canvassed both in India and at home. It has been censured rather flippantly by some as *derogatory*, and *rash*. We have every respect for the abstract dignity and high-mightiness of a Governor General of India; embodying as it does the irresponsibility of the Great Mogul with the infallibility of the Pope; but we are among those who think that to lead on a wing of a British army against the enemies of his country can derogate from the dignity of no man. Princes of the blood of Plantagenet condescended to such service; and within our own days an heir apparent to the English throne has coveted the still more humiliating command of a single Regiment. And as for rashness; the proverb says, "there is a time for all things." Certainly, there are times, when cautious prudence becomes the extremity of rashness, and rashness incontrovertible prudence. As a general rule, doubtless, the head of the Government should not expose himself, and never unnecessarily, to danger; nor the State, to the confusion which his death might cause. Lord Ellenborough, for instance, had no business to be under fire at Maharajpore; where his presence served no earthly object. But the battle of Múdkí demonstrated to the conviction of every man in the army that the Sikhs had been greatly undervalued as soldiers; that they were no common enemy; and that British India, as an Empire, was involved in no ordinary crisis. As yet only a fragment of the Khalsa army, detached in scorn, had been, with difficulty, overcome; the main body, varying from 48,000 to 60,000 men with 108 pieces of cannon of heavy calibre, in fixed batteries,* and in an entrenched camp, had yet to be encountered; and the junction with Sir John Littler's force was not yet effected. This was no time to stand upon the forms of office, or even to regard the restraints of the constitution. It was

* See Governor General's letter to Secret Committee, Camp Ferozepore, 31st December, 1845. Paper, p. 24.

one of those moments in the existence of a State which can be compared only to a sudden squall at sea which takes the good ship aback, and forces every man on board, though he were the Lord High Admiral himself, to put his hand to a rope, if he would avoid a general wreck. The Governor General had sufficiently displayed at Múdkí his wish to be prudent, so long as prudence was practicable; he now showed himself equal to the responsibility of his office, and judging that his country would gain more by his Generalship in the battle, than it would lose by his death, he acted like a true patriot, laid pride aside, and volunteered to serve where he had been accustomed to command. "I need hardly say," writes the Commander-in-Chief in his despatch, "with how much pleasure this offer was accepted."

Some few pages back, in speaking of the Sikhs, we called them "a very gallant though *barbarous* enemy;" and certainly they gained the latter epithet by acts of wanton cruelty which were only fitted to the wars of the Red Indians and the Sioux. During the night of the 18th, and morning of the 19th December, they not only carried off the majority of their own wounded, but the heads of all the Europeans they could find upon the field of battle. And at the sanguinary fight of Ferozshah, whenever a scattered party of Sikh soldiers came across a *dulí** going to the rear, they would shout their war cry "Wah Gúru Jí!" with as much savage eagerness as if the poor bleeding inmate, was still in arms against them; and, dragging him out with curses, hack and hew him with their keen *tulwars*, long after consciousness and life had left their victim. At Sobraon too, when that famous charge was made by Gilbert's division upon the centre batteries, and more than once the British line was driven back, the Khalsa and the Akalí, drunk with fanaticism and *bhang*,† rushed out from behind their entrenchments into the plain, and mutilated the fallen within sight of their rallying comrades. Such barbarous acts of warfare make the blood boil to see, and run cold to read of; and stain the page on which we should otherwise record the gallantry of the Sikh Soldiers. But, amidst all this, there were to be met among them occa-

* *Dulí*, a litter carried by four men. Several are attached to every Regiment for the use of the sick and wounded. As we hope for many European readers we think it prudent to give this explanation; as it is not long since a member of the British legislature, recounting the incidents of one of our Indian fights, informed his countrymen, that "the ferocious *Dulí* rushed from the hills and carried off the wounded soldier!"

† An intoxicating extract of hemp; used by the Sikhs in excess, to make up for their abstinence from tobacco. So true is Hudibras's saying, that all the world—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

sional acts of chivalric liberality which ought to be remembered. Such an one was the restoration of Capt. Biddulph. It has before been mentioned that this officer was captured and carried off by the advanced Sikh picket, at the village of Múdkí, on the morning of the 18th. He has since published a short but graphic account of his captivity, from which we cannot do better than extract the following passage:—

"I was hurried out of the place, put on a horse behind a Sikh trooper, and with a stronger escort, galloped off some nine or ten miles. Judge my horror when I saw before me the whole Sikh camp and army! I was taken up and down their position amidst excited crowds, who abused and poked me right and left; my gallant horsemen, however, protected my life, but I saw with alarm, a huge beam on two posts bearing a most unpleasant resemblance to a gallows; multitudes were around it, and I prepared for death, praying that I might not be tortured, and die calmly. We passed this, however, and at last reached Rajah Lal Singh's tents; Akalis, going in and out, shook their swords at me, and crowds thronged me; Lal Singh came out, and I addressed him, but he would not hear me, ordering me to be put in irons and made over to the Commandant of Artillery; thither I was taken; the General spoke angrily and sent me away to his men; I was then chained under a gun, and a guard placed over me. Thus I lay for three days and nights; bitter cold it was; chuppattis my food, water my drink; and many anxious thoughts prolonged my days into weeks, my nights into months. Daily I was thronged, abused and threatened; hundreds of questions were put to me, and tempting offers of service made, all of which I steadily refused. *The artillerymen became my fast friends, defended my life, and, as far as possible, drove back the crowds, and tried to shame those who threatened me.* Even in such a precarious situation, life has its pleasures and enjoyment; the calm of night, cessation from teasing multitudes, a chat with the artillerymen, smoking through my *hands* from a *chiklam* without any pipe; the thousands of reports, strange sights and scenes, the pity of some, the wonder of *all!*—was not this happiness? Indeed I began almost to be happy; at any rate, I could laugh. But the scene was now to change.

The battle of Múdkí roused my hopes; I sat on a board behind a gun, and the Artillerymen with lighted matches stood around: it seemed the fight drew near and more near; fancy almost rang the clangour of a charge in my anxious senses; and then the thought whether victory to us would not be death to me came to calm my too buoyant hopes. I remembered Loveday, he was my ship companion! At 11 at night the guns ceased, the file firing died away, and I heard the bustle of the Sikh troops retiring into camp; who shall describe then the prisoner's feelings? I cannot.

Morning at last came, and I soon perceived that the boastful pride of our enemy had greatly abated, their tone was altered and my condition seemed better. Another day, another night succeeded, the third I was suddenly summoned to the chief, Bebaus Ally Khan, and on my way to him a smith appeared and my irons were taken off! On entering the Chief's tent he spoke kindly, gave me water to wash, and said he would get me released. Some conversation ensued, and an Affghan Sirdar, who had visited me the day before, evidently interested himself in my behalf: we started for Lal Singh's quarters, but on the way there I was sent back to my gun; some anxious hours passed, and when the unruly multitude heard I was likely to be released a row commenced; *my friends of the Artillery stood to their guns and declared they would fire if I were touched*; by degrees matters smoothed down and the crowd,

dispersed; suddenly I was told I might go! I desired the messenger to make my grateful acknowledgements to the Chiefs and took leave of my Bhaïs, the Artillerymen, but I said, "I shall be cut down directly I leave your lines;" *two of them offered to accompany me*, and though their authority was not much to protect me, the risk must be run; off we set, and the sun never seemed to me to shine so cheerfully before. *Then a brother of the Artillery Chief's ran after us, and said he would get me through their outposts*; he sent the two Artillerymen back and on we went; many were the stoppages and much demur at the last outpost five miles from their camp, but my friend satisfied them all. Merrily we trudged the ten miles to Múdkí, and the reception I met from all was grateful indeed, and ever to be forgotten. My companion received from the Governor General 1,000 Rs., and offers of service if he chose to stay with us; he returned, however, after the battle to his own people or home. The 21st and 22d saw the Sikhs routed after a desperate resistance, but the G. G. would not allow me to mingle in the fray, as he said I owed *that* at least to the enemy who released me, although I refused to give any pledge not to fight."

Several European soldiers who had been taken prisoners at Múdkí were similarly restored; and had a rupee each given to them when delivered up at the pickets.

On the morning of the 21st December the army of the Sutlej marched in pursuit of the Sikh invaders; leaving the sick, wounded, baggage, camp-followers, and captured guns, at the fort of Múdkí under guard of two Regiments of Native Infantry.

"A communication," says the Governor General, "had been made during the preceding night with Sir John Littler, informing him of the intended line of march, and desiring him to move out with such a part of his force as would not compromise the safety of his troops and the post.

At half past one o'clock the Umballa force, having marched across the country, disencumbered of every description of baggage, except the reserve ammunition, formed its junction with Sir John Littler's force, who had moved out of Ferozepore with 5,000 men, two Regiments of Cavalry, and 21 field guns."

Thus was one of the two objects of the army of the Sutleje gained. Ferozepore, reprieved only by the battle of Múdkí, was now relieved. The other, and the great object, the expulsion of the Sikh invader from Hindustan, remained to be accomplished.

It is necessary to explain here that the Sikh army was at this time divided into two unequal forces: the smaller one threatening Ferozepore, and the main body encamped within a very formidable entrenchment at the village of Ferozshah,*

* We might well protest against calling it *Ferozshah*. The proper native name is *Ferozshahur* or *Ferozshahar*, with short *u* or short *a*, according to the system of Romanizing which may happen to be adopted. It is often spelt *Pheroshahr* by bad clerks; but scarcely *ever*, even by the *worst*, *Ferozshah*. Still, since in the first despatch of the Governor-General

nine miles from Múdkí. Sir Henry Hardinge in his letter to the Secret Committee says, "the Sikh forces varied from 48,000 to 60,000 men, with 108 pieces of cannon of heavy calibre in fixed batteries."—*Papers*, p. 27.

After comparison of several accounts, we do not think the whole invading force of the Sikhs much exceeded 60,000 men, or that they brought across the Sutlej more than 190 guns. Seventeen of these guns were already in our possession; when Sirdar Tej Singh renewed the combat on the 22d, he is allowed by all to have brought up not only a strong force of Infantry and Cavalry but of *Artillery* also; 72 guns were captured by the British during the battle; and if the enemy, in their disorderly retreat, or during the night, carried off 20 guns, it is as much they as could have done. We do not believe they got away 10. It is probable therefore that the estimate of the enemy's force in Ferozshah by both the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief has been too high; that there were not more than about 35,000 Sikhs in occupation of the entrenched Camp (of whom nearly 18,000 were Irregular Cavalry, 3,000 Regular Cavalry and 1,000 Gunners), with between 80 and 90 guns and 250 camel swivels; while 20,000 Sikh Infantry, 5,000 Cavalry and about 1,000 Gunners lay before Ferozepore, with from 70 to 80 guns and 50 Camel swivels.

This being premised, it will occur at once to the reader, whether he be military or not, that however desirable it might be to the British to take their enemies in detail, yet, as a junction with Sir John Littler was indispensable, it was extremely problematical whether that measure could be effected without alarming the enemy's force before Ferozepore, and forcing them either to engage Sir John upon the march; to make a *counter-junction* with their own main body; or, which was most pro-

as well as in other official documents, the orthography of *Ferozshah* was adopted; since, in consequence, this orthography had obtained the widest currency; and since it can only be regarded as a popular and somewhat abbreviated form of the native term, more suited to the English ear, we have, for the sake of uniformity, adopted it throughout. Were a rigid philological test to be applied, it would soon appear that the ordinary orthography of most of our Indian proper names would but ill abide the scrutiny. Here, in passing, we may as well remark, once for all, that, with the view of conforming as nearly as possible with the approved standard of the Asiatic and other literary Societies, as well as learned orientalisks generally, we have used the accented *á* for long *u*, as in the English word *rule*, which is equivalent to the sound of double *oo* in *room*, *food*, &c.; and accented *í* for long *i*, as in the English word *Police*, which is equivalent to double *ee* in *feet*, *reed*, &c. The unaccented *u* and *i* denote the short sounds of these letters respectively. Agreeably to the same simple system the accented *á* would represent long *a*, as in *father*, and unaccented *a*, short *a* as in *America*. But, as the sounds of long and short *a* are less liable to be confounded than those of *u* and *i*, it has not been thought necessary always to note the difference, more especially in words that are common and familiar, and whose pronunciation, therefore, cannot well be mistaken. Thus, in the word *Rani*, queen, both the *a* and *i* are long; consequently, rigid accuracy would require it to be written *Ráni*. But, without the accent at all, no one would now think of pronouncing the *a*, in this word, otherwise than broad and long. It has, therefore, been deemed superfluous to add it. The letters *o* and *e* are always long, and of course do not need the distinguishing mark of the long sound.

bable of all, to drive in the small force Sir John might leave behind him, and plunder the cantonment, and the city. The Ferozepore besiegers, however, seem not to have had a very active intelligence department; and they remained quietly watching one side, while the Garrison marched out at the other. In the course of the morning they did receive information of General Littler's move; and sent in spies post haste to ascertain its truth. Sir John had, with great foresight, left his camp pitched, bazaar flags flying, and Cavalry pickets standing; and when the spies saw every "outward and visible sign" of a watchful garrison as usual, they turned their horses and galloped back, convinced that they had been unnecessarily alarmed.

Sir John Littler therefore not only effected a junction with his Chief; but he effected it in the best possible manner;—enabling Sir Hugh Gough to interpose his army between the enemy's main body and reserve, and thrash the former before the latter could come up. But we are anticipating.

The Ferozepore force had no sooner joined the army of the Sutlej, than, to borrow from the Commander-in-Chief's narrative, "dispositions were made for an united attack on the enemy's entrenched Camp. We found it to be a parallelogram, of about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, including within its area the strong village of Ferozshah; the shorter sides looking towards the Sutlej and Múdkí, and the longer towards Ferozepore and the open country. We moved against the last named face, the ground in front of which was like the Sikh position in Múdkí, covered with low jungle."

The British divisions now deployed into line as follows:—The new arrivals under Sir John Littler took up their place on the left, and next to it the division of the late Major General Sir John McCaskill,—who was killed while leading it on at Múdkí,—now commanded by Brigadier Wallace. On Wallace's right came the "whole force of artillery with the exception of three troops of H. A. one on either flank, and one in support to be moved as occasion required."—(C. C.'s despatch). On the right was General Gilbert's division. The division of Major General Sir Harry Smith and the Cavalry formed the reserve; throwing forward a brigade in support of either wing of the advance. In this array did the British, under their two veteran leaders, advance to the attack of Ferozshah; Sir Henry Hardinge commanding the left wing—and Sir Hugh Gough the right. From their relative positions in line, the allotment of work which fell to each division was as follows:—To Sir John Littler nearly the whole length of the West face; to Brigadier

Wallace, a corner of both the West and South face; and to General Gilbert the rest of the South, and as much of the East face as he could manage. Sir John Littler's division, being nearest to their work, got first into action about half past four p. m. To their lot it had fallen to attack the very strongest part of the enemy's position; for the West and South faces overlooked the Ferozepore and Múdkí road, the direct line of march of the British Army; and on these, but chiefly on the West, had the Sikhs gathered the iron strength of their heavy guns. Never were troops in better spirits than the Ferozepore division when they advanced to this perilous attack; and their General, in detailing its unhappy failure, records, that, "under a most galling and destructive fire," when "the casualties in the ranks were awful," "the troops still moved on with great firmness and approached the enemy's battery to within about 150 yards." Then, says Sir John, "I considered the prize to be within their grasp." The order (so welcome always to the soldier after that most trying of manœuvres a *silent* advance in the teeth of a shot hailing battery) was given to *charge*, and obeyed "with such determined gallantry and spirit that the result seemed certain." But what "seemed certain" to the General, seemed "useless" to the Brigadier; who took upon himself a responsibility from which he has since unaccountably escaped, that of ordering where he did not command; of acting in direct opposition to his superior officer; and of withdrawing a noble Regiment from a contest in which they *must* have gained honour, in a manner which has gained them nothing but sympathy and compassion. Well might Sir John Littler—who stood pointing to the enemy's batteries and waving on his Europeans to *seize* "the prize" which was before them—when, with bitter disappointment, he beheld those Europeans checked, halted, wheeled about, without, so far as he then knew, any order for so doing,—well might he believe that "*a panic*" had paralysed H. M's. 62d. The despatch in which he recorded that belief has drawn down upon Sir John Littler so much unmerited odium, that it would be unjust in any writer *pretending* even to be acquainted with the merits of the case, to pass over them in silence. The duty of defending him is the more incumbent, seeing that with a strict and soldierly sense of military propriety, rarely met with, he has left his character in the hands of his superiors, and refrained from publishing to an ungenerous world the complete justification with which the highest military authority in India has supplied him. We are sorry to say that we have met with officers who boldly propounded the doctrine, that, *even if*

the 62d Regiment was really struck with a panic, Sir John Littler had no business to say so. On asking, *why?* we were told that it *had a bad effect* to tell the public, and foreign nations, that any portion of the English army had behaved, or could, by any possible combination of the horrors of war, be *induced* to behave, otherwise than with supernatural courage. Granting for a moment, *pro argumento*, such to be the case, and that, to be a great patriot, it is necessary at times to be a great liar, we deny that it has any reference to the point at issue. For Sir John Littler, so far from desiring to tell the public and foreign nations that the 62d were panic-stricken at Ferozshah, intended the despatch, as all other subordinate Generals intend their despatches, for the *private* information of the Commander-in-Chief; who, not being endowed with ubiquity, or the power of being in two or more places at once, is thus alone enabled to compile a true account of the battle, and describe, to his Government, events which it is impossible he could have witnessed. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief has himself informed the 62d and through them the public,—who seem nevertheless to have forgotten it—that the despatch was never intended to be published, but got mixed up by mistake with the papers for the Press; as is sufficiently proved by the non-publication, at the same time, of Sir Harry Smith's and General Gilbert's despatches. The question therefore is not, whether General Littler was right in telling *the public* that the 62d were struck with a panic; but, whether he was right in telling the *Commander-in-Chief*. And this we think cannot admit of a doubt. A Subaltern "officer of the day" would probably be brought to a Court Martial, if, in his morning "report," he concealed from his Commanding Officer, that all the non-commissioned Officers of the Regiment had been drunk the day he was on duty.* And what is a subordinate General Officer in the field, but a Subaltern Officer with a finer name? And what is his despatch after a battle but a "report" of what occurred when he was "on duty?" Its *intention* is, that it should be a *plain statement of facts*; and the General, who, to gratify his own vanity or serve his own selfish ends, either exaggerates the achievements, or conceals the misconduct of the troops under his command, is guilty of a gross departure, not only from military duty, but from *truth*, "the peerless beauty" whose smiles should guide every knight along the path of modern chivalry. Respect, and that gratitude which every Englishman owes to "the hero

* It is not *very* long ago since a certain Lieutenant Colonel was brought to a Court Martial, and *smashed*, for, among other grave offences, concealing a mutiny that had taken place in his Regiment on the march.

of Waterloo," protect the speech made upon this subject by the lawgiver of the House of Lords. It rests in the grave of public forbearance, and is shrouded from criticism by the veil of patriotic regret. One remark, however, we may trust ourselves to make; viz: that the Duke of Wellington is the last man living who should condemn a General "for applying the word *panic* to his troops:" seeing that in his own early days of Generalship, he wrote the following passage to the Military Secretary of Government, and in his later days revised it for publication; "If we had had day-light an hour more, not a man would have escaped. We should have had that time, if *my Native Infantry had not been panic-struck* and got into confusion when the cannonade commenced."*

But perhaps there is no objection to the application of the word *panic* to *Native Infantry*! And here we shall close these few words in defence of a soldier, whose character for integrity and honour, stands so high among his contemporaries, that the unmerited and even insulting condemnation of "the highest living military authority" has evaporated like breath upon a polished mirror.

Sir John Littler got so much sooner into action than the rest of the line, that, after his repulse, a part of the 14th Regiment Native Infantry, which was one of his regiments, was in time to join the advance of the Queen's 9th Foot, and the 26th Light Infantry under Brigadier Wallace. These gallant regiments, which had before been brigaded together in the last Affghan campaign, have become associated together in India military annals, by their mutual friendship in cantonments, and their generous rivalry on the field. We have already said that to their lot fell a corner of each of the two faces of the entrenchment on which the strongest force of Sikh Artillery was posted. They now advanced to carry it: and did so at the point of the bayonet, in the face of a fire whose severity is best proved by its effects. The 26th Light Infantry had 73 men killed and wounded; and the 9th Foot 273—being 13 more than were lost by the 62nd.; thus proving that the heaviness of the fire, to which the latter were exposed, was not more than the men would have endured had they been let alone. Brigadier Wallace, and Lieut. Colonel Abraham Taylor, two tried and excellent officers, fell in this successful storm.

On the right of Wallace's brigade advanced the division of Major General Gilbert to attack the South and South East

* Despatches, Battle of Argaum.

faces of the entrenchment. This division was the strongest in the field, and it fell to its glorious lot to storm *two* of the Sikh batteries. They were both carried—one by H. M.'s 29th Foot, and the other by the Honourable Company's 1st European Light Infantry,—the former corps losing 188, and the latter, 204 men, in the assault and next day's fight. It was on the South face, and between the entrenchment and the village of Ferozshah that the chief portion of the Sikh Camp was pitched. The batteries, therefore, were no sooner carried than Gilbert's division found their work, as it were, beginning. A dense mass of infantry and tents were in rear of the captured artillery, and from among them a galling fire of musketry opened in the faces of the captors. To complete the horrors of the struggle, at this moment one of the enemy's magazines exploded under the feet of the 1st Europeans, blowing up many men and officers, and rending the Regiment into two. Thrown into confusion, however, this noble division still followed up the enemy,—each man, being content, if he could not find his own corps, to join another; nor ever stopping till they had trampled down the tents, and driven the savage Khalsa from their Camp into the village, at the bayonet's point.

The Reserve under Sir Harry Smith was now brought up to put the last finishing stroke to victory yet trembling in the balance: and H. M.'s 3d Dragoons were launched upon a battery which still kept up its deadly shower. This corps had already so handled the Sikhs at Múdkí, that, on the other side of the Sutlej, they still retain the distinctive title of "*Múdkiwallahs*:" and they now performed a feat which, rightly considered, was the most remarkable of the war. They charged, and carried the battery they were opposed to,—the leaders filling up the yawning trench with their own numbers, and those who followed crossing on a living bridge of their comrades. One officer, Captain Codd, jammed his horse, in the darkness and impetuosity of the charge, between a gun and the wheel, and unable to extricate either himself or his charger, was cut down in his saddle by the desperate gunners. But this was not all. Having put the artillery men to death and silenced the battery, this gallant band faced the whole Khalsa army within the entrenchment, swept through their Camp with loud huzzas over tents, ropes, pegs, guns, fires, and magazines, cutting down all that opposed their passage; and, having traversed the enemy's position from side to side, emerged among their friends with numbers thinned indeed, but "covered with imperishable glory."

* "Friend of India."

A young officer, whose horse was killed under him in this charge, made a dash at the tail of a troop horse, wound it round his wrist, and was dragged in safety, though somewhat bruised and buffeted, out of the *Mélée*.

Night had now settled darkly down upon the field of battle; and what a scene did the fitful gleams of a burning Camp reveal! Driven from the batteries and entrenchments they had so hardly won, by the harassing musketry of an unseen foe, and the momentary explosion of mines and magazines which threw their ranks into confusion, General Gilbert's division had sulkily withdrawn and bivouacked within three 300 yards directly South of the Sikh entrenchment. They were joined by H. M.'s 9th Foot and the inseparable 26th Light Infantry and stragglers from every quarter of the field: but the other two divisions of the British Army were no where to be found. Sir John Littler, repulsed, had fallen back on a small village directly West of the Sikh entrenchments; and Sir Harry Smith, who had penetrated into and beyond the village of Ferozshah, had taken up a position in the very heart of the great "parallelogram," and remained there, till between two and three in the morning, with his whole division under arms, ready to resist attack. The enemy, who had been practising on him all night, at last got *the bearings* so accurately, that Sir Harry, to save his men, was compelled to withdraw from the entrenchment, and, attracted by a large fire which he conceived to be the bivouac of the army, retired upon the small village of Misriwala, about two miles S. E. of Ferozshah. It thus happened that General Gilbert's division, swelled as we have before noticed by stragglers from broken Regiments, was the only one left upon the field of battle. Fortunately the two leaders, the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief, were both with it; and, by their indefatigable personal exertions, aided by General Gilbert, this handful of British and Native soldiers, was reduced from confusion into order, and lay down to snatch an hour or two of fitful rest, in the face of an enemy who as far out-numbered them, as the Persian host out-numbered the 300 at Thermopylæ. The Governor General, in a private letter to a distinguished friend, has called this night "the most extraordinary of his life."* Had he been writing a public document he would probably have added, that it was the most extraordinary in the history of India. The whole force of the North-West Frontier, that was available to repel invasion, had met and grappled with the invader.

* See Sir Robert Peel's speech.

Prodigies of valour and devotion had not sufficed to purchase for the British a decisive victory. In some respects it might even seem as if the Sikhs had the advantage; yet the existence of the Anglo-Indian Empire depended upon their being not only beaten, but utterly overthrown and routed. The battle was to be renewed in the morning; *and one exhausted division was left to accomplish what had baffled the whole army of the Sutlej.* Surely never was an empire in greater jeopardy; and never did a result prove more clearly that "it is God who giveth the victory."

"In this state of things the long night wore away. Near the middle of it one of their heavy guns was advanced, and played with deadly effect upon our troops."—(C. C.'s despatch). Sir Henry Hardinge called upon the two Regiments nearest him, to "*see if they could not stop that gun!*" The 80th foot, and 1st European Light Infantry, sprung with alacrity from the ground; advanced once more into the entrenchments; charged; spiked the monster; and returned again to their cold bivouac upon the frosty field. Still, however, if a gleam of moonlight betrayed the little band, the grape and round shot of the Sikh Artillery came thundering among them; and not the least wonder of that night was, that a few thousand men should maintain their ground within three hundred yards of a great army and not be annihilated. Subsequent information has revealed to us, that, within the dreaded Sikh entrenchment, there were that night stormy counsels, bitter words, dissension, mutiny, plunder, and desertion. The gaudy tents, and well filled treasure bags of Rajah Lal Singh himself were sacked by his own mad Akalis. And when, *at last*,—how *very* long such hours seem!—the dark winter night drew to a close, and the first red streak of day bade the remnant of the British Army arise and regain what had been torn from their grasp the evening before, they no longer found an enemy secure in superior numbers, but one weakened by defection, and just waking from the national dream of *invincibility* which Runjit Singh's successful ambition, French discipline,—with one of its essential constituent elements, blustering braggadocio,—and, above all, the real superiority of the sinewy Sikh over the effeminate tribes of India in warlike courage and corporeal strength,—had unitedly instilled into the Khalsa army. "Our line advanced, and unchecked by the enemy's fire, drove them rapidly out of the village of *Ferozshah*. Then, changing front to its left, on its centre, our force continued to sweep the camp, bearing down all opposition, and dislodged the enemy from their whole position."—(C. C.'s despatch.)

The fact is, that the "opposition," thus "borne down," was little more than the passive resistance of the wreck of a great army ;— guns overthrown, tents and baggage-waggons strewn confusedly about, gun bullocks and camels straying loose or rushing mad with wounds over the field, with here and there a magazine exploding, or a mortally hit Sikh raising himself to strike a last blow at the passing "*Gora*,"* then falling back and mingling with the death-rattle in his throat a curse upon the humblers of his tribe. Previous to, and during the advance of the British line, the Sikh artillery kept up a heavy fire; but the retreat had already commenced among the Cavalry and Infantry, and when the line entered the entrenchments they certainly "drove the enemy rapidly out of the village," for the Sikhs were in full run before them! Triumphantly therefore did the 2d Division "continue to sweep the camp," marching round two sides of the parallelogram, with the village on their left, and emerging on the N. E. of the plain which lay before them covered with flying bodies of the enemy they had "dislodged." "The line then halted, as if on a day of manœuvre, receiving its two leaders as they rode along its front with a gratifying cheer, and displaying the captured standards of the Khalsa army." Every man then thought his work was over; and assuredly every man had "done his duty." But Ferozshah was not yet won. The greatest danger, and the most miraculous escape, the enemy most to be feared, and the victory most easily won, had yet to add their wonders to the records of the Indian *Waterloo*.† We left Sirdar Tej Singh, the Commander-in-Chief of the invading army, unconsciously encamped before Ferozepore while Sir John Littler was marching out. In the course of the day he discovered that he had been outwitted; and but for the cannonade at Ferozshah might have marched that evening upon Ferozepore. We firmly believe that the small garrison, there left shut up in the entrenchment, would have held their own against all Tej Singh's force until assistance could arrive; for, though the Sikh soldiers are very brave *behind* walls, storming them from the outside is not so much to their fancy. Runjit Singh's whole army would have been repulsed from Múltan, had not Phula Singh, a mad Akalí, borrowed from Bacilius the courage to lead a storming party against the breach. Still, the Ferozepore garrison must be owned to have been in great jeopardy at this moment; and when we reflect that many English ladies were among the

* *European*; literally *fair*.

† Nothing daunted we venture to make that comparison at the very moment when we are going to bring up the Prussians on the other side!

number of the beleaguered, we are tempted, even at the risk of being thought ungallant, to quote a quaint passage from Rabelais, for the guidance of our rulers. It relates to the impious attack of the Titans on Olympus:—

“Adonques tint Jupiter chapitre general. Là fut conclu de tous les Dieux, qu'ils se mettroient vertueusement en defense. Et pource qu'ils avoient plusieurs fois veu les batailles perdues *par l'empeschement des femmes, qui estoient parmi les armées*, fut decreté que pour l'heure on chasseroit des Cieux en Egypte, et vers les confins du Nil, toute cette vessaille de Déeses, desguisées, en Beletes, Fouines, Ratepenades, Museraignes, et autres metamorphoses. *Seule Minerve fut deretenue pour foudroyer avec Jupiter ; comme Déesse des lettres et de guerre, de conseil et execution.*”—(Pantagruel Livre III. Chap. XII.)

The furious cannonade at Ferozshah effectually diverted Tej Singh from any other enterprise than that of assisting his friends ; and early on the morning of the 22d December he broke up his Camp, and marched with all his force upon Ferozshah. We have before estimated that force at 20,000 Infantry, 5,000 Cavalry and about 1,000 Gunners ; with from 70 to 80 field pieces, and 50 Camel swivels ; and we leave our readers to judge, whether, when this fresh army appeared before our utterly exhausted though victorious troops who were in possession of the deserted entrenchment at Ferozshah, the danger was not infinitely greater, and the enemy unmeasurably more terrible, than any that the army of the Sutlej had yet encountered. Sir John Littler and Sir Harry Smith did fortunately rejoin the Commander-in-Chief about this crisis ; but, at the beginning of the destructive battle on the previous day, the whole British force amounted only to “ 16,700 men, and 69 Guns ;” and now that number was by death and wounds fearfully reduced, while the remainder had no time to recover from the debilitating effects of fatigue and want after the performance of acts of the most daring heroism ; and, to aggravate the cheerlessness of the prospect, the Guns had exhausted their ammunition ! On came the Sirdar ;—a dense cloud of dust, which slowly rose above the horizon, at once heralading and covering his host. Miles yet separated the two main bodies from each other when their advanced Guards—those *antennæ* of armies—came in contact. The weak British pickets were driven in ; and the advantage was rapidly followed up by an attempt “ to regain the position of Ferozshah ;” again as rapidly abandoned at sight of the compact and determined line of the British Infantry. The Sikh advanced Guard contented themselves with their *reconnaissance*, and fell back upon Tej

Singh's main body. The Sirdar then apparently halted and formed in order of battle, and, throwing forward his artillery, opened a heavy fire upon the left flank of the British. Where was the answering thunder of the British artillery at that moment? Why do not those Guns, whose blackened mouths and blood-stained wheels bear witness that they are not made to play with on parade ;—why, as they are wont, do they not gallop to the front and throw back the iron hail into the enemy's teeth? Sir Hugh Gough has recorded the answer ; that "our artillery ammunition being completely expended in these protracted combats, we were unable to answer him with a single shot." We believe the complement of ammunition for a horse artillery Gun on service is 300 rounds ; and we think it was Napoleon who said, that 300 rounds would take a Gun through *three pitched battles*. Either then the fights of Múdkí and Ferozshah were warmer work than Leipsic and Marengo, or our horse artillery was *short of ammunition*. In all humility we leave the solution of the problem to those whom it concerns. It is sufficient for us here to be grateful that the Sikh Commander, with a weak enemy in his front, and a strong army at his back, had neither the pluck nor the ability to attack ; and, after two clumsy demonstrations, first threatening the left flank, and next the village, withdrew like a false hawk whose *stoops* had missed their mark.

To what the army of the Sutlej are indebted for this *deliverance* ;—whether to cowardice, or treachery, or ignorance, on the enemy's part, of the British numbers ; or whether, after all, Tej Singh's whole object was a chivalrous wish to cover his friend's retreat ;—remains to be guessed and wondered at, but we fear not to be satisfactorily decided. H. E. the Commander-in-Chief has a pardonable leaning to the belief, that, "having directed his almost exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks at once, preparing the infantry to advance in support," this "caused him suddenly to cease his fire and to abandon the field." (See despatch.) The author of the article in Colburn's Magazine, for May 1846, holds another opinion, and one not uncommon among Indian Military Circles. "It appears that owing to some misapprehension of orders, or hallucination in a Staff Officer, the whole of the British cavalry and artillery was ordered off to Ferozepore—a measure which might have caused the ruin of the army,—and intelligence of this movement having got among the Sikhs they very naturally concluded its object was to interpose those troops between them and the river, and so cut off their retreat !" "Can the annals of war"—concludes this author, assuming a very doubtful conjecture to be a *fact*—

"produce anything more extraordinary, or could the most consummate generalship have been attended with such a result? *Vive*, say we, the chapter of accidents in warfare!"

Thus, a little after 4 P. M. on the 22d December, ended the battle of Ferozshah; a battle which will ever be memorable in history as the nearest approach which the army of any Native power has yet made to a victory over the English in India, in a fair, stand up fight. It was certainly high time that an army, which could so *very nearly* give us a thrashing, should cool its courage for ever in the waves of the Sutlej.

The British loss in this battle was 694 killed, and 1721 wounded; total 2415. But, in the emphatic words of Sir Hugh Gough, "How could a hope be formed that it should be otherwise? Within thirty hours this force stormed an entrenched camp, fought a general action, and sustained two considerable combats with the enemy. Within four days it has dislodged from their positions, on the left bank of the Sutlej, 60,000 Sikh soldiers, supported by upwards of 150 pieces of cannon; 108 of which the enemy acknowledge to have lost; and 91 of which are in our possession."

Foremost among the dead, as he was ever foremost among the living, let us weep over GEORGE BROADFOOT, with whose life there left this earth one of the noblest spirits that ever lit upon it. Alas that even the memory of such a man should not be sacred from slander, calumny and *lies*,—lies, as black as his name was *fair*! The Metempsychosis which Pythagoras taught;—or the kindred belief of the millions among whom we live, that men's new births take shape from their old deeds, and find in the wide range of brute creation bodies best suited to their souls;—seems only a fitting satire upon human nature, when, walking among us, bipeds, "heaven-regarders,"*—as an ancient Grecian might say—we meet with men already anticipating their posthumous degradation, and fulfilling the loathsome offices of the vulture, the jackall, and the worm. These men seem *not to belong* to men: they share not our sympathies with what is good and noble, nor our appetite for what is pure; but, brooding ordinarily apart among the stony places and caverns of the world, they come forth only—

When decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers—

and corruption sends them a message, on "the wings of the wind," to come, and tear and mangle, and revel over *the dead*!

* *αὐρορα*—a sursum aspiendo, *αὐρῶς, ὀρεῶς, et ὑψ*—as learned Lexicographers delight to tell us.

A more honourable man than George Broadfoot never lived. He was a stranger among us ; for he came from Madras ; and of his early career little had reached us but that he had held with credit staff appointments in almost every department of the army. He was last employed by the Madras Government in the Commissariat at Moulmein ; and it was an able report upon the Commissariat of that Province which first attracted the notice of the Supreme Government, and, when officers were wanted for the Kabul war, made them select him to raise a corps of sappers and miners for service in Afghanistan. It would lead us too far to trace him through those perilous passes which it was ever the lot of "Broadfoot's sappers" to crown ; or follow him through the toils, privations, and distracted councils of beleaguered Jullalabad, which, though a weak and well nigh untenable position, he helped so successfully to defend, not more by the entrenchments which he threw around it, than by the brilliant sallies which he made from behind its walls. Suffice it to say, that, when he returned to India, among an "illustrious Garrison" no name was *more illustrious* than that of George Broadfoot. It was said of him in Afghanistan, that the offended *manes* of two brothers, killed in battle, hovered round his sword ; adding the strength of grief to an arm naturally bold. Certainly in him were united the talents of the one, the various knowledge and sound judgment of the other ; and Broadfoot's "occupation" was not "gone" when he received the medal of "*Pax Asia restituta*." Whatever may have been Lord Ellenborough's deficiencies, he was undoubtedly possessed of that keen insight into character, which is, to Statesmen and Governors, a *diviner's wand*. A civil reformer was wanted in Moulmein ; Broadfoot was selected ; and scarcely were the abuses of a corrupt administration in those provinces cleared away, than he was chosen to succeed Colonel Richmond in the important charge of the N. W. Frontier. A higher compliment could not have been paid by the Government than in thus calling him from one extremity of the empire to another. The nature of our relations with the Punjab at this crisis has been fully entered into at the commencement of this article ; and the "Papers laid before Parliament" supply us with abundant evidence, and indeed the most repeated and solemn assurances, that the course which Sir Henry Hardinge wished to steer through that stormy sea was the one which promised most effectually to maintain *Peace*. The danger is throughout admitted to be great ; fears even are anxiously confessed that war cannot be avoided ; but *Peace* is declared to be the Governor General's *policy* ; and for its preservation the Governor

General is ready to incur the reproach of infatuation and neglect, to sacrifice every thing except the national *honor*. When, therefore, this same Governor General, who has staked all on peace, finds himself plunged in *war*,—and that war threatening to embarrass his whole administration if not endanger the very stability of the empire,—it would have been only too consistent with weak human nature, and especially hard, ungrateful, *statesman-nature*, if he had at once thrown the whole blame of the frustration of his policy on the incapacity, or treachery of the agent who should have carried it out. That that agent was *dead*, would only have made the plan more feasible, and surprised us less ; for it is astonishing how uncomplainingly the dead bear the burdens of the living! Sir Henry Hardinge, however, was too true a soldier to ask any man to fight his battles ; and he pronounced over Broadfoot's tomb—or rather over his *grave*, for those were not the days of *tombs*—that remarkable eulogy, *that "he was second to none in this accomplished service."* No man can read that passage of Sir Henry Hardinge's despatch, wherein he laments the untimely death of his agent, and expresses his determination "at a season of more leisure to confer some special mark of honor, by which his great merits and glorious death may be perpetuated,"* without a full conviction that it came from the *heart*, and was written of one who had *done his duty ably and conscientiously to the Government*. Let those, therefore, who are not behind the scenes, and have no means of judging what Broadfoot either *did*, or *did not* ;—who have no access to public documents ; and who could possibly know nothing of the opinions of a man who had *no confidant* in state affairs ;—reflect for a moment on what is implied in the charge of "forcing on the war,"† and pause e'er they vilify the memory which the Governor General of India and the Prime Minister of England have delighted to honour.‡

* See papers, p. 28.

† To every benevolent and right thinking mind, a similar charge of *forcing on the war* in Sindh, will appear by far the heaviest which Col. Outram has advanced against Sir Charles Napier ; and for the honor of Indian diplomacy we wish we could add that it is the one he has been least successful in proving.

‡ From Major Broadfoot's eminent position, as the executive Agent, in carrying out the Governor-General's line of policy, we have deemed it proper to offer this tribute in vindication of his memory. But it is no part of our present plan to dwell on the individual merits and achievements of any of the heroes who fought and fell so nobly in the mighty conflicts on the Sutlej. Amongst these, the names of Sir Robert Sale, Sir John McCaskill, and Sir Robert Dick alone might furnish subjects for so many separate memoirs. From the long catalogue of other officers who bravely died in their country's service, the writer of the Article in the *May* Number of the *North British Review*, already referred to and quoted, selects a few for special notice. "There," (at Ferozshah), says he, "fell Captain Peter Nicolson, an officer of high courage and great ability, who had earned for himself a reputation, as a soldier and a diplomatist, by his services in both capacities, at the opening of the Afghan war—who had been selected to fill the delicate and responsible office of custodian to Dost Mahomed, and who, on the restoration of that potentate to his own dominions, had been appointed to assist Major Broadfoot in the political duties of the North-western frontier. There, too, at the head of a troop of horse-artillery, fell Major D'Arcy Todd—an officer of rare merit, who

Of all who fell at Ferozshah, only two are mentioned by name in the hurried despatch of the Commander-in-Chief: and of those two, one was a foreigner who did not belong to the army; "Dr. Hoffmeister, the Medical attendant on Count Ravensburg." Posterity will be somewhat puzzled to make out this latter name; to guess who was that "illustrious nobleman, who with the officers of his suite, Counts Greuben and Oriola, did us the honour to accompany the force during our operations;" who "were present at Múdkí and in this great battle;" and of whom so brave a soldier as Sir Hugh Gough recorded his "testimony to their gallant conduct on these occasions, worthy of the high reputation in arms of their countrymen, and of the great ancestor of one of them." Who was Count Ravensburg? who are his countrymen?—are questions which the future readers of the despatches will perhaps ask in vain. And so seldom is it that "an illustrious nobleman" can bring himself to exchange the luxuries of a Court for the vicissitudes of travel, and search through foreign lands for something wise or good wherewith to enrich his own, that we are sorry etiquette should have prevented Sir Hugh Gough from disturbing the *incognito* of *Prince Waldemar of Prussia*. These distinguished strangers, after travelling through Hindustan and penetrating to the snows of the Himalaya, joined the army of the Sutlej, shared, with the gallant men who composed it, all the fatigues and privations of the campaign, all the danger and glory, of Múdkí, Ferozshah, and Sobraon. And we hope that in the rough soldiers' welcome of the camp, the stirring scenes he took so brave a part in, on the banks of the Sutlej, and the never to be forgotten spectacle of a prostrate Empire which he witnessed at Lahore, His Royal Highness was repaid for his enterprise, and laid up as many pleasing recollections as his soldierly bearing and unaffected manners left behind him in the minds of his sometime *Camarades*.

Two anecdotes of the battle of Ferozshah are worthy of record, as they serve to illustrate two of the strongest passions, of the Sikh soldier; *Cupidity* and *Bigotry*. Lieut. Sievewright of H. M.'s 9th Foot had his leg broken by a ball, and fell help-

having spent the earlier years of his life attached to the Persian army, and in intercourse with the British mission at Teheran, was selected, on the first formation of the army of the Indus, to accompany the Envoy and Minister as Secretary to Kabul; but was subsequently appointed to the difficult and responsible office of political agent at Herat, where he was condemned to play one of the most harassing games of diplomacy, against the most crafty and most unscrupulous politician in Asia, Yar Mahommed, ever played by a British functionary—a game in which it was necessary that the more honorable player should be worsted. Here too fell Major Somerset, who, on the hard-fought battle-field of Maharajpore, after distinguishing himself by many acts of personal heroism in hand-to-hand combat with the Mahratta swordsmen, narrowly escaped the soldier's death, which was reserved for him on another field and beside another Governor-General; and who here, at Ferozshah, 'with the hereditary courage of his race', fought with the most signal gallantry, and fell covered with honourable wounds."

less on the field. A Sikh soldier rushed upon him from the entrenchments and was preparing to give him the *Coup de grace*; when love of life suggested perhaps the only word in all the eastern tongues which at that moment would have had power to arrest the descending sword. "Bukhshish! Bukhshish!"* faintly cried the Lieutenant; and at once, as if he had uttered all the wisdom of Lokman with all the eloquence of Sádi, the Sikh comprehended his argument, and agreed to his proposition. In another minute the Khalsa Sepoy might be seen carefully but rapidly making for Ferozepore *with the wounded British officer on his back*; nor did he cease to attend upon him in the hospital of that station till death put an end to his sufferings. During the night of the 21st December, when the British troops, with the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief, were bivouacked outside the Sikh entrenchments, our thirsty soldiers, both Native and European, stole into the burning camp of the enemy in search of water;—a desperate quest from which many never returned. Among others, two Sepoys of the 14th N. I. fell into the enemy's hands, and were *tried for their lives* as follows:—

Q. Who are you?

A. Sepoys of the Company.

Q. What Caste do you belong to?

A. (One) I am a *Puthan*, (The other) I am a *Brahman*.

The Puthan was immediately tied up, and deliberately cut into small pieces; the Brahman was stripped of his clothes, but released in safety.

The Governor General (despatch "Papers," p. 27) concludes his account of the battle of Ferozshah, by telling us, that "the Sikh Army retreated on the fords of the Sutlej, disheartened by the capture of its artillery, and the severe loss it had sustained in killed and wounded; and has since crossed over to the other side of the river." The Commander-in-Chief adds, "Thus has apparently terminated this unprovoked, and criminal invasion of the peaceful provinces under British protection." (Papers, p. 38.) It was only *apparently*! On the 1st of January the Governor General reports that the enemy was "preparing a bridge of boats about 30 miles to the eastward of Ferozepore; and giving out that they would recross the river, and try another battle." On the 19th January he farther adds, that "the bridge has been constructed, and a *tete-de-pont* has been thrown up in front of it, with much Military skill, in a position very favourable to defence,"—and, still more decisive, that "advan-

* "Reward! Reward!"

tage has been taken by the Durbar and the Sikh army, of the paucity of troops at Lúdíana, to effect a passage for a force of about 10,000 men of all arms to this side of the Sutlej, in the neighbourhood of that place." (Papers, p. 51.) Thus, within ten days of their disastrous defeat at Ferozshah, the Sikhs had recovered their spirit, and were preparing to renew hostilities,—to recross the Sutlej in the very face of the army that had worsted them. In less than a month they *had done so* in two places; fortifying themselves in one, and beleaguering a British cantonment in the other. This must bring home to the reader a just idea of the obstinate hatred, and enduring bravery, of the enemy which invaded British India in 1845-46.

The inquiry here naturally occurs—what was the army of the Sutlej doing all this time? While the Sikhs were so busy, why were the British idle? The answer is the best commentary on the Governor General's policy. That policy was, from the first, decidedly peaceful; and, though it provided for self-defence, it contemplated neither aggression nor offensive war. The force upon the frontier proved at Múdkí and Ferozshah that it was equal to the object for which alone it was intended, to resist attack; to *return* that attack, and transfer the evils of war from our own provinces into those of a treacherous neighbour, was a far greater undertaking; and required all the Military means at the disposal of the Government. Sir Hugh Gough, therefore, was obliged to rest content with driving the Sikh army across the Sutlej, and waiting with patience till his own could be reinforced with troops from Meerut, artillery and ammunition from Delhi. The delay was not unnaturally misinterpreted by the enemy, who, mistaking for fear what was only the course dictated by prudence in making the requisite preparations, recrossed the river, and advanced unsuspectingly to meet his fate.

Early in January 1846, Sirdar Runjúr Singh Mujithia left the Hills and crossed over into the British territory a few miles from Lúdíana. His force has never been accurately estimated, but we believe consisted of about ten Regiments of infantry (chiefly contingents furnished by Kohistani and other petty chiefs) 8,000 Irregular Cavalry and nearly 70 Guns, the greater part of which were new and of exquisite fabric. The Governor General is of opinion that "the object of the Sirdar was to pass Lúdíana, and intercept our siege train, ammunition, and treasure, on their way from Delhi to Ferozepore." (Papers p. 53.) The Commander-in-chief, (p. 57) coincides with him; and Sir Robert Peel, in his speech to the House of Commons, gave the same account of Sirdar Runjúr Singh's intention. One of the greatest boobies

in the Punjab ought to be deeply indebted to those high authorities for handing him down to posterity as an able General ! Diligent inquiry has confirmed us in the belief that he never harboured any such designs against our siege train ; simply because he had no authentic intelligence of its movements. Popular rumour in the Sikh camp said that the English were getting up guns so big that they would *eat up* the Khalsa ; but of all idea of cutting those guns off we acquit the whole staff of the Sikh army. At one time the siege train was really within reach of a *Chuppao* from Runjúr Singh's Camp ; and it is not probable, that, had he been on the look out for it, he would not have had early intimation of its proximity. Their own knowledge of the artillery being on the road and the feasibility of intercepting it, together with a natural anxiety for its safety, alone led the Chiefs of the British army to give their enemy credit for as much knowledge and Military enterprise as they possessed themselves. So school boys blush beneath the accidental gaze of the usher ; and are already prepared to give up the apple which they fancy he has detected in their breeches pocket ! But, whether Sirdar Runjúr Singh's object was to intercept the train, or, as we believe, merely to effect a diversion and divide the British force,—the uncertain determination of this point made no difference in the actual necessity of bringing him to battle ; for “the rich and populous town of Lúdíana” lay entirely at his mercy. The withdrawal of the troops from Lúdíana at the opening of the campaign has been violently censured ; particularly by the proprietors of bungalows in the cantonment, who say it was a most unmilitary proceeding. But persons who have no house at Lúdíana, and are therefore in a situation to exercise a cool and unprejudiced judgment, see, in this early concentration of the force, the foresight of a good General, and the result of a just balancing of conflicting evils and benefits. In proof of this it is sufficient to adduce the fact, that, even after the junction of the Lúdíana troops, Múdkí and Ferozshah were won with difficulty ; and might have been lost without them. Now, however, there was nothing to prevent a *reciprocity* of good offices ; and Sir Harry Smith with an ample force was despatched to the relief of Lúdíana.

When within a long day's march of that place, tidings reached Sir Harry Smith that Runjúr Singh had suddenly broken up his Camp on the river and marched to Buddowal, a village which rested on the Lúdíana road, and lay directly between that city and the force approaching to relieve it. This intelligence was received by the Major General late at night on the 20th January.

and he appears to have distrusted its correctness, for he made no alteration in his plans for the morrow, and would have marched directly into the *trap* at Buddowal, had not letters from Lúdíana reached him on the road when within a few miles of the enemy's position. A halt was immediately called; and information of three different routes to Lúdíana procured from a neighbouring village. One passed within two, one within three, and one within five miles of Buddowal. If the latter had been pursued, a collision would probably have been avoided; but the march, as it was, extended to 25 miles; the ground was heavy and the men were fagged. Moreover, the small force at Lúdíana was coming out to meet that of Sir Harry Smith; and the General was naturally reluctant to take a road quite out of sight of the one on which his friends were advancing. His own safety would have been secured at their expense. Under these circumstances—and who will venture to say that they were not of a nature peculiarly difficult and trying?—Sir Harry Smith chose that *middle course*, which, however prudent in the small affairs of life, rarely succeeds in great undertakings. Sir Robert Peel enables us to let Sir Harry be his own historian, for he quotes a letter from the Major General “to Sir Hugh Gough, on the 21st, just after he had succeeded in relieving Lúdíana”—a document of which, to all appearance, posterity would otherwise have been deprived:—

“When within a mile and a half, to my left, of Buddowal, moving parallel with my column (which was right in front ready to wheel into line), and evidently for the purpose of interrupting my advance, I saw the enemy. Nothing could be stronger for the enemy than the continued line of villages which were in his front.

“He was moving by roads, while I was moving over very heavy sand-beds. He was in advance far beyond, on my right flank; so far did he extend, and so numerous did he shew his infantry and guns, and so well chosen for him was the line of villages, that with my force he was not to be assailed; and he opened a furious cannonade of from thirty-five to forty guns of very large calibre, and, as usual, right well served. My object being to unite myself with the force from Lúdíana, which, every moment, I expected to appear in sight—for it was nine o'clock—I moved parallel with the enemy, resolving to attack the moment the Lúdíana Troops reached me. He, however, so pressed upon me, that I opened in one body my eleven guns upon him with considerable effect, and moved up the 31st, and was preparing to form line upon this regiment, when the enemy most rapidly formed a line of seven regiments, with their guns between, at right angles with the line I was about to attack, while a considerable force was moving round my right and front. Thus enveloped and overwhelmed by numbers, and such a superiority of guns, I had nothing for it but to throw back my line on its right, which represented a small line on the hypotenuse of a triangle.”

“The enemy thus out flanked me and my whole force. I therefore gradually withdrew my infantry in echelon of battalions, the cavalry in echelon of squadrons, in the direction of Lúdíana, momentarily expecting to see

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the approach of that force—viz., one regiment of cavalry, five guns, and four regiments of infantry; when I would have made a vigorous attack. The ground was very deep and sandy, and therefore very difficult to move on. The enemy continued to move on as described for upwards of an hour, and until I knew the Lúdia force was moving, not a musket was fired. Nothing could exceed the steadiness of the troops. The line was thrown back, under this cannonade, as if on parade; and the movements of the cavalry, Native as well as British, under Brigadier Cureton, were, without any exception, the most perfect thing I ever saw, and which I cannot describe.”

This admirable handling of the Cavalry by Brigadier Cureton, which saved Sir Harry's force from destruction, by covering its retreat, seems to be not the only part of these “delicate combinations,” which *cannot be described*; and it is much to be regretted, for the sake of Sir Harry Smith's reputation, that this veil of imperfect secrecy, this *green curtain full of large holes*, which the authorities have so carefully drawn before the affair of Buddowal, had not been dispensed with altogether. Nothing can in reality be so bad but that there will be a difference of opinion about it; and some people even think it perfection. But try to conceal a thing, and every body is unanimous in declaring that you have good reason to be ashamed. Sir Robert Peel quotes one despatch of Sir Harry's, dated the 21st January; and Sir Harry, in his *published* despatch, dated January 30th, alludes to another, dated the 23d January, which, by a foot note, (see papers, p. 58,) we learn was “*not received by the Secret Committee*,” so that the *suppressio veri* does not rest with the Major General himself. The public therefore are at liberty to believe, either that “the narrative of his extrication from his difficulties only adds to the proofs of his skill and valour, and illustrates his high character as a Commander,” (see Sir Robert Peel's, p. 23,) or that the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief, in keeping that narrative from the world, exercised a very sound discretion. We must content ourselves, in either case, with a very meagre history of events, which nevertheless occupied the Major General for a whole week.

“Reinforced by Brigadier Godby,” the Commander-in-Chief tells us, Sir Harry “felt himself to be strong; but his *manœuvre* had thrown him out of communication with Brigadier Wheeler, and a portion of his baggage had fallen into the hands of the enemy.”

The Sikh Sirdar took up an entrenched position at Buddowal, supporting himself on its fort; but, threatened on either flank by General Smith and Brigadier Wheeler, finally de-

* Only a portion of Sir Harry's baggage may have fallen into the enemy's hands; but we have heard that scarcely an officer with him ever saw again the *fellows* of the shirt on their backs!

camped and moved down to the Sutlej. The British troops made good their junction, and occupied the abandoned position of Buddawal. The Shekhawati Brigade and Her Majesty's 53d Regiment also added to the strength of the Major General; and he prepared to attack the Sikh Sirdar on his new ground.

But on the 26th Runjúr Singh was reinforced, from the right bank, with 4,000 regular troops, 12 pieces of artillery, and a large force of cavalry. Emboldened by this accession of strength, he ventured on the measure of advancing towards Jugraon, apparently with the view of intercepting our communications by that route." Here, again, His Excellency gives the booby brother of Lehna Singh credit for a plan which never entered his head; and a just idea of his incapacity and levity will be conveyed to the reader when we inform him, that, in the prosecution of a private pique, he was marching the army with which he ought to have harrassed Sir Harry Smith, to perpetrate a massacre at Jugraon. How Sir Harry was himself reinforced on the same day, and how he halted on the 27th to refresh his men; how he marched against the enemy on the 28th, and how he gave him a handsome thrashing at Aliwal;—* are not all these acts, which he did, written in his own despatch,—that ample and luminous document, which Fame hath long ere now caught up, and, conveying it to her temple, hath there enshrined, amid songs of triumph and the glare of gorgeous emblazonry. To it we must refer our readers; for our narrative is already rivalling it in *amplitude* if not in *luminosity*. As an *abstract*, it is sufficient to mention that Sir Harry payed off the old scores of Buddawal, captured or destroyed 67 guns, and effectually and brilliantly accomplished the purpose for which he had been detached, by driving the enemy with great loss back across the Sutlej. Among the prisoners was a European of the name of Brown, alias Potter, who had deserted from the Company's Artillery at the same time as Mr. Masson of Affghanistan celebrity. An enormous beard, sun-burnt face, and accent corrupted by long association with French officers and Sikhs, had banished all traces of the Englishman from his appearance. He was employed in the Sikh Artillery; and was with difficulty rescued from the vengeance of the British Soldiers.

Let us now return to the main army of the Sutlej, which, since the end of December, had been watching the enemy on the banks of the river near Hurríki. It will be seen, by reference

* The Sikhs call "Aliwal" the battle of *Bhándrí*; and "Sobraon" the battle of *Hurríki Puttan*.

to a map, that the Sikhs here took up one of the falsest positions possible; viz. with their rear resting on a large river; yet, by dint of much labour, some foreign science, and the ingenuity natural to a Military people, they contrived to convert it into one of the strongest fortifications against which troops were ever led;—being nothing less than a series of vast semi-circular entrenchments, the outer one of which was two miles and a half from end to end, and three quarters of a mile in depth; the whole surrounded by a deep ditch and “bristling” with sixty-seven pieces of artillery. A bridge of boats united this formidable camp to another on the opposite bank of the Sutlej; where also were planted some heavy guns whose range swept easily across the river. The British troops beheld the erection and daily strengthening of this position, at first, with indignation and impatience; next, with disappointment at not being able to attack it; and lastly, with as much indifference and apathy as if they were *not* the men who would have to storm it,—as if every day, nay every hour, added not fresh height to the walls and fresh depth to the deadly trench. January had passed away in waiting for the heavy train. February had begun; events came slowly down on “Time’s dull stream;” and a universal feeling of *ennui* and listlessness oppressed the British camp. In-lying or out-lying picket, a tour of duty at Rhodawala, or a canter to that outpost with a telescope to take a look at the Sikh Regiments on their afternoon parade, or the Sikh horse artillery wheeling about the plain in defiance, were the sole varieties which disturbed or relieved the monotony of life. It was a good key to the ineteracy of any habit whose effect is excitement, such as gambling, drinking, &c., to note the temper of the army at this time. The thick-coming and soul-stirring events which opened the campaign, following as they did on a period of perfect peace, were at first a shock to the nerves, keeping them constantly at the full stretch to encounter exigencies and meet the harrassing calls of duty, by counteracting physical weakness and fatigue. In a very short time this very excitement became a *necessity of being*; and in the early part of February, the whole army was sickening for want of a battle. A malignant fever, or *epidemic “horrors”* at the least, must infallibly have broken out among the troops, if “Sobraon” had been delayed another week.

“The first portion of the siege train, with the reserve ammunition for 100 field Guns, reached the Commander-in-Chief’s Camp on the 7th and 8th February. On the latter day the brigades, which had been detached from the main army for the operations in the neighbourhood of Lúdiana, rejoined the Commander-in-Chief.” (Papers, p. 68.) On the 9th, the plan of

operations was decided on; and, on the 10th, was fought the battle of "Sobraon."

From the description that has been given of the Sikh entrenchment, the most unmilitary reader will understand at once, that, if an entrance could be forced where either end of the semi-circle rested on the river, the whole of the Guns along the outward face would be rendered useless, and taken *in reverse*. We believe the Engineer Officers, when called upon to give their professional opinion, approved of the *theory* of the attack, but, with *one exception*, considered it *impracticable*. It was all very well, *if it could* be done, but, in their judgment, it *could not*. Happily the Commander-in-Chief and Governor General thought otherwise; resolved upon the attack being made; and chose the western corner of the entrenchment for the attempt. It was yet dark, on the morning of the 10th February, 1846, when the Army of the Sutlej moved out at last from their lines at Nialki, and advanced to a final contest with the invading Khalsa. Half way between the British outpost at Rhodawala and the Sikh Camp stood three trees,—the only ones upon the plain. In the upper branches of these trees, the Sikhs had erected *Muchans* or platforms, for sentries to sit in, and watch the movements of our troops at Rhodawala. A deep ditch and bank was thrown around the spot, and it was easy to see, from the British outpost, that the place was strongly occupied during the day. About half a mile to the right of "the Muchans," was the village of *Little Sobraon*, and here also the enemy had posted a strong picket within an entrenchment. It was necessary to drive in both these pickets, before Sir Hugh Gough could push forward his heavy Guns within range of the great Sikh entrenchment; and, when detachments of Her Majesty's 62nd Foot stole cautiously down upon them in the darkness and mist of the morning, they were both found unoccupied and were taken possession of without firing. It was afterwards ascertained that these posts were held during the day, and abandoned after dark in the evening; and this circumstance, added to a thick fog which deferred the dawn, was very favorable to the British; enabling the Commander-in-Chief to bring up his several divisions in order of battle, and post his Artillery, without any alarm to the enemy, in whose Camp might plainly be heard the light song and rolling note of the *nukaruh*,* which told of deep and false security.

Sir Hugh Gough's plan of attack was as follows:—The heavy Guns were to commence operations by a cannonade upon the

* A kettle drum.

entrenchment, into which, crowded as it was with upwards of 30,000 men, their fire was expected to carry confusion and dismay. Sir Robert Dick's division, on the extreme left of the British line, was then to advance and storm the right, or western corner of the Sikh position; General Gilbert's division on the centre, and Sir H. Smith's division on the right, were simultaneously to make false attacks, with the view of diverting the enemy's attention from the real attack of Sir Robert Dick. Brigadier Cureton, with a brigade of Cavalry and a troop of Horse Artillery, was directed to threaten the ford of Hurriki Puttun, about a mile distant from the Eastern corner of the entrenchment, on the opposite bank of which the enemy's cavalry were posted.

Agreeably to this plan, at about 7 o'clock A. M. the artillery opened; the fog rolled off as it were a curtain, and the surprised Khalsa at once heard and saw that the avenger had come upon them. In an instant, the Sikh drums beat to arms; and many rounds had not been fired from the British guns, before an answering thunder from the entrenchment told that the works were manned and the struggle had begun. At 9 o'clock, the Artillery officers reported that the ammunition of the heavy Guns was *well nigh expended*; and it is a fact, that, when Sir Robert Dick was hastily ordered to advance, he moved up in the face of a furious cannonade from the enemy, and under *cover of a slackened fire from his own side*.*

The attack was led by Brigadier Stacy with Her Majesty's 10th and 53d Regiments, and the 43d and 59th Native Infantry, supported on the flanks by Captains Horseford and Fordyce's batteries, and Lieut. Colonel Lane's troop of Horse Artillery. Beyond all comparison this was the finest attack of the campaign. The Artillery galloped up and delivered their fire within 300 yards of the enemy's batteries; and the infantry charged home with the bayonet and carried the outworks without firing a single round;—"a forbearance," says the Governor General, "much to be commended, and most worthy of constant imitation." As it was the finest attack, so also did it meet with the most determined, hand to hand resistance, which the Khalsa soldiers had yet opposed to the British. Like lightning, the real plan of the attack, seemed to flash on the minds of all the desperate men in that entrenchment; and, disregarding the distant feints of Gilbert's and Smith's divisions on their left and centre, they rushed to the right to repel the real danger that was upon them. In vain, Stacy's brigade tries to withstand

* This was not the fault of the Artillery officers, who had prepared as many rounds as the shortness of the time, between the arrival of the guns and the battle, would permit.

the mass which every moment is growing denser; in vain, Wilkinson's brigade comes up to the support; in vain, Ashburnham's reserve swells the furious side of the assault. It was like the meeting of two mighty rivers, one swifter and one deeper than the other;—and as the swifter for a moment penetrates its duller neighbour's stream, then, yielding to the overpowering waters, is rolled back and swept away; so, would the conquered trenches of the Sikhs have been wrested again from the brave division of the British, had not Sir Hugh, with the intuitive quickness of a General's eye, marked the crisis and the struggle, foreseen its issue, and ordered up Gilbert's and Smith's* divisions to the rescue.† They advanced; the enemy beheld it, and, returning tumultuously to the posts they had abandoned, poured upon these new enemies, from every foot of the entrenchment, a destructive fire of grape, round shot, and musketry. In spite, however, of a loss, unprecedented in so short a time,—Sir H. Smith's division losing 489, and General Gilbert's 685 men, in about half an hour,‡—these two indomitable divisions persevered in storming what proved to be the strongest part of the enemy's position; and the entrenchment being thus carried by the British at three different points, the gunners, who drew their swords when they could no longer fire, were bayoneted beside the guns they had so murderously served,—while the Cavalry and Infantry, driven from three sides into a confused and disordered mass, but fighting to the last, were inch by inch forced to retreat where alone retreat was possible. Preferring death to surrender they recklessly plunged into the river. The bridge, of which they were so proud, and to which they had so confidently trusted, broke down under the first party of flying horsemen, and became impassable; while the Sutlej, having risen seven inches in the night, had flooded the ford! “In their efforts to reach the right bank,” says the graphic narrative of the Commander-in-Chief, “through

* Sir Harry Smith has seen more service than most men living, even of his own Peninsula School; and we have ourselves heard him say that whenever he was told his post was in reserve, he prepared himself for a hard day's fighting. “Sobraon” must have confirmed him in this theory of tactics.

† As we have heard many officers of those divisions express their belief that their advance was a *mistake*, and *not intended*; it may not be out of place here to chronicle a curious fact viz. that *both* the Chiefs, present in the field, though in different parts of it, *simultaneously* perceived the necessity of the manoeuvre, and *simultaneously* ordered it. Both the Governor General and the Commander-in-Chief sent two or three Staff officers each, to carry the order in question, so that the advance which saved the day, though it lost many men, was ordered and *no mistake*.

‡ The following return of one of General Gilbert's brigades speaks for itself:

Killed and wounded rank and file.

1st European Light Infantry, ...	142
16th Grenadiers, ...	122
Sirmūr Battalion, ...	123

We know of no instance in which “the butcher's bill” shews that the Native Regiments fought so well up to their European comrades as this.

the deepened water, they suffered from our Horse Artillery a terrible carnage.* Hundreds fell under this cannonade; hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. Their awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay, were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their generous conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the earlier part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier, whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy." "Sixty-seven pieces of cannon, upwards of 200 camel swivels, numerous standards, and vast munitions of war" were left in possession of the victors.—(Papers, page 77.)

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 o'clock A. M. not a Sikh soldier was left alive upon the British bank of the Sutlej; and thus, in little more than four hours was fought the bloodiest battle, with the worthiest foe, and gained the *completest* victory, recorded in our Eastern Annals. *Thus ended also, in awful and disastrous tragedy, the Sikh invasion of British India!*

On the side of the British there were killed 320, and wounded 2063. The very *lowest* estimate of the Sikh loss is 8,000; we have heard survivors of that routed host lament the death of *twice* that number. And those, who, in cooler mood, when the unsparing passions of war were still, revisited next day the silent battle field, and looked into those trenches where their dead defenders lay, in heaps; or saw the Sutlej fords choked with human bodies, and its swelling waters still covered with bloody garments and the wreck of a great army—recalling in awful vividness the mind's picture of God's last judgment upon Pharaoh—will remember the spectacle of destruction to the last day they have to live.

The invaders having been repelled, our task of narrating "the invasion" should now be done; but the "gentle reader," who has been dragged through all these scenes of blood and thunder, will not object to accompany us a little further in a bloodless trip across the river. *There*, we will leave him, until the next Blue Book reveals to us clearly, what is now only dimly perceptible in the Past, Present, and to Come, of the Punjab.

* For the severe punishment inflicted on the Sikhs during their retreat across the river, we are indebted to the singular forththought and cool calculating judgment of the Governor General. Owing to the paucity of Artillerymen, men had been taken from the Horse Artillery to serve the heavy guns in the field; and the troops—three if not four—to which they belonged, were left behind in Camp. The services of these troops would have been lost to the Army on the 10th February, had not Sir Henry Hardinge, while the battle was yet raging, ascertained that the ammunition of the heavy guns was nearly expended, and deduced, from this misfortune, the more than *fortunate* conclusion, that the Horse Artillerymen would soon be again available for their proper duties. He, accordingly, sent back orders to the troops, left in Camp, to move down without delay to *Rhodavala*; and they were brought down by their drivers alone, to that post, where they found their own Artillerymen waiting for them, and were galloped into action. The anecdote is not generally known, but is worthy of record as highly characteristic of a mind peculiarly happy in the arrangement of details, whose judicious combination alone produces military success.

Ere the heavy train had yet arrived, which was to enable the Commander-in-Chief to fight the battle of Sobraon, Major Abbott, an excellent Engineer, was preparing with indefatigable zeal to throw a bridge over a river, which,—as Samson is said to be “the strongest man,” and Solomon “the wisest man,”—might well be chronicled in school Geographies, as *the most unbridgeable* in the world. He said, at starting, he should be ready on the 10th. On that day the battle was fought; and within an hour and a half of its successful termination, Colonel Wood, the Military Secretary, was at Ferozepore, 26 miles from the field,—having given orders, half way, to General Grey’s force at Utari to move down at once to the Ferozepore Ghat. The Governor General, though suffering from a severe fall, and after riding all day about the field, “returned to Ferozepore, on the afternoon of the 10th, within a few hours after the action had ceased, to superintend the passage of the Sutlej by our troops.” (Papers, page 68.) Six regiments of Native Infantry crossed the Sutlej that very evening. (Papers, page 72.) The Commander-in-Chief broke up his camp next day, and marched to Utari: and on the 14th, the *whole* Army of the Sutlej was encamped at Kussúr* in the Punjab, within thirty miles of the capital. That evening there arrived from *Lahore* a strange triumphal procession of three Elephants and a Buggy, loaded with European prisoners who had been taken by the Sikhs in the affair of Buddowal, and now sent in by Golab Singh as a peace offering to the victors at whose feet his country was prostrate. Deputies from Lahore had arrived at Ferozepore, and peaceably demanded an audience of the Governor General two days before the battle of Sobraon. They were told, with becoming dignity, that *they would be received after the battle*. On the 11th they had the audience they desired, posted back to Lahore, and returned again to the British Camp at Kussúr. They were followed, on the 15th, by Rajah Golab Singh, Dewan Dínanath and Faqír Núr-úd-dín, with “full credentials from the Maharajah, and empowered to agree in the name of the Maharajah and the Government to such terms as the Governor General might dictate.” (Papers, page 68.)

“I received the Rajah in Durbar,” writes the Governor General himself, “as the representative of an offending Government, omitting the forms and ceremonies usually observed on the

* Kussúr was a jagír of Sirdar Sham Singh Utariwallah, one of the few remaining of the contemporaries of Runjít Singh. He joined the invading army and devoted himself to death at Sobraon, neither giving nor asking quarter. His body was brought into Kussúr from the battle field, by his mourning relatives and retainers, while the army of the Sutlej was encamped on his “broad acres.”

occasion of friendly meetings, and refusing to receive at that time, the proffered nuzzurs and complimentary offerings." (Papers, page 68.) Thus humbled, the Chiefs were handed over to the Chief Secretary and Governor General's Agent, Mr. Currie and Major Lawrence, to learn their fate. Closetted with these "they remained the greater part of the night in conference; but, before they separated, a paper was signed by them to the effect that all that had been demanded would be conceded." (Papers, page 69). On the 17th, the Maharajah himself came in to make his submission; but the Governor General had appointed the meeting to be at Lulleian, ten miles farther on, and *Alexander* was in no haste to see *Darius* humbled. An account of the interview is given in the Papers so often quoted (Page 70), and all that it is essential to note here, is, that the offending sovereign came in disgrace, and went away in honor. Negotiations stopped not the advance of the British army, which, unopposed, pushed on to the capital. The Sikh army indeed was broken in every sense, body and soul. Some eight or ten thousand—doubled, quadrupled by report—still held together about 20 miles from Lahore; but herding rather like frightened deer, than Khalsa warriors. *The invaders were invaded*; and those, who, in the intoxication of their pride, talked so lately of carrying their baby King to Delhi, had now not a sword to draw in defence of their Native land.

On the 20th of February the army of the Sutlej encamped on the plain of Mean Mir, in the suburbs of Lahore, the scene of Jowahir Singh's murder; and it is impossible not to contrast *our* conduct in victory with what would have been *theirs*, had they reached the Capital of Hindustan. We had just cause, most assuredly, to feel resentment against a people who had invaded our territories, and endangered even the safety of British India; yet, *there*, might be seen our Generals forbearingly encamped, three miles from the rich city which the fortune of war had placed at their mercy, and punishing with dismissal, or flogging, any soldier or camp follower who dared to enter it for the gratification even of his curiosity.* And is there any one who doubts, that, if the Sikh army had been successful at Múdkí, or Ferozshah, and penetrated as far as Delhi before another army could be brought to oppose them, the streets of the imperial city, though no longer offering the same gorgeous temptation to a lawless and greedy soldiery, would have run with the blood of the inhabitants and been as completely and brutally sacked as ever it was by the army of

* See G. O. Army of the Sutlej, of date 20th February, 1846.

Nadir Shah? The lofty, dignified, and magnanimous attitude of the British Army before Lahore did honour to the European character; and the forbearance of the troops, to British virtue and discipline.

Proclamations were issued to calm the terrified people of the Punjab; and as, one by one, the Chiefs and Officers came in, they were received by all in the British camp with the kindness and consideration their gallantry deserved. Dark looks there were among them bespeaking broken hopes and smothered longings for revenge; but, oftener, there was a subdued yet manly bearing, as free from boasting as from bending, which none could behold without admiration. In later days, this was more especially remarkable among the Sikh Sepoys, who, coming to their pay tables, through, or near, our ranks, bore themselves with a soldierly resignation which could scarcely have been expected from the vaunting, conceited Khalsa.

The Durbars and the Treaties therein ratified; the stately restoration of the young Maharajah to his throne; and the leaving of a British Force at Lahore, at the earnest solicitation of a timid ministry;—is it not all put before the reader with graphic vividness in the Minutes of Mr. Currie, and the despatches of the Governor General? One point alone is therein touched on, which needed some farther explanation; and even the little that is told, seems to have escaped the notice of those who have criticised the treaties. Let us endeavour to clear it up for the benefit of the future Historian.

It is often asked, why was Rajah Golab Singh so highly honoured and so lavishly rewarded for his *double* treachery; to *us*, in sending food and ammunition to the Sikhs; to *his countrymen*, in betraying the cause he volunteered to advocate? The *premises* assumed being incorrect, it is only logical that the conclusion should be false. The *Delhi Gazette*—to which the public both of India and England is indebted for a great deal of correct information on Punjab affairs—is the foundation of the error; but its pages, if carefully read, would have furnished also its correction. *Rajah Golab Singh sent no supplies to the Sikh Army*; he only promised to do so;—in itself almost a warrant that they never went, even if we knew not from other sources that he sent not a man, nor a grain of corn, nor a pound of powder. He only came to Lahore after repeated and pressing calls; and, when there, he told the Durbar, the chiefs and the soldiers, that “they were asses! that, if they wanted *peace*, he *who had taken no part in hostilities*, would plead for them; and, if they wanted *war*, they might go to ruin their own way.” He was

taken at his word, and yet not trusted. Nominally *plenipotentiary*, he was associated with the most astute servants of the Durbar; and the fault, therefore, is not his, if the terms they jointly made were such as the Maharajah found himself unable to fulfil, except by the cession of more territory. And when the British Government had become possessors of Kashmir and Jummū, Golab Singh had as undoubted a right to purchase, as they to sell it. In exchange for a crore of Rupees they took it; and in exchange for a crore of Rupees they parted with it again. A small portion of the press has twitted the Governor General with breach of faith in lending himself to a Vizier in a nefarious trick upon his Master. But the accusation was made in ignorance of the facts, which have since been published, and it ought in fairness to be retracted. The following extract bears date so far back as *February 3d*, and shews how early the Governor General contemplated, as the best policy of England, what Golab Singh is said to have, *at a later date*, suggested for his own selfish purposes:—"It may be politic and proper, in the course of the discussions which may arise, to weaken the territorial power of the Government of Lahore, *rendering the Rajpūts of the Hills independent of the Sikhs*, and by other means involving a loss of a portion of their territory: * * These are points which can be better discussed, *when the Lahore Government may seek to approach the Government for the restoration of peace.*" (Papers, page 54.) And when the Lahore Government *did* approach the Governor General, what was there to prevent such a scheme of appropriation, from being carried out, and the Hill territory being given to Golab Singh, as a piece of policy, without reference to any treaties? Surely nothing but unmerited *forbearance*; and the objections of the critics, therefore, amount to this, that only as a last resource did a generous conqueror consent to a partition of territory which yet policy had told him would be wise at first!

Two things are at all events certain. 1st. That the Durbar, though publicly poor, was privately rich: as ministers they had an exhausted treasury: as individuals they had stores of wealth. Any two or three of its members could have advanced the sum for which Kashmir and Kohistan were given up, and so far preserved—if they had cared about it—the integrity of their country. With these examples before us, to talk about the want of patriotism or treachery of *Golab Singh*—the last of a Sikh-murdered family!—is worse than idle;—or, indeed, as absurd as to accuse Sir Henry Hardinge of fraudulently scheming for a *part* of a country which conquest had made his own, in its length and

breadth. 2ndly. It was infinitely better, not only for *us*, but for the people of all ranks in the Punjab, that Golab Singh should be *out* of it. He could only have wished to be Wazir, that he might realise at last the schemes of aggrandisement, which his ambitious heart had for years been scarce able to contain. It is indeed difficult to conjecture whether wisdom would have prompted him to aim only at the independent sovereignty of the Hills, which as a subject he had so long monopolised; or avarice, his ruling vice, have tempted him to sit upon the throne before which he was once proud to bow. But his road to either object would have been the same. The impoverishment of the Punjab would have prepared the way for its division or its conquest; and the hearts of all classes of the people, from the Sirdar to the ryot, would have been gradually broken by fines, confiscations, and extortion.

If then, we, of the *exoteric* school, have not before us all the steps which led to it, we can at least see the *wisdom* of the final arrangement; and they, of the *esoteric* school, the negotiators of the treaties, have a right to expect, that, amid all the arguments brought to bear upon their diplomacy, the *argumentum ad hominem* should not be forgotten by the world. The names of Mr. Currie and Major Lawrence are a sufficient guarantee for the *honesty* of any document to which they are attached.

We need not prolong our narrative. The troops, left at Lahore, have been comfortable, healthy, and kindly treated; though something far otherwise was prophesied by dabblers in politics of high and low degree. Many, indeed, at parting with the friends whom they left behind in occupation of "the devoted city," cheered their spirits with a shake of the head and a hope—for which there was just room!—that another *Kabul catastrophe* might not be their fate. But, with all our perspicacity acuminated to the highest possible degree, we could never see the similarity between the two cases—the position, on the one hand, of 8,000 men with thirty guns of their own, and a hundred others belonging to the Sikhs, well supplied with provisions and only 40 miles from their own frontier, occupying a capital at the urgent entreaty of the Sovereign and the Sirdars—and the position, on the other hand, of *scarcely more than half that number, without provision, without materiel, forcibly occupying two unconnected posts, in the heart of a disaffected country, 500 miles from support of any kind!* But, we leave these questions to the decision of history;—history, which we, being neither Whig nor Tory, neither Government scribes, nor radical opponents, but plain lovers of *truth*, have no wish to lead astray. Whenever the time for writing that history shall arrive, and an historian be

found among us, or *our children*, who shall bring *impartiality* to the consideration of *facts*, it will, we think, be sufficiently apparent that though errors of detail may have crept into all departments—for, so long as Governors are *men*, how can it be otherwise?—it would yet be hard to shew, how, circumstanced as Lord Hardinge found the N. W. Frontier in 1844, he could have acted better with the view of preserving *peace*; or how, when in 1845 *war* was forced upon him, he could more effectually have carried it on, or brought it to a more successful conclusion. Rapidly, yet quietly, he doubled the frontier posts; he had 10,500 men at Ferozepore; 7,200 at Lúdíana, and 13,000 at Umballa: in other words, out of an army of scarce 100,000 men, he brought up more than 30,000 within 70 miles of a contingent—nay, judging from past experience, an improbable—danger. Ferozshah was fought within ten days of the invasion, with 16,700 men; and *six weeks after*, when the strength of the empire had been brought to bear on a single point, and all possible re-inforcements had been pressed into the field, Sobraon was fought with only 18,000! thus *proving*, that, after the necessary precautions had been taken to watch the frontier and keep open the communication with the rear, under *no* circumstances, and by no measures however warlike, could many more men have been brought into action than *were brought* by the pacific, but energetic policy which the Governor General pursued. And as for the war's conclusion, which has been called “lame and impotent,” let it be compared with the wars of his predecessors, which have been mere drains upon the Treasury. The Burmah war entailed a cost of several crores of Rupees; the Affghan war saddled the country with a debt the interest of which occasions a present large deficiency of Revenue: and the war in Sindh;—in truth, Sir Charles Napier has found it so impossible to keep the books, that we cannot tell *how* high to estimate the price of that war; but this we do know, that it bids fair to prove a perennial curse. The Sikh war, on the contrary, has added to our possessions territory, worth 40 lakhs per annum; has strengthened our frontier by throwing our right flank forward so as to cover Simla, Lúdíana and Umballa; and exacted an indemnity of $1\frac{1}{4}$ millions from the enemy for the expenses it involved. It is said that those expenses amounted to $1\frac{1}{4}$ millions—12 months' Batta, Commissariat, &c., being included—so that, making a liberal allowance of 20 lakhs per annum for the interest of the extra 25 lakhs expended in the war, and on the Government of the new country, we have still an equal sum to carry annually to the credit of British India.

It would have been more, could we have avoided taking the Hill country north of the Byas. We suppose it was *necessary* in order to square off the frontier; but it was a dear bargain; and, if politic, we should gladly have seen it left in the hands of either of our neighbours. This is an opinion which will not perhaps meet with general favour: for there is always something alluring in *annexation*; and in the present instance, we know that many advocated the appropriation of the Hill country, and blamed the sale of Kashmir to Golar Singh. We suspect, however, that the advocates of such a policy have not much studied the question on which they so dogmatically enlarge; that they have never very closely calculated the number of men requisite to hold the Huzaras, Peshawar, or Kashmir; much less compared that calculation with the probable revenues of the countries they covet,—or rather, with the *balance* of revenue, which would be left after the usual confirmation of Jagirs which follows a British Indian conquest.

The Punjab is the popular *el Dorado* of our army; and even those, who have neither medals nor honours to gain by its annexation, consider it a rich and fertile land. Taken as a whole it is far otherwise. In its palmy days, the fertilizing dew of prosperity may indeed have fallen over its whole surface; but it ever evaporated from the few chosen spots where the lakes and fountains were. The superabundance of the Jullundur supplied the rest of the Punjab with competence: a part paid for the Government of the whole. That part is in our possession: and if the exquisite flavour of the sunny side of the melon tempts us to pick up the green side which we threw away, we shall find it sour, unwholesome, and unripe. Each Doab is a Kingdom in itself: for it is cut off for half the year by rapid and difficult rivers. Each, therefore, in our hands would require a separate army to ensure its tranquillity. Not many months have passed since it took 10,000 men to put down insurrection in a territory less by half than the smallest of the Punjab Doabs; a territory which had been for nearly half a century accustomed to our supremacy; and was close to the Bombay Presidency. The country west of the Jhelum is wilder than that of Kolapore and Sawuntwarri; the features of the country are on a larger scale; the people more savage and independent; more impatient of restraint; less satisfied to pay revenue; and accustomed for generations to a fast and loose Government, that, one day, is content to take what it can get, and, the next, comes down upon the people with frightful executions, mutilations, and massacres. Few people, when they come to consi-

der these details, will deny that the Governor General was wise to refrain from annexing the Punjab. To us, his forbearance seems more than *wise*; it is eminently magnanimous, merciful, and patriotic. In the Punjab itself, none could have blamed; in India, all would have approved, the conquest. Sir Henry would have gathered a large harvest of what is called *fame*, and run no risk in the reaping: for *by him* not another shot would have been fired. The country was at his feet; and chronologies would only have recorded, that *he*, Sir Henry Hardinge, had added it to British India. The difficulties of a widely extended frontier and the embarrassments of a sterile province would have awaited *his successor*! To England's mission in the East, we trust we are as much alive as those, who, at the point of the sword, wish to carry Philanthropy and Liberty through the world; but we can see as little humanity as wisdom in commencing an enterprise which seems to have no end. *Peace is the great want of British India*: and how can we hope for peace in the Punjab? One insurrection, a single outbreak, runs like a shudder through an Empire—unsettles long settled provinces, diverts revenue from its proper channels, and puts back the course of civilisation. Instead, therefore, of cheating ourselves into new conquests, by calling them *new fields of usefulness*, let us be honest, and cultivate the fields we have already gained; let us improve our present possessions, before we venture to enclose more; *let us educate the millions of Hindustan, before we pretend to "emancipate the Sikhs."*

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MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

*Remarks on the scope and uses of Military Literature and History.
Part 1. Calcutta. W. Thacker and Co., 1846.*

To a deaf person, or one who for the experiment's sake, stops his ears for a minute or so, to look at the movements of a number of grown up persons of both sexes, engaged in dancing ; scarcely any thing can appear more absurd. Here music gives the impulse, and all spontaneously move in accordance with its measure. In abstract reasoning the external sense is shut out, and during its analysis, much that is merely instinctive or corporeal, will be apt to appear sufficiently ridiculous. The mind seeks a rational or grave cause for certain movements, and meets the next thing to a nullity. In regard to our supposed dance, all have not been allured there by the same motive. Some go to see ; others to be seen. Not a few go bent on conquest and some are there not without a notion of perhaps being conquered. There are those again who have gone because they could not help it. They are perhaps, to take care of some one. Others have feared to absent themselves, lest offence might be given by their keeping away.

Let us now suppose a change of circumstances. Let the male partners of this imaginary dance, be called suddenly away at the call of stern duty. They must leave behind the fair companions of their festive hours, to some of whom solemn troth has been sweetly plighted.

Ah then, there will be hurryings to and fro,
And falling tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks are pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the power of their own loveliness.

All ties of relationship must for the time be severed—and for what period and time—who can answer ? Not even the Pythoness had she still a local habitation and a name.

And there are sudden faintings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er may be repeated.

And what is the cause of all this ? why this very bitter parting ? Is there not such a thing as free will ? Are they not their own masters to go or to stay ? Alas ! who is free to do what he might choose ? Man ties and is tied, he is perpetually entangling or entangled. Gulliver, pegged down to the earth by numberless minute ligatures, is a true picture of humanity and its volitions.

There is now to be another dance, but it is to be of the right Pyrrhic sort. No fair partners there. This is 'no time to play at mam-mets.' Man stands up now to man, but for no festive or mirthful purpose. Woman's 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles'—have vanished : and she herself, poor thing, trembles and weeps, afar off. Let us again be abstract. Let us close the hearing sense—and 'tis as well ; for other sounds are there than those of 'flutes and soft recorders.' The viol is hushed—and 'the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind,'

is no more heard. Music here too gives the impulse in braying sonnets of the shrill trumpet. To the mind abstractly, the one is about as absurd as the other. It is no longer festive absurdity, however, that we behold, but that of menace, terror, and death.

Two hosts are treading over the corn shoots, or luxuriant grass of the field, and nearing each other. What is their object? Matter of fact can state it almost as impressively, as if the words were proclaimed by an archangel from the Zenith—they are going to destroy one another!

Yet but a little and destructive slaughter
 Shall rage around, and mar the beauteous prospect.
 Pass but an hour which stands betwixt the lives
 Of thousands and eternity, what change
 Shall hasty death make in yon glittering plain.
 Oh thou fell monster War! that in a moment
 Layest waste the noblest part of the creation,
 The boast and master-piece of the great Maker,
 That wears in vain the impression of his image
 Unprivileged from thee!

There they pause in grim silence, the calm that precedes the storm. There they stand with hushed breath, thousands on each side who never in their lives met before. They have never exchanged looks even, much less a single word—good, bad, or indifferent. Kindness or unkindness, there is none between these two hosts of palpitating, living men. They are as yet perfectly passionless. Take any two of the opposing hosts, and if any where away from that peculiar and bewitched field, the one saw the other beset upon by danger of an imminent kind, would he not, think you, generously forgetful of his own safety, peril it to rescue him? If he saw him buffeting helplessly with the waters of the torrent, would he not rush in to pluck him out, or perish in the attempt? If he beheld him lying at length on a road overcome by some sudden faintness, or other failure of nature, while a carriage and four came driving furiously along; would he not with half frantic earnestness rush forward to drag him away from the almost touching horses?

Take any one man in either host, and each is a wonderful product of nature; most wonderful! but from very familiarity we cease to consider the thing. How much care and nurture did it not require to rear each; how much circumspect tenderness to lead each by the little hand from infancy to youth. What tears and sighs have they cost in their growth. What prayers have been breathed to a merciful God for their continued safety: and what groans and anguish will they not yet occasion to many who like Rachel will weep because they are not. Consider the wonderful mechanism of each. One would feel indignant at seeing a steam engine wantonly smashed, or tumbled over a precipice. To see a clock, or musical instrument ruthlessly destroyed would cause one regret—but what is the destruction of a piece of unreflecting mechanism, a thing of metal cogs, springs and pulleys, that neither loves, nor hates, nor worships, to the living, moving, thinking and precious mechanism of the divine hand that is in each of these! A crystal is a beautiful product of nature's chemistry. Reduce it to

its elements, and with some care and trouble you may perhaps reproduce it—but where is the synthesis that can reproduce one of these stalwart men if you will destroy him! Well might the great moralist exclaim—

Put out the light, and then put out the light,
If I quench thee thou flaming minister
I can again thy former light restore
Should I repent me :—but once put out thine,
Thou cunningst pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

These men by strange destiny have come out to undo God's work, to demolish what was contrived with such admirable wisdom, and to destroy the unconstructible. By what unaccountable fatality is this? Why is it that without relative motive, and without the pretext even of angry passion, in the individuals of that host each towards each; they should nevertheless be there for so fell a purpose? This is indeed a dance of death. Oh the folly and wickedness of war in the abstract! There strong men, kindly men too, each in his way; as if there were nothing else to do in this wide and beautiful world, must needs come out there to sacrifice largely to the angel of death, as if his own legitimate summons would not come with sufficient speed and effect. And why are they there? Some earthly power that is, hath so willed it. Some anarch iron heart or other utters a word, and it is done. It may be *vive la Republique!*—or it may be down with Religion and Priests!—or any thing else. It scarcely matters what. A waste, a sand bank—the right of way through a valley, or by a river—any thing will do to form what is called a *casus fœderis*, or to furnish an excuse for the knock-me-down argument of war—the *ultima ratio regum*. But though one watch word, or catch word, or countersign calls them all out on that grand venture—yet, as in the other dance, those who engage in the dance of death, have various motives, or it may be more correct to say illusions. One is willing to kill or to be killed for a bit of ribbon, or a bit of metal. Another thirsts with an unappeasable ardour, for one or two letters of the Alphabet in addition to his proper patronymic, but the majority are there for a shilling a-day. Then comes such terrible work, as we had rather leave to the imagination to conceive, than to give even a hint of description of—and it all comes under one grand mean-every-thing, and no-meaning name, which men do call *la gloire*. All crime is folly, but there are crimes that take unto themselves a conventional veil, and cease to be viewed in their nakedness. Of these is war—for a crime it must be either on one side or the other. We are all familiar since school-boy days, with the story of Alexander and the Robber. It is not in morals as in Mathematics—things equal to the same are not always, socially considered, as equal to one another. The feathers which the Red Indian sticks about his head make a very different shew to the plume of the Martinet. A solitary slaying is a poor affair, but a massacre has a grandeur about it, that reconciles it not exactly to the moral sense, but to the admiration of a vast number who deem them-

selves mankind at large. In Cairo, you will hear Europeans even, and men professing to be Christians, defending, if not approving of Mahommed Ali's dealings with the Mameluke Beys, when the old saying of 'welcome the coming, speed the *going* guest'—was illustrated in a very striking manner.

War stands at the head of the arts, but scarcely of the class designated as *fine*. It predominates over all the other arts, and like the mighty prophet's rod changed into a serpent, swallows them all. It is an art too that develops rare qualities, and sometimes demonstrates genius of a very high order—for of a truly great warrior it may be said as of the poet, *nascitur non fit*. A poor mortal—clinging to life with an agony of anticipation of *the beyond*—exclaims, wretchedly enough, may be, but not unnaturally :

The meanest, most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

We know what it is that forms this fear, which is properly speaking the sting of the dreaded thing. Change the final word of the lines, substituting *war*, and they will be much more applicable to its terrible conditions, to which mere abstract simple death, at times, only furnishes a happy circumstance. This potential concatenation of consequences which men call war, springs from two master passions, pride and covetousness. Were there neither the one nor the other dominant on earth, war would be unknown. While they are, and are not kept under due subjection, this grisly potentate must have a throne and a multitude of worshippers. It has been well said, that war is an appeal to heaven when justice cannot be had on earth. The just cause of a war is reducible to the three following heads, as wisely sayeth the Rev. John Ward (in his diary from 1648 to 1679). That it be undertaken for defence. 2. For recovery of what hath been taken away. 3. To punish for injury done.

Be the cause what it may, the issue to some extent *must* be fraught with grievous results to all parties—for even victory has its drawbacks, and its tears. On that early day when that mysterious paradox was fatally fulfilled, and man though living, surely died ; as he had been forewarned would be the case ; there went forth a declaration of war on the face of the earth, almost for all time, until the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. The drama of life is only a shifting of the scenes of death, where war plays too much the part of Prompter. It has been the enviable privilege of England, for a hundred years to know nothing of war but as a foreign speculation. Her own soil has been wholly free from its dark and cruel stain. For centuries she has known nothing of foreign aggression, she is the only nation of Europe that can say so much. Blessed be the name of the great Peace maker, that in our own Island-territories we have practically known nothing of the horrors of war ! True, as a state, we have been engaged in war, in almost every quarter of the globe, but the tramp of a foreign foe has not dared to pollute the free shores of Albion. What

a load of obligation, what a heavy debt of national gratitude, has been laid upon our country, by the Almighty in this ! May we as a nation never lose sight of this crowning mercy. Let us remember, that, putting all other considerations aside, self interest even ought to point out to us, what must ever be the best policy ; since as sure as there is a sun in the firmament, profane history confirms the sacred canon, that it is righteousness that exalteth a nation.

Great as the miseries of war may be, terrible as it is even to hear of them, and lamentable as may be the reaction of them in families, far from the Aceldama of conflict ; yet is all as child's play, compared to having the real, rampant, horrors of war brought, in all their tremendous frightfulness, to our very hearths. War, especially to a civilized and a religious people, is like the opening of the bottomless pit. All other woes are included in that most magnificent and terrible of evils, WAR. The shedding of blood may at times be almost the least of its evils, and it familiarises to that ; for it is no less true than strange, that the sight of blood maddens and hardens, and begets a thirst for more. Plunder, outrage, murder, and conflagration are occasionally but the turning of a leaf in its lurid volume.

The gates of mercy shall be closed up ;
And the fleshed soldier—rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

Like slavery war contaminates the oppressed and the oppressor, the active as well as the passive—and it takes many many years to cover up its gory traces, and to wash out the foul pollutions left in its frightful trail. How near were we as a nation, at one time to become more familiar with all its hideousness ! Many of us were too young at the time to comprehend the risk ? The prospect, or rather the probability, made even the iron nerved Wellington quail. It was then that he stood forth, with the sagacity of a sage, the power of a prophet, and the authority of an experienced warrior, to raise his warning voice exclaiming—"no surrender !" He felt what the result would prove, if the British government, in an evil hour, should deem themselves under the necessity of withdrawing our army (as was at one time seriously contemplated) from the Peninsula, on account of the expense of the contest. This would indeed have been most tragically to illustrate the old saw of "penny wise and pound foolish". He knew from intuitive tact, as well as wisely pondered experience, that if the French Government were relieved by our withdrawal from the Peninsula, from the pressure of military operations on the continent, that they would incur all risks to land an army in the British dominions. His language shews clearly, that the great military philosopher considered the contingency, of an aggressive move on Britain, as by no means impossible. "Then indeed"—he states in his letter to Lord Liverpool of 23rd March 1811, "would commence an expensive contest ; then would his majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge ; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and

‘happiness of its inhabitants *would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations.* God forbid that I should be a witness, ‘much less an actor in the scene.’”

Every history has its mythological or poetical era, with an uniform reference to a pastoral or golden age. The legend contemplates a time of comparative innocence and peace, the reflex most probably of the traditional notions of paradise. It describes man as leading a contented open-air kind of life, by purling streams, and beneath the boughs of far outspreading and beautiful groves. This rain-bow like legend, common more or less to every country, spans the firmament of lore, but eludes the continued gaze of research, and at length vanishes altogether in the remote darkness of the primeval past. All history also refers to a series of epochs, with distinctive characteristics of polity, and morals; till at length comes the always unpopular and unpoetical present, the harsh un-sympathising iron age or Kali Yug*—for with every race the present time is generally deemed far worse than that gone bye—upon evidence perhaps equally superficial and unphilosophical. While there dwell upon earth men who are practical atheists, or who make light of all appeals to an overruling first cause, there must not only be rumours of war, but the thing itself, in all its dread and desolating reality. He who regards not the justness of a plea, or the sanctity of a solemn engagement, but considers only his own ability to violate the one or the other at convenience; necessarily forces his neighbour to assume a defensive and armed position. The most peacefully disposed nations, in the world we live in, must be prepared to repel aggression—and while this necessity exists, every nation must arm a section of the people for the defence of the majority. Unalienable rights must be asserted, even at the risk of life itself, since life would altogether lose its savour if they were wrested away. In the work, the title of which heads these remarks, the scope and uses not merely of military literature but of the military life, morale, and polity, are briefly but luminously considered, with great ability and clearness of analysis; evincing in the author intellectual powers of a high order, no less than extensive acquirements.

The conception of this excellent work is due to one of those happy accidents as we are apt to deem them, where the suggestion of some judicious friend, as in the instance before us, sets the mind upon the range of a new train of ideas. It had been contemplated to start a military review, and the subject was proposed to our author—‘by a very able officer of the Indian army,’—as an apposite one for the opening article. That officer, be he who he may, has conferred a service on the community at large by giving such a hint to one who has proved so apt. The project alluded to, having been abandoned, after the bulk of our author’s pages had been concocted, it was wisely determined to give them to the public; and here they are accordingly, in a more commodious and acceptable form than that first intended.

The period embraced by the work is from the earliest record of mili-

* Even Homer stamps his own age as degenerate.

tary operations and tactics, to the feudal-chivalric times, ere the discovery of gun-powder had produced so complete a revolution in the practical machinery of armies. The consideration of the important questions which have to do with the application of the mechanical arts to warlike economy are not included. These we are promised—together “with a review of the change produced in the history of warfare by the introduction of gun-powder”—will be taken up in a second and forthcoming work. The matters treated of in the first chapter are—“*The Value of Study to the Soldier—the Science of War and Origin of Military Rules, the Egyptians as Tacticians*. The science of war, like that of Astronomy, he deems the first that possessed a literature. It was of course an oral one in the first instance. “In the oldest book extant, however, that of Job, we have evidence of military arrangements, of the use of instruments of music in war to encourage or command, of the authority of appointed chiefs, and of the use of defensive armour, nay even of cavalry.” A Pagan poet cogently expressed an opinion that the slaughter of wild beasts taught man to kill his fellows :

— *primaque a cæde ferarum,
Incaluisse puto maculatum sanguine ferum.* — *Ovid.*

We are told that Nimrod was a *mighty* hunter, and the term is pregnant with meaning—especially in one who founded an empire—since history gives us no reason to conclude, that any empire was ever founded without some knowledge of the art of applying or repelling armed force. The record of armed resistance therefore goes still further back than the time of Job, supposing the era of his prosperity to have intervened, as has been conjectured, between the time of Joseph's death, and the appearance of Moses as the deliverer of Israel. In the book of Genesis we find reference to a war of combination, in which the Patriarch Abraham became involved. On this occasion the Patriarch armed his household, but with what weapons does not exactly appear, although it is most probable that the bow,* the spear, and the sword would have been then in use—since if not known at Shinar or Mesopotamia, Abraham must have become familiar with them during his sojourn in Egypt. We find that in course of the wars alluded to, “Chederlaomer and the kings that were with him” smote the Rephaims in Ashteroth Karnaim. This Ashteroth the horned—Astarte, or the Moon, was a Phenician goddess—She was exhibited with a quiver of arrows—which at any rate sufficiently shows that this lethal weapon was well known to the descendants of Ham.† The Antediluvian giants by some commentators have been considered as deriving that designation from their extreme wickedness. Now as idolatry was amongst the earliest and most marked and signal of offences, in the catalogue of wickedness, it is not improbable that Parkhurst may be correct, in his idea, that the *Rephaim* had obtained their name from being the restorers of the Antediluvian idolatry of the moon—rendered by the Seventy, the giant brood in Ashteroth.

* See Genesis, xlix. 23-24.

† See Sabean Researches.

In the history of the Egyptians, observes our author, we have the completest proofs of a very careful and elaborate study of military science. These are afforded in their monuments and tombs,* the sculptures and paintings of which, "evidence the state of discipline to which the troops had been brought." The high military discipline adverted to—"had also actually that success in war which we are taught to believe it should ever command." In considering their dress, our author has a strictly original remark, by which he demonstrates the identity of the waistcloth of the Egyptian soldier with the *Dhūṭī* of the Hindu—"constituting another of the strange affinities in customs observable between them (Hindus) and the ancient Egyptians." The strength and pride of the Egyptian arms, he shews, to have been their

* Different nations are distinguished by their respective habits, costume, arms and physiological characteristics. Forts are seen surrounded by their fosses, and these traversed by bridges. The ancient Egyptian camp is drawn with interesting minuteness—guards stand on either side the entrance. Within are seen in confusion chariots, plaustra, sutler-, loose horses, oxen, and the spoil taken from the enemy. 'Campaigns are represented by successive pictures.'—*Wathen's Ancient Egypt*.

In another place the same author states—"some of these grand pictures contain several hundred figures. Your eye is first attracted by the colossal hero erect in his chariot, his arrow drawn to the head, he drives fiercely on against the foe; his horses magnificently caparisoned, with high arched necks and pawing hoofs, seem to smell the battle from afar. Compact trains of War Cars advance and put the enemy to flight. Homer no doubt drew from similar originals."

The colossal hero of such pictures is generally understood to be the king. From a very entertaining, graphic and lively volume of letters published in Calcutta, eight years ago by Dr. James Esdaile of Húgely—having reference to the Red Sea, Egypt, &c. during what is called an overland journey, but where the author landed at Cosseir instead of Suez, we take the following notice of a 'figure story'—at Luxor. "It is a tale of war and victory on the side of the Egyptians. The troops on both sides, fill each a half of the field, and are represented marching to meet in the centre, where the great scene of action is. The soldiers are charioteers, spearmen and swordsmen, and each regiment is preceded by a vapouring person carrying a shield like a bass fiddle. * * * * The Egyptian general leads on his army, standing conspicuous, in his war chariot drawn by two prancing horses. He bends his bow (a true English Yeoman's) in good Robinhood fashion, the grey goose feather touching the tip of his ear, and the armies are engaged all round him. But fortune has already declared in favour of the Egyptians, the enemy is in full retreat before the hero and his chariot is surrounded by heaps of upset chariots, dead horses, and dead men, lying in most admired confusion like so many toys shaken out of a bag. The vanquished survivors are on their knees, begging quarter from the Egyptians, who answer with a thrust and a 'down! down!' &c. one part of the advancing enemy marches encircled by a great serpent, perhaps to show that their fate is already decided, an 'ex post facto' prediction doubtless, but confidence is rewarded by success; for we see the same band again defeated, bound, and captive within the deadly folds of another serpent; and the captives will probably be sacrificed to it; for elsewhere, a row of trembling captives is seen, and an executioner is striking off their heads in rotation. On the other half of the front, the same subject is continued. The conquering hero is seated in triumph, and troops of bound captives are led to his feet. He is again repeated looking the other way and standing in his war chariot, darting his winged deaths, like an Apollo, and scattering the enemy by his single prowess." * * * * There is a curious scene in basso relievo on the Memnonium; the general escalade of a fort. A conqueror who is always in the same Apollo Belvidere attitude, driving his chariot over heaps of dead, and dying, and some in attempt (or rather no attempt) at foreshortening, are standing on their heads; as stiff certainly, if not as naturally as a corpse. The leader of the forlorn hope, is gallantly mounting the storming ladder, with a shield like a shutter covering his back, and his friends haul themselves up by ropes, looking as if hung by the neck—'perge'—is the word, and prize money clearly awaits them."—*Letters from the Red Sea, Egypt, &c., by James Esdaile, M. D.*

chariots. Their cavalry were most probably levied or subsidied from allies, as the Ethiopians and Lubims. It will be recollected, however, that the Ethiopian race was long dominant in Egypt, and there exists a great probability that the fine arts in architecture, &c. descended from Ethiopia to Egypt. Amenophis the III., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, is supposed to have been an Ethiopian. Indeed his profile and ring, as exhibited in existing monuments, indicate his country. Homer himself is believed to have drawn upon the Egyptian treasury for a portion of his accessories—as for instance the chariot. Allowing that the chariotteering use of the horse was well known to ‘the old man eloquent’—still our author is justified in his inference, that from the silence of Homer, the use of the horse for the purpose of equestrianism was not known—or at any rate not general—at the epoch of the long Trojan campaign, some three hundred years previously.

The second Chapter refers to *the early history of the Phenicians and Carthaginians—the Hebrews—the Greeks—with remarks on the use of the chariot and elephant in war.* “The Hebrews, in connexion with Egypt, have been easily identified as one of the foreign races which from time to time settled in the land, these being—‘the shepherds which were an abomination to the Egyptians.’ All foreigners who sojourned in the Nile Valley whether as peaceful inhabitants, or as conquerors, were termed as has been read from the hieroglyphics ‘Hyksos’—which has been deemed to signify stranger, wanderer,” &c.—“when, after forty years in the wilderness, the generation which left Egypt had died out, their sons, *Hyksos* no longer, but free men inured to war by preliminary conflicts with the men of Canaan, the Ammonites and the Midianites, were ready to carry out the great military revolution which it was their destiny to accomplish, and win their inheritance of the Promised Land with the sword.” In matters not of a Theocratic nature, our author notes a resemblance previously adverted to by Heeren, between their usages and customs and those of the Egyptians. This is not surprising, considering their long sojourn in Egypt and their gradual degradation from the state of esteemed allies, to that of abject slaves. Indeed one intention of the Exodus, subservient to that of rendering them the conservators of true religion, appears to have been, to wean them entirely from the taint of all Egyptian predilections and associations. The arms of the Egyptians “were the bow, the spear, sword, sling and shield; their tactics merely an impetuous charge for the purpose of engaging at close quarters.” To Egypt most probably the Greeks were indebted, as has already been intimated, for their war chariots and other muniments—“We may safely refer the general introduction of cavalry in the Grecian armies, to a period in which they came into collision with an equestrian people, that is, to a date subsequent to their invasion by the Persians.” We learn from Diodorus that after the sacerdotal, the soldier’s in Egypt was considered the most illustrious profession—and it possessed other advantages besides. Being hereditary, the military spirit would be more intense and influential. In old age—there was a sure refuge—as each soldier had a piece of ground, irrespective of pay and rations. We have also to bear in

mind that there was a standing army of 400,000 men of all arms. Among the ancient Jews again, the military formed no distinct class. When war occurred—the people were assembled together and a body of militia formed from them. Their having no cavalry is sufficiently indicated by the recorded fact that their kings fought on foot as well as the meanest of the soldiery. At first they used only infantry but afterwards horses and chariots were used in their armies. The war chariots of the Greeks, owing perhaps to the nature of their country, were early laid aside. Ælian gives the technical divisions of a phalanx of elephants. Our author justly expresses his surprise that they should ever have been used in service with disciplined troops. “They have been, of very late years, brought on the field by native leaders and princes in this country, but not positively into action; their use in war having in all probability ceased for ever, except for dragging heavy guns in the line of march.” Lord Hardinge, it seems, from the result of an experiment tried in brigade at Barrackpore, has condemned them as dangerous and useless in action.

Chapter III. treats of *the Etruscans, Italians, and Romans*. Passing over the tales of old Rome which Livy termed history, and which his countrymen received as such, but which have been shewn (by Niebuhr and Arnold) to be the prose reading of old ballads, our author proceeds to demonstrate his position, proving as he happily phrases it, that the science of arms ‘percolated’ through other nations to the Romans, and “had its origin in that land whence came the knowledge of almost all ancient science—Egypt.” On the conclusive authority of Herodotus, our author traces the Etruscans to their Syrian origin—and by undeniable induction makes it clear, that they derived their arms (all but the shield) from Egypt. The prototype of the Roman arms is found in the tombs of the Etruscans and is depicted on the fading walls of their extraordinary sepulchres. “The Romans affected to look down on the Etruscans.” They hated and feared them. This hatred of an ancient nation passed away from its pristine prosperity, is not without its parallels even in our day. The Romans, as we learn from different sources, carried the system of drill and practising efficiency, and camp defence, to very high perfection. They were soldiers and field laborers in the earlier stage of their history. The state exulted in the glory of its arms—but was wise in its manifestation of it. The political power of religion was well understood in the state and greatly influenced the military morale. The soldier was well and even severely exercised in running, leaping, and mounting. The whole system, in fact, was founded on a knowledge of man’s capabilities physical and moral. The basis of the whole army was the legion, in itself an army—“They seem to have had no separate corps of engineers. The study of every department of military literature therefore was with their officers as constant as profitable, while their practice of castrametation kept officer and man employed, and in field works made them unrivalled.”

Chapter IV. takes up the interesting subject of *the Military history of the horse—large equestrian armies—and, the moral character of war in early days*. Distinguishing between those nations that harnessed the

horse, and those who both rode and drove him, our author refers to the "nomade races who roam throughout vast plains where the change of seasons requires a migration of the tribes from one pasture ground to another"—as riders solely. These are the latter occupants of the Great Asiatic plateau, or 'High Asia,' as the Germans call it. Referring to the Arabs as the most remarkable horsemen and riders in the world, the author satisfactorily makes out that they were, independently of other nations, users of the horse in war from a period anterior to the most ancient of written histories.

"They were among the earliest colonists of the earth, and seem to have been in possession of the land they now inhabit before the Chaldæans, that most mysterious people (Heeren. *Researches*, vol. ii. p. 147) had a national existence. Modern investigation has of late actually put it into our power to establish the early habits of the Arabs in the very land that Job inhabited, that of Aws, or Uz, by evidences "belonging to a period of the world whose remoteness is appalling to the mind and almost eludes the grasp of the imagination." (Forster's *Geography of Arabia*, vol. iii. p. 377.) These consist of inscriptions found on the southern coast of the Arabian peninsula, one of which in particular records the warlike deeds of the ancient tribe of Ad, a mighty and highly civilized race, which is known to have perished in, there is every reason to suppose, the same dreadful famine mentioned in Genesis which "was over all the earth," but whence Egypt was delivered by the providence of Joseph. The tradition of this destruction of the Adites owing to a judgment upon them by reason of their idolatrous practices, and their neglect of the preaching of the prophet Houd, (whom the learned identify with Heber,) was current among the Arabs from the earliest periods, and has been embodied with other similar ones by Mahommed in the Koran. Their inscriptions at Hasan Ghorab in Hadramaut so unexpectedly discovered by Lieut. Wellsted (see his *Travels in Arabia*) in 1843, have been decyphered from the ancient Hymarite character, and translated. The most remarkable of them, recording a victory, concludes with these words:—

'With our swords : still wounding and piercing our adversaries :
Until *charging home* we conquered and crushed this refuse of mankind.'

While another runs as follows :

'With hostile hate, the men of crime
We assailed : *onward rushed*
Our horses, and trampled them under foot.'

We have here an evidence of the early military habits of the Arabs, in the very earliest of all historical periods, and of their use of the horse at that time, written literally "in the rock with a pen of iron." To borrow the observations of Mr. Forster—

"The most curious fact in the poem, is the circumstance that the combat was fought on horseback : that while, so many centuries after, the barbarous heroes of the Trojan war (like the savage Britons) knew no other use of this noble animal than as the drawer of the chariot, . . . these Adites already exemplified the historical fidelity of the Book of Job, when it describes "the horse and his rider". . . already managed "the proud war horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible ; who paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength, and goeth on to meet the armed men."

From his original oriental descent the horse can be traced in the migrations of the Celtic and Gothic tribes of the Great Indo-German

family. Though the Greeks and Romans in process of time entered cavalry—"the true equipment of a cavalier seems, like the use of cavalry in masses, to have been the invention of those equestrian nations who first subdued the horse." Universal history, contends our author, shows the soundness of the position, that a force whose strength is cavalry may overcome, but cannot hold a country. This is signally demonstrated by the annals of the Mahrattas as a military and political power. Cavalry is of all arms "the most difficult to form, to equip, to maintain efficient in service, and to command." In regard to the morale of war in ancient times, it was a struggle for victory or death. He who lost the battle assuredly lost his life or liberty—in general the former. No one is spared in the Homeric battles. Thus poor Adrastus when crying for mercy, which Menelaus is inclined to grant, is butchered in cold blood, as we should say now a days, on the stern interference of Agamemnon. *Vae victis*, in ancient times, was a 'great fact.' It was the rule—and never the exception. The farther we advance Eastward—the less the care with which human suffering is regarded. And yet, where is there any part of Asia in which human life is held more cheaply, than in some parts of Ireland. With the Hebrews war was another word for extermination. This partly resulted from their Theocratic system. Judicial sentence had gone forth on nations, the measure of whose crimes and iniquities was full—and they were chosen as the agents of divine justice. Of the crimes of these nations, we are allowed as it were but a glimpse—but it is conclusive, and fills the mind with horror at enormities the most unutterable, and inconceivable. Nature itself was outraged as if upon system—until at length the land, to use the strong expression of holy writ, cast them forth—as an abomination on the face of the earth. These wars of obligation might, with a nation ever apt to harden its neck, be at times available to serve as sophisticated ground of precedent, for hostile movements having no sanction of divine prescription at all. The fact is pretty clear, that the Jews had a national tinge of cruelty and vindictiveness of which frequent revolting instances are to be found in their history after Shiloh came, and the sceptre as well as the glory had departed from their singular and doomed race. With the Greeks, wanton cruelty towards a vanquished foe was less prevalent than with other nations. The Carthagenians were malignant in avenging the injury of attack—but desperate in their energy of resistance. Our author is scrupulously just in balancing the characteristics of ancient and modern times, and taking into proper consideration the opportunities of improvement, as well as the spirit of the age. We are too apt to forget the genial light in which we bask and to blame rigorously those who literally 'sat in darkness and the shadow of death.' Are the majority of us better men? it is to be feared not a whit; for how little apparent is the vitality of Christianity with many who profess its creed, but who live, move, and have their being almost as if the gospel had never been proclaimed. And yet—there can be little doubt, but that, as in a thousand ways the ebb and flood of the sea smoothes and rounds the angular flinty fragments of rock, the ever living waves of revealed truth, are, in a like variety of

modes, affecting the conduct, if not the hearts of men, and turning up ever and anon some new and beautiful object from its depths.

"The spirit of mercy and kindness was preached, and went forth doubtless with profit to millions, but hardly so on the battle-field. We may have occasion in the review of the military systems of after days, to point out the existence of a stern and ruthless lust for bloodshed, as strongly developed in the thirteenth century as in the third, tempered by no element but that of interest." Aye—and our author might have added in the nineteenth century, as witness the French General Pelissier's exploits in the Dhera caverns. "Men became merciful in early times, only because they found it more profitable to enslave than to slay—a living bondsmen being of more value than a dead foe; whereas afterwards when the system of ransom was fairly introduced, the combatants, sought much less to kill than to disarm and disable. So long as the use of cold steel remained the great and only resource for the obtainance of victory, slaughter among the combatants was inevitable to an extensive degree, much in fight, but more in flight,—great during the moment of the struggle for superiority, greater when the weaker side, broken and dispersed, became a prey to the victorious party, maddened by the sight of blood and by the flush of success."

Chapter V. brings us to the *decadence of Military Science—the Barbarian Invasions of Europe—the age of Charlemagne—the Feudal Military Principle and Armament—the Military system of Chivalry and its effect on the moral character and science of War*. The chapter on this dark period commences with a brief, general, but just reference to that great store of history "Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c.," Glancing at the successive irruptions of barbarous hordes which desolated and destroyed the whole of civilized Europe, we arrive at a new invasive element in the Saracens and Arabs, who, from the East and South, possessed themselves of Sicily, mastered the sea-board, and much of the interior of Southern Italy, and vanquished Spain. Almost simultaneously, in the eighth century "appeared from the North, a new and still more terrible race of plunderers (the Vikingr or sea kings) ruthless and cruel for the very love of cruelty, who infested the maritime countries from the Danish Sound to the Straits of Sicily. With undisciplined invading tribes, not distinguished by national intrepidity, our author has observed that attacking parties are led by a class of desperadoes, as the Mahratta *Ekkas*, the Burmese Immortals, and the Sikh Akalks. The *Bersakir* paroxysms of the Vikingr, in which they worked themselves up to a pitch of brutal excitement, remind one of that singular practice among the Malays of running a muck. It is under the Merovingian Kings of France, that the first gerin of military system is observable. To estimate the magnitude of Charlemagne's military talent, the political condition of the country, as he found it, must be borne in mind. "It was invaded and assailed on all sides"—but, as the tide of assault bent it in every quarter, he "shewed a perfect comprehension of one of the first of the now-received dicta of the science of war; for, abandoning defence, he boldly assumed the aggressive, and

carried hostilities into the enemies' country." Though, with this great mind, died the magnificent empire which it had set up; the fruits of his military exploits have been permanent. In the middle ages, nearly all the soldiers of Europe were subject to the laws of the feudal system. No land could be held mediately or immediately of the crown but by some service. All hereditary freeholds, as proceeding from the sovereign, were called *feuda* or *feoda* (fees)—for some small yearly rent and the performance of some service originally laid upon the grant. These services were of two kinds, chivalry and soccage, the one military, the other rustical (Littleton). On horse back, the knight incased in iron was a formidable fellow—but if he fell—he was woefully at the mercy of his foe. This reminds us of a song we have heard on the battle of Waterloo, where the Life-guards in their charge are described as riding over and crushing the unhorsed cuirassiers "like lobsters in the shell." The following sketch is so graphic that we see the subject of it:—

"It is enough that we in our brief sketch have arrived at a competent idea of the feudal lord, mounted on a heavy powerful charger,* which strong as he was, yet never sustained the iron burthen of his rider save just before action commenced. On this "great horse," (as the war horse was subsequently termed) he bore down amid his knights, armed and accoutred as himself, like a moving tower of steel, in such a gallop as we may fancy a dray horse could achieve hung round with heavy trappings, cased in iron and leather with some two and twenty stone upon his back in the shape of rider, and his (the rider's *plus* the horse's) harness.† If his foe were armed like himself, it was a question of weight, tough ashwood, and seat on horse-back as to which went down; if he charged the serried pikes of the burgher force of some free town, it was a matter of weight and impetus on his part,—of endurance, and of courage with the infantry before him as to which had the victory; but if his attack were upon the "villayns," the rabble rout of foot soldiers, or bowyers whose arrows were expended, he was greatly glorious in his iron shell, and slaughtered with impunity so long as he had strength to wield his weapon, or his horse wind to stand under him. The English archer, or the Genoese cross-bowman was his worst opponent: the cloth yard shaft of the one, and the quarrel or square bolt shot by the other, made naught of horse armour, while the former required that even the riders should be admirably and faultlessly tempered to resist it.‡ When he came within range of these the knight was the exemplification of brute force helpless against skill: and yet this was the position in which chiefs and leaders were placed,—they, like the men they led, warring not to make war, but to fight. What there is edifying to the soldier, or great, or glorious, in this spectacle, reducing the head to rank with the hand, and making a ge-

* Bred from the Flanders or Black Stock. See Hamilton Smith.

+ The spur used by the chivalry of Europe gives sufficient evidence as to the nature of the animal it was intended to stimulate. Up to about 1350, it was a simple prod or goad of iron with a circle or guard, to prevent its being driven too far home, and "when," says "Grosset, he roule or wheel (rowell) spur come in fashion," superseding the ancient or point "spur, some of these rouelles were six inches in diameter," (v. i. p. 103.) There is an excellent specimen given in the xi. volume of the *Archæologia*.

‡ Carew (Survey of Cornwall) so late as 1602, says of the Cornish archers "for long shooting, their shaft was a cloth yard in length and their butts twenty-four score paces, equal to four hundred and eighty yards, and for strength they would pierce any ordinary armour."

neral do in this clumsy cowardly fashion, the butcher's work of personal conflict, I cannot and never could comprehend."

There can be little doubt that the various perfections theoretically required in a true knight have been but rarely united in one person. Our author sufficiently demonstrates that the practices of chivalry did not harmonise very well with its vaunted principles.

"History tells us that from the end of the eleventh to the commencement of the fifteenth century, which is termed the age of chivalry in connection with feudalism, crime of all sorts was never so rife, honour was never so disregarded, nor war conducted so brutally. The principles of chivalry are no doubt admirable, and they were in those days highly valued; but it is exceedingly often the extreme scarcity of an article that is the reason of its excessive estimation, and on this ground I explain the anomaly before us. It is very plain that when the higher orders make skill in the use, not the science, of arms, the only business of their life, and take every occasion of rushing from the dull and stately seclusion of their castles to the brutal enjoyment of sanguinary personal conflict, they can, in very few instances, attain a moral standard above that of ignorant rough-handed swordsmen.* The tilt yard and the pageant again were no very edifying places of resort for the fair sex, and although female virtue was never at a higher premium than in those days, it certainly never had stronger reasons for being so."

Chapter VI. introduces us to perhaps the most brilliant period of the feudal chivalry; and treats—*Of the general military disposition of a feudal force—The crusades in their effects on Tactics—Of war as practised by the early Mussalmans—Of the use of Standards and Banners with armed bodies.* Though the crusades were indirectly of great service to European civilization, they taught in our author's opinion nothing as to war. Surely they must have suggested much in Strategy? "The Arabs in Palestine could teach little, being inferior to the Crusaders in their mode of engaging. In the earlier days of the Hejira, tactics and discipline were almost unknown to Moslem warriors." In the East as well as the West—large ill composed armies were helpless and ill to manage. Rules of discipline were ineffectual to coerce in a system, which was a mere succession of will within will. Accordingly for many days, opposing armies would remain motionless and gazing at each other. The internal economy and military array depended mainly upon the display of a standard or banner. "The idea of such a signal is unusual. The tradition of almost every nation gives some time of origin for the standard." Here again we must

* A very cursory glance at cotemporary history gives us convincing evidence of this fact. Supposing that the principle of chivalry had taken firm hold of the better orders, a practical result must have appeared in the better ordering of society at a date certainly previous to 1400; but what do we find really the case?—that the worst crimes which disgraced Europe during the middle age, were as nothing compared to the treachery, ferocity, and general lawlessness displayed in the 15th century in England and France. The murder of the Duke of Orleans, and the excesses of Armagnacs, of whom it was said—"never in the memory of man, had a Christian army commanded by such great princes, and composed of so many noble knights, committed such horrors" (Sack of Bordeaux, 1414, *Pict. Hist. of England*): the retaliatory massacre of John of Burgundy under breach of the most holy pledges, were fit events in the one country to usher in the miserable reign of our Sixth Henry in the other, and the disastrous wars of the Roses, disgraced by every species of unknighthly, and unmanly excess, in defiance of all laws, divine or human, moral or social. Yet these were the acts of "great princes and noble knights."

refer to the Egyptians* as to their earliest and most certain adoption.

"In the poem of the Shah Nameh, the great Persian epic, affecting to recount the history of the heroic ages of that ancient people, many of the old military traditions of the land have doubtless been preserved, mixed of course with an unlimited amount of fable and exaggerated poetic imagery. The raising of the banner, however, under which the hero Feridûn delivered the country from the oppressions of the tyrant Zohâk, deserves attention as pointing to a very early use of ensigns in war, and indicating the great value attached to them. The immediate agent, my readers will perhaps remember, in the revolution above alluded to, was one Gaveh, a blacksmith, who assembled the indignant and outraged populace by raising his leathern apron on a spear point. With this gathering staff in his hand, the daring artisan made his way to the presence of Feridûn, whom he prudently invited to take the command of the popular outbreak. Feridûn accepted the offered authority, and adopted, for a good omen, the blacksmith's apron as his standard, richly adorning it. The eight lines in the Shah Nameh describing this might be given as follows:—

He came to the hold of the new chief in war,—
As they saw him the tumult arose from afar :
When the chief had that skin on the spear-head espied,
A star of good omen then fell him beside :
He bedecked the rude apron with silk of Byzant,
Of gold, sea-gems, and jewel-work made he no scant ;
Red, yellow, and purple hung mingled and crossed,
And the name they then called it was *Gleam-of-the-host*.

It is curious enough to find in this appellation, a sense so analogous to that of the great national banner of France, *The Oriflamme*. The similarity affords a practical proof of the identity of habits and feelings among men of all races when placed in like circumstances. By assembling armed bands about a conspicuous, and it may be even, an intrinsically precious object, some degree of unity of action is secured, when the men are easily stimulated to the impression that their honour lies in the honourable defence of this, the banding sign of their array. It matters not what be chosen as the ensign ; the more familiar perhaps the object in early days, the better. The Persian artisan, heading a tumult in a populous burgh, bethought himself, very happily, of his own apron by way of standard : the Roman agriculturist, surprised in his fields by the approach of a predatory enemy, raised a bundle of hay on a pole, this being the earliest standard of the rude manipular bands (Ovid. *Fast.* iii. 117) : the Turk again took the readiest emblem, which offered itself to him as one of an equestrian nation, and made his standard of a horse-tail. There have been many other similar ensigns made use of from habit or association as rallying points for troops. These have varied at different times, and according to the feelings of different nations, The Janissaries, strange to say, attached their idea of military credit to the defence of their campkettle, while their European opponents held for a long time that their honour was comprised in the safety, not only of their colours, but their drum."

Chapter VII. treats of *Petit warfare in the middle ages—of the Anti-*

* Some of the most interesting sculptures seen are at the Memnoneum, and commemorative of the exploits of Ramses II. or Sesostris. On the east wall of the second court there is a grand battle scene—the enemy fly in disorder to a fortified city, surrounded by a river, * * * Another of these sanguinary scenes, within the hall of columns, represents the storming of a fort, a detached castle in two stories, on the summit of a conical rock, battlemented and surmounted by a standard."—*Wathen's Ancient Egypt*.

Chivalric nations—the Tournay and Military habits of the time—the origin and nature of the Tournament and Joust. Civilization creeping on little by little, began to weaken the despotic iron will of the few. Gradually Burgher rights became established—villanage vanished—the principal towns became republics; and Dukes and Counts, Sovereigns;—and at length schism sapped the strength of the Romish Church herself, leading to the decay (visible enough in the 14th century) of Ecclesiastical power; till the general discontent, caused by annats, tithes and sales of indulgences and other evils, served as it were to trace out the course of the coming Reformation, that cast its faint shadow before in the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio; inasmuch as they, with singular boldness, considering the times, touched on matters of abuse with unsparing sarcasm, of which we find the reflex in the works of our own Chaucer.

Pelotins of horse or independent detachments, were accustomed in those days to disport themselves with feats of arms and wonderful enterprizes. The condition of the Scottish border, up to James 1st's time, gives a familiar example of the social state; while on the continent, feudatories carried on private war with a high and unsparing hand. It was, however, during the long occupation of the fairest provinces of France by the English; inducing hostilities which invited to them mercenaries and adventurers from all parts of Europe, that the spirit of partisan warfare among these, 'gentle knights and gallant squires,' was perhaps most especially developed. In reference to the system of mortal combat to the *outrance*, our author gives a very animated idea of the pomp and circumstance of Jousts and Tournaments, the offshoots of which at times were sufficiently wanton and cruel, of which some signal instances are given in the work before us. Some of the combats themselves, as that in which Lord Scales bore so conspicuous a part, were sufficiently inconsequential, and seemed to indicate a natural reluctance to come to extremities; nor need we be surprised, if, in spite of ostentatious vaporings to the contrary occasionally, neither party had any great stomach for the encounter *à l'outrance*. The accomplished author of the work now under notice, it strikes us, refines too much in supposing that to his intimacy with Mr. Stewart Rose, Sir Walter Scott was indebted for some hints from the Italian poets in his description of combats. Surely there was nothing here, but what the resources of his own mind were equal to. In our day a man of scholarly habits would find no great difficulty in mastering for himself the works of men of genius in modern European languages, by help of books in his own study, sufficiently to enjoy even their idiomatic beauties—much less to eke out episodical incidents.

Our author is in no way dazzled by the prestige of chivalry and feudality, but on the contrary has formed a very common-sense accurate estimate of the merits and defects of both. Robertson and others have unintentionally coloured chivalry a little too much of a roseate hue, and ascribed to its working, effects which are due to deeper and more lasting causation. After all, the boasted services of

chivalry to distressed humanity, we suspect, has been greatly overrated. The widows and the orphans, and distressed damsels, rescued from oppression and affliction by its intervention, are heard more of in the pages of Amadis de Gaul and Don Quixote, than in the sober page of history. It is said to have reformed manners. Refinement may spring from either of two causes, or both. It may be grounded on a heart principle and a head principle, or a religious self control, and a conventional necessity. The latter very often springs from the former where people may not be aware of it. Christianity, mixed as it was with much error, nevertheless had been progressing; and out of its pure fountain, like the lotus flower, grew the domestic influences that belong to Christian woman and her alone. To these; and their salutary, silent, but sure and spreading impression, and not to the ferocious onslaughts of iron knights, do we owe the gradual amelioration of manners that began to mark here and there, with verdure, the sterile wastes of social being, and to mitigate even the horrors of war.

Independent of other causes the Crusades had grounds of self-defence to plead on the part of Christian Princes and Chiefs. Europe itself was in a great measure still darkened by much of ancient Paganism, so that at home and abroad religious zeal had sufficiently palpable objects. It was desirable, if possible, to defend converts from the ferocity of surrounding races, and to abate, either in the field or the tent of negotiation, encroachments of Saracenic power, that threatened at one time to be fatal to the independence of Christendom. On the other hand, there is little doubt, that the bad odour even to this hour, in which Christianity is held in the East, had its source in the enormous excesses and flagitious crimes committed by the camp followers, if not by the Crusaders themselves; as for instance, when led through Thrace and Hungary, by Peter the Hermit. Whatever the leaders might be, the followers for the most part were without morality.* There is no doubt that the growing power of the Turks gave occasion of great anxiety to Christian princes, and that there were probable grounds for apprehension of Italy itself being subdued. This might be a more dominant cause for venturing so much in these wild expeditions, than may at first be apparent from the page of history. Be that as it may, there is reason to infer, that the devastation of whole provinces, and the waste of national resources attendant on these expeditions, as well as the extensive demoralization inseparable from them, were as inimical to the course of civilization itself, as it unquestionably was to that of true Religion; and that it threw the former back to an extent, from which perhaps we even yet suffer less or more. The effort to renew these Crusades fortunately proved in vain; and the 14th century beheld the commencement of that wane of chivalry, which in the next became a marked decline which the discovery of gunpowder was to clinch for ever.

The subject of the VIII. Chapter is—*The constitution and internal*

* "This army was a motley assemblage of Monks, prostitutes, artists, labourers, lazy tradesmen, merchants, boys, girls, slaves, malefactors, and profligate debauchees."—*Moshiem.*

arrangement of an Army in the Feudal Chivalric Period. In the feudal times the cohesive and controlling principle of discipline was but ill understood and little regarded. With respect to combat, every one did pretty considerably what seemed good in his own eyes. "The leader of a body," says our author, "fought for his banner, while among the knights that were supporting him, not one, but conceived his first duty as a chivalrist was to fight for himself. Personal renown and personal advantage, in prisoners, and plunder, was the motive object of the great majority of combatants in these unwieldy masses, and the great military axioms, unity of action, and obedience to one head, were, if not wholly lost sight of, at any rate greatly disregarded." The practical inconvenience of this state of things, suggested the appointment of high military officers being made, with rank and authority irrespective of feudality. These were the High Constable and Earl Marshal in England, to command under the king or for him. These "fulfilled in their own persons or by their deputies the whole of the staff duties of an army in the field." Prior even to the great change which gunpowder was to bring about; a complete subversion of the feudal military constitution, was caused by the substitution of paid troops, for feudal levies, and the discovery of the true value of infantry.

"But even in countries strictly feudal, one encounters at a very early date direct instances of the payment of bodies of soldiery, when large armies are assembled for continuous operations in the field, giving evidence of the impossibility of depending, even in the full working of the system, upon feudal levies summoned for forty or sixty days' service. It was found even then necessary to create a nucleus in the army, of real military efficiency, in the shape of troops, whose service was, as to period, unlimited, and who owed obedience to the military commandant of the whole force, not to the intermediate power of their feudal leader. We find, to give a familiar instance of this, that at the battle at the ford of Blanchetaque, which preceded the great fight of Crecy, Sir Godemar du Fay, who commanded the French, had "certain knights and squires from Artois and Picardy in his pay." He had also some of those Genoese mercenaries armed with crossbows, fifteen thousand of whom fought at Crecy; "he had collected in his march great numbers of the country people: the townsmen of Abbeville also accompanied him, excellently well appointed:" * besides these, his force consisted of a thousand men of arms and six thousand foot. The force so constituted contains all the elements of a continental army of the period: 1. The feudal chivalry, and their contingent of horse and foot: 2. The foreign mercenaries whose peculiar armament supplied a notorious defect in the French armies, weakness in missile power: 3. The burgher troops of the nearest town, well found and armed: 4. And lastly, the *levée en masse* of the people, a useless rabble who contributed much to create a fatal confusion. "All the roads," says Froissart, "between Abbeville and Crecy were covered with common people, who, when they were come within three leagues of their enemies drew their swords, bawling out "kill, kill;" and with them were many great lords that were eager to make show of their courage: there is no man unless he had been present that can imagine, or describe truly

* Froissart, B. i. c. 124.

the confusion of that day : especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number."

Who can refrain from pausing a moment to take a glance at their opponents—nay, the digression is in place, for are they not the yeomanry of England, the very subject of our present thoughts? In face of the Genoese, "banditti accustomed to pillage and murder," who could not be trusted the previous night in Abbeville, lest they should plunder the town,*—in face of the roaring, yelling rabble, with which the country seemed as covered—in face of "those kings, earls, barons and lords of France,"† so proud of their individual prowess that they "did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other, or any way most pleasing to themselves," were the English in three divisions, seated on the ground, who, on seeing their enemies advance, rose undauntedly up, and fell into their ranks." I do not think it in the power of language to express more forcibly the contrast between the character of the opposed forces than do these simple words. In the chivalric portion of the English army, we can, save that they are our countrymen, have little more interest than in any other of the fantastic fighters of the day, waging war in a bad cause for the mere fighting's sake; but I confess that my sympathies are always deeply moved by the contemplation of that noble infantry, all free soldiers, each man there of his own free will, ready to take each of his share in the bloody business of war with the same deliberation with which he had made his election to incur its risks. They were a handful of men as compared numerically to their foe, but they were calmly confident in their strength and courage; the English knights, and men at arms from the proudest to the poorest, had, according to the national custom in the field, dismounted, and all fought on foot, thereby giving heart and encouragement to this gallant infantry, every man feeling he was there to stand to the last."

Our author concludes the chapter by shewing that there is only one remedy for the alternate helplessness and misery of a country at one time destitute of defenders, at another ground to the dust by their exaction, than "a standing army constitutionally governed, and raised by the fiat of the people."

Chapter IX. treats of *the constitution of a Feudal Chivalric Army, as respects the use of Infantry*. Men's opinions at length had undergone a change as to the relative value of mounted troops, and infantry. The real merit of this discovery our author attributes to the English and Scottish. He traces it from a period immediately subsequent to the battle of Crecy. 350 years ago De Comines pronounced the English the first Archers in the world. For a long time it was supposed that it was owing to the terrible clothyard shaft leaping from the lithe yew, that the English soldier was so formidable. But it matters little what the weapon may be, it is now a truth which admits not of question, that the English foot soldier, in whatever manner armed, when well commanded, has at all times evinced the same indomitable prowess. Both as mercenaries and as patriotic soldiers, our author does justice to the Scottish. This he does too, cordially and generously, and with no cold qualifications, more honoured sometimes in the breach than the observance.

* Beltz's Inquiry into Hist. of the Battle of Crecy. *Archæologia*, v. 28, ix.

† Froissart, B. i. c. 129.

Chapter X. is devoted to *the Constitution of a Feudal Chivalric Army as to Infantry in Continental Europe—and Burgher Troops*. Glancing at the Swiss mercenaries and the writings of Guicciardini in which the customs of the former are epitomised, our author sufficiently evinces his contempt for the mercenary principle. On the appearance "in Italy of troops so formidable, aiding the aggressive and invading projects of the French, it became necessary to obtain a description of force capable of opposing them. These men were found in the German foot-soldier, or pikeman the *lanzknecht*." The military spirit of the French was so wholly Chivalric that, they were destitute at the end of the 15th century, of the element for the construction of a national infantry. To the French as "the most military nation in the world" ample justice is done by our author. The military character of the Italians became deteriorated from license, and the abuse of foreign troops. To date from about 1520 however, the Spanish was considered the model Infantry of the Continent. Though in the shade for some time past, the Spanish army has had its day of renown. The Spaniards are devoted to their country by a spirit of pride, and their natural habits are not remote from those of military life. In living, they are frugal and temperate. Little genuine glory has accrued to the Spanish arms, since the expulsion of the Saracens. They were distinguished in the 16th century, for superiority in the use of the Matchlock. We regret that want of space precludes our entering as much as we could wish, into our author's excellent and discriminative estimate of the military characteristics of the different nations of Europe. All we can do, is to indicate that the subject is ably handled. The formation of burgher troops, was the stepping stone to the system of standing armies which quite absorbed it.

The subject of Chapter XI. is *the line of march, war cries, &c. and the general application of military study*. The method of keeping different divisions together and of distinguishing contending armies, was in addition to the use of standards, by war cries and badges. "It is easy to observe, how from this habit arose in time, the use of paroles and countersigns." The carelessness evinced for the sick and wounded, was a characteristic of the times. Henry V. had but twelve surgeons with his army in France amounting to thirty-two thousand men, which is not more absurd than that in our own day the army of the Sutlej should have only one medical officer of a higher grade than Regimental Surgeon, to superintend the medical details of the whole army. If he had been killed or taken ill, it is not easy to understand how comprehensive arrangements, under proper control, and each knowing his precise and relative position in the field, could be made for the wounded and sick. This carelessness or indifference to the wounded, noticed by our author, arose from the state of civilization itself, and the low state of surgical science, in which men in general had little or no confidence. The poorer soldiers too, when much hurt were turned to the right about, with very little ceremony; being usually dismissed with a small sum of money to find their way home as they best might. Simples and charms too were more depended upon than a system of Surgery that perhaps maimed and killed more than it cured. The profession of arms has

always been an honorable one, though at times apt to be rather predominative in its claims. Its dignity and importance, as our author justly observes, "rises instead of diminishing with the advance of knowledge and civilization." Our author takes his ground boldly and ably against the false philosophy that cries out on armies as useless and unchristian. While the world is what it is, we must for protection and defence, cultivate military science, he contends, with unanswerable moral force, no less than good sense. Our author then, is a frank and enlightened advocate, for all that tends to better the position of the soldier, and particularly so, for his being a diligent student. As the soldier makes serious sacrifices in embracing that profession, so is it imperative upon him, he thinks, to be at pains in order to procure the respect and esteem, of the community at large. The world will more readily sympathise, he deems, with a soldier who studies the arts of peace, and makes them subservient to his military profession. "Two things"—says the Arabian proverb, "rule the world,—the sword and the pen—but the pen rules the sword." We much fear that our author is too sanguine in his expectation that mental cultivation in the higher grades, would be necessarily followed by an improvement in the intellectual tones and temper of the subordinate ranks; and that this would be followed by such a reaction of popular opinion, as to lead a superior class of men to fall into the ranks. Two things must first be largely modified, before we can concur with our esteemed author, in any such hope, and these are—the system of military punishment that holds in the British army and 'the cold shade of Aristocracy'—that, torpedo-like, paralyzes all generous aspiration—and produces a level monotonous deadness on the surface of our military system, like the leaden stillness of the Asphaltite lake, which inherits a certain buoyancy from its very bitterness. There is no getting rid of the fact, that it was only the Revolution that struck off the Incubus from the old armies of France—formerly, the appanage of sucking Monseigneurs and Court dandies of forty quarterings—and latterly, of the hangers on of the harlot of the hour. Had Napoleon, by the chapter of accidents, happened to enter the English army as a Recruit—ten to one but by the time he forced the bridge of Lodi—he would have received due punishment at the halberds for mere brusquerie which in the eyes of the Martinets of the day would have debarsqued him from promotion for ever—or he might have risen to be a Sergeant Major! The necessity of an alteration of system, is at length beginning to be reluctantly acknowledged in high quarters. Something to this effect has been begun upon in India, but on so very homœopathic a principle, that we despair of its producing any beneficial effects. Already performance has immensely halted behind expectation. It remains to be seen how this dribble of promotion by merit may work. We have no sanguine expectation. Had it been upon a more comprehensive and statesman-like scale—we cannot conceive a measure more fraught with regenerative virtue for the soldier in India especially. Such a stimulus of hope might do wonders—but as we already hinted, we conceive it too infinitesimal in scale, to affect in the slightest degree the morale of a large army.

The authorship of this work being now, we believe, pretty generally ascertained, it would be affectation to allude to a person as anonymous, who is held in such high estimation as the accomplished Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Those who are well acquainted with his distinguished literary and social talents, will not be surprised that the work itself, should exhibit proofs of such extensive reading and multifarious research? The impartiality and kindly feeling that breathe throughout are highly creditable to Mr. Torrens, as a man and an author. We therefore look forward with no small interest to the second portion of the work, which will bring us nearer the scene of action, and call forth a more lively train of sympathy. We regret that we cannot extend the same approbation to the typographical execution of the work, which, independent of press errata, is generally inelegant,—the character of the type being unpleasant and hard to the eye. It appears to us that it would be a desideratum in the forthcoming part II. to put the date of the various historic details at the top of the page and to have the different items marginally titled.

We do not exactly know to whose argument our author addresses himself at page 384, in reference to its being objected that—"the profession of arms is unchristian." We do not think this inference fairly deducible from the sacred canon. It never has been the doctrine or practice of true Christianity, to overthrow what is established for human security, or the welfare of good government. Even when our Lord abode on earth in the form of humanity, he found the profession of arms established as a lawful calling. The principle of self-preservation in man is itself a divine law. Life and what gives value to life are God's own gifts—and are worthy of being conscientiously defended by communities as well as individuals. The right is so clear and indefeasible that it would be really cavilling, to deny it. It is a right that man is not merely justified, but is bound to assert, whenever it is questioned or perilled. The powers that be, we are assured, are from God. No Government on earth could stand without some degree of military support. It will not be so, when Christianity becomes more catholic and influential on national masses as well as controlling authorities. A constitutional army is a protective establishment, without which all other establishments whatever, would be under continual risk of violence and invasion.

We find that when the publicans came to the Baptist inquiring what they should do, that he replied, "exact no more than that which is appointed to you." The office itself was not condemned as sinful. It was and must continue a necessary vocation, for without taxes where would government or rule be? It was not the office then, that had become odious, but the practices of too many who made it the instrument of speculation and extortion. The soldier is no less necessary in the state than the revenue collector, for without the moral strength resulting from his status, there might be no revenue to collect. So when the soldiers also came questioning the Baptist, he says not a word condemnatory of their calling, but, in stating their duties, indicates sufficiently broadly what in those days might be their besetting offence.

"Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." It was by military interposition, under providence, that the Apostle of the Gentiles was twice rescued from imminent danger of immediate death by a lawless mob. Cornelius, the devout Centurion, is not enjoined to forego his calling. "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called," is the injunction of exalted authority. Every thing should be done in order, and while soldiers are obedient and conscientious servants, they are in order, and conserve order. It is when they assume a masterdom, that they set themselves beside the canon. Where would the Reformation itself have been without military fencing and guarding, or could Luther, and Calvin, and Knox have propounded their bold truths in security, had there been no moral strength in the state, derived from the known existence of a disciplined army? Is it implied that soldiers are professedly irreligious? Then, must we say, as far as our knowledge goes, that the charge is unjust. There is no doubt that soldiers have at times exhibited in the hot hour of conflict, and victory, a wildness and a licence, over which religion would rather draw the veil. Will not an unarmed multitude, assembled ostensibly on religious impulse, also commit the most revolting acts? But soldiers have exhibited a conventional freedom and perhaps a levity, at which serious and pious men may shrink. We trust and believe that this, in our day, is the exception and not the rule. It is a glory of our times that a Regiment is no longer a school of extravagance, revelry, or irreligion, but the contrary. Let those who doubt this, out of justice to their countrymen, look a little closer at the system. From an intimate acquaintance for many years with several Regiments, we can conscientiously declare that they may be considered as large families, in which the practice of morality grounded on religion, is enjoined by example as well as precept. Many a devout and God-fearing heart is covered by the red or the blue coat. Look at them in the hour of conflict and victory; then may it be said, with rigid truth, of the British Soldier, that he is as merciful as he is valiant. This is a lesson the Roman never acquired; nor any of his predecessors: but it has percolated into our military system from that Rock which gives issue to the fountains of truth and Christian freedom.

"Wars are incidental to man," our author very truly remarks, but considering the signs of the times, it is not perhaps too Utopian to expect that the day is not far distant when war may wear itself out. Has it not marks of decline? War was not from all time, and will not be for all time. The age we live in, appears to be the beginning of a grand and auspicious Epoch. Let us take but a retrospect of a hundred years, and the rate of advancement in our age as compared with all preceding, will be acknowledged to be truly wonderful. The discoveries in Chemistry have opened up stupendous potentialities of illimitable comprehensibility, that have infused an unheard of energy into all things affecting social progress, in a variety of striking

* See the record of the doings of John of Leyden and his fanatics—and Lord George Gordon's Riots.

modes. Idols which men had set up for themselves, founded in short-sightedness and prejudice, are crumbling into the stream of time, with a rapidity that fills many with fear. The Baconian philosophy has at length, as it were, found an anvil to its powerful hammer, and it rings with the clang of utility shaping and fashioning things of power. Every thing is now closely scrutinised, and sternly investigated. Names have lost their magic spell, and things are all in all. It is an age of facts and exploding theories. Whatever is, or is to be, is pondered, discussed, and analysed. Perhaps a stolid Pyrrhonism is the vice of the age. It doubts every thing that is not tangible and palpable; but rampant impiety is no more. No longer are measures, things, or institutions deemed final, and unquestionable, because they are. These must now be demonstrated, to be best adapted for their professed purposes, or like the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Corn laws, they must give way. All shams are false idolatrous images, and the generation of our day are vigorous Iconoclasts. Cortez, before the idols of Tlascalla, was a child to them. Sinecures totter—protection is beyond the pale of human shield. Nothing is taken for granted. All things must be brought to square, level, and plumb. We should despair, if this were all to merge in mere mechanical philosophy, but we have a brighter and a holier hope. Things in fact now range themselves under two categories, the true and the false; the just and the unjust. To either of these must WAR belong, ere it can sufficiently command the support of the people at large. Europe has now enjoyed thirty years of peace. Peaceful habits and trains of thought, are every where taking root; even in that nation which was deemed the most restless for change—and thirsty for false glory. It is true, that, while sinful passions exist, there will be the shedding of blood, but a feeling is abroad, voicing itself through the earth, and from kingdom to kingdom, that human blood should no longer flow in torrents without some great, deep, pervading, life-earnest, and unavoidable cause. Nations now, have got into the way of peacefully endeavouring to make each other keep the peace. The Reformation was the first grand clearer up of the moral atmosphere. Next came the French revolution. The waters of that deluge have subsided, and the face of things is again diversified with verdure, order, and beauty. Weak monads that had been magnified into systems, recede before the strong power of public opinion. The cry is no longer “under which king Bezonian”—but under which truth, or system of realities,—facts and not hypotheses. Free-trade in all things even in opinion is the rule, and what is this free trade of which we hear so much but a mere Artesian spring from the under-lying waters of that christianity so little thought on and considered by foolish ones? Christianity has not for ages been saturating or rather permeating all social conditions, less or more, for nothing. What is this free trade principle of which we hear so much of late but the simple application to business matters, between nations, of what has been partially understood but not so much practised as it will be—*Do as you would be done by?* Christianity, understood in the true depth of its philosophy, is the

universal solvent that begins to affect even the rocks and high places of the earth. It is the unseen subterranean current, drawing, by its attraction, the twigs and slivers of human motives. Whatever is pacific, whatever is slow to anger, and quick to amend, and make reparation, is but the blessed verdure up-springing from the irrigation of these waters.

In a variety of ways which those who most undervalue christianity have not sufficiently considered, do its influences operate unceasingly. They operate like the dews of heaven that fructify the teeming ear and the succulent grass. The very passions seek a more subdued way of venting themselves. The most violent impose a check of self-control on themselves, and vice no longer dares show herself unveiled. Persecution has quenched her faggot, and bigotry laid aside her rack for ever. A leading article, or a pamphlet is the inquisition of our day; and a paragraph the cup and the poignard. All violence is avoided as in bad taste, and gentleness firmly manifested, or rather, determination mildly propounded, becomes irresistible force. Ruffianism is at utter discount, and flies to Kentucky and Tipperary; but will not be allowed to lodge even there. Modern courtesy is as different from ancient politeness, as the wit of Aristophanes is from Mr. Charles Buller's, or the smoothness of flint, is from that of velvet. In fact, properly speaking, the Ancients had neither urbanity nor courtesy to boast of. Diogenes could not—dared not—have spit upon the pride of Plato on an English carpet. The urbanity of the Greeks is questionable. Socrates would have scarcely been brought on the stage in our day. The stick raised to strike Themistocles tells more than meets the eye. The old Admiral perhaps had made what he deemed justifiable use of it at home—if not in the very gynæceum. What the soldiers of Julius Cæsar considered a capital joke (*Gallias vincit Cæsar*, &c.) would strike any modern general with horror. The ancients at every turn evinced a depravity that even the veil of a learned language is too diaphanous to hide. Their very jests were foul and smelt of Tophet. The most abandoned creature on the pave of an European city in our day, would have shrunk from the avowals of Sappho. The coarsest English Foxhunter, represented by Fielding or Smollett, would be shocked at some of the grossnesses of the courtly Horace. What has produced such a change, not merely of manners and allusions, but of sentiment and conduct? Even its bitterest enemies,—let their side sneer at, or direct vituperation of Christianity extend to what limits it will,—cannot deny the fact, of its being a besom of destruction to all indecency and profligacy. These, if not annihilated like foul vapours before its blessed light, and searching fiery power, hide themselves abashed in dark holes and corners from the gaze of general reprobation. It finds us in childhood—like some spiritual specific—and through life is the grand prophylactic against poisonous influences that war against the soul. In a thousand ways it operates beneficially, even when it does not extend to the length of conversion. It abates vice—it awes injustice, neutralises hostility, and repels aggression, by its commanding spirit of calm firmness.

Gradually it is achieving victories over wrong, which, combined with the grand discoveries in material philosophy, made under its fostering wing, must render the science of war so hazardous as to make recourse to it madness. Add to this that juster views are spreading over the face of the earth. A spirit of arbitration and appeal now asserts itself, formerly unheard of. The masses begin clearly to understand the insane folly of wanton wars. They will be frowned out of countenance. The genius of Peace, which is but another name for true Christianity, will, in the fulness of time, and at a less remote date than may be dreamed of in vain philosophy, bring about the sublime consummation, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

NOTICE.

IN consequence of the great length of some of the preceding articles—which yet, from the importance of their contents, we had not the heart to abbreviate—our allotted space has been considerably exceeded. We are therefore reluctantly constrained to keep back several Miscellaneous Notices, which must now be reserved for a future number.

ERRATA IN VOL. IV.—No. VIII.

- Page 287, 6 lines from the bottom, for "Camp Guys," read "Camp Bay."
— 288, line 277, for "Baron Indwick," read "Baron *Ludwick*."
— 288, line 33, for "Farmer Peik's," read "Farmer Peck's."
— 297, line 18, for "before the morbid can hope," read "before the *invalid* can hope."
— 300, line 16 from the bottom, for "vocation," read "*vacation*."
— 301, 8 lines from the bottom, for "no doubt," read "no *dearth*."
— 302, line 1, for "there, some," read "there are some."
— 306, line 14 from the bottom (*note*), for "continued to supersede," read "*contrived* to supersede."
— 307, line 5, for "fastidious enthusiasm," read "*factitious* enthusiasm."
— 309, line 7 from the bottom, for "a pot of fresh butter," read "*a pat* of fresh butter."
— 316, line 5 from the bottom, for "wearying apprehension," read "*wearing* apprehension."
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ERRATA IN VOL. V.—No. IX.

- Page 149, line 4 from the bottom, for "first branch of the object," read "first branch of the *subject*."
— 155, line 3 from the bottom, for "idea of monstrosity," read "the idea of *a* monstrosity."
— 180, line 5, for "not a small matter to have," read "not a small matter to *some*."
— 211, line 16, for "had the lion been the hurrier," read "had the lion been the *linner*."

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THE
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Principles of Public Revenue, with a short abstract of the Revenue Laws in the Bengal Presidency, 8vo. By F. Boutros, Serampore 1844.*

2. *Answers to the questions respecting the condition of the Agricultural Community of Lower Bengal, circulated by the Bengal British India Society. (Partly published in the Bengal Hurkaru, partly unpublished.)*

IN the fertile districts of Lower Bengal, so bountifully intersected by noble rivers—fed by tributary streams and rivulets, which spread perennial verdure and luxuriance over fields and plains, and, constituting links of communication, stimulate and promote the alacrity and bustle of traffic,—there is to be found a community leading a life such as to call forth sympathy and commiseration. The community we allude to, is that of the Bengal Ryot. The name is familiar here as one expressive of an ignorant, degraded, and oppressed race.

The wealth of this country consists mainly in its agricultural resources. In proportion as the rights of its cultivating classes are protected, their grievances redressed, and condition elevated, the agricultural and commercial state of the country will be improved—the progress of crime checked—intelligence promoted—and happiness diffused. If such be the importance attached to the well-being of the rural population, how incumbent and imperative is it on the legislator and philanthropist to inquire into their condition! How necessary to ascertain the *amount of security* which they enjoy, and the causes operating against their advancement! It should be the duty of the ruling authority to protect equally all classes of its subjects, but the opulent and powerful do not require so much of its constant care and anxiety as the poor and helpless. The rich are able to protect themselves; the poor require to be protected. The rich, instead of needing protection, often take the law into their own hands: the poor, far from exercising such a stretch of authority, do not always enjoy even the benefits of the law. The Bengal ryot belongs to a humble class. He lives by the “sweat of his brow.” His pursuits are

primeval, and come to the "business and bosom" of every one. It is he who clears and fertilizes the land. The vernal exuberance in which it is clothed, and the landscape views which it wears, arise from his exertions. It is he who supplies the necessities of life—infuses activity and vigor into commerce, and keeps up the vitality of the whole country. True, there is nothing in his externals to command notice—he has no influence—no power. But ought this not to entitle him to greater consideration and protection? His welfare, and the welfare of the country, are so much linked with each other, that it behoves every one to interest himself in his cause.

The information which we have been able to collect, and intend presenting to our readers on this important subject, is limited; but its accuracy may be safely relied upon. We do not profess to expose every evil and point out its remedy. We confine ourselves to the exposure of those evils which are of a crying nature. And if we meet with no other reward than the awakening of increased attention to the subject, we shall be fully satisfied.

In commencing our inquiry, we are naturally led to examine the state of the rural population under the Hindu administration. In the absence of historic records it is difficult to obtain authentic information on the subject. If we resort to other sources, however, we are not presented with a dark void. Scintillations break around and gather into a form by no means inadequate to throw some elucidation on the point. There are distinguished epochs in the annals of Indian history. We shall not discuss where and from what country the Hindus came and settled here—what was then their religion—whether Buddhism or Brahmanism—or what particular part of India they first inhabited. These are questions which come within the province of the literati, the antiquarians and the *savans*. The Hindus have always been reputed a learned and contemplative race. Their writings, even those which are meretricious, bear the stamp of a subtle intellect and high imaginative powers. Their first age was, if we are to believe the Hindu traditions, the age of saints and patriarchs. In the recesses of the Himalaya, the Níl-gíri and the Vind-gíri, or on the umbrageous banks of the Nerbudda, the Jumna, the Ganges, the Godaveri and the Caveri, asceticism held a solemn sway. The stream of felicity was ceaselessly flowing, and men knew not then what care and anxiety were! It was the *Satya Yug*. In the next, or *Treta Yug*, the illustrious Ráma swayed the sceptre of Ayadhya.* His reign is full of memorable exploits,

* The modern *Oude*.

sung by Valmíki, the first child of Poesy in this land. The interest which Ráma felt in the agriculture of the country was great. The first subject on which he is said to have interrogated his brother Bhárata, when he met him after years of separation, was the agricultural state of Ayadhya. Next to Ráma, the most powerful Maharajahs, to whom all professed loyalty, were the Pandús of Indraprosthā and the Kúrús of Hastina. The age in which they flourished was the *Dvapara Yuga*, celebrated for the great war of Kúrúkshetra and the cultivation of literature and philosophy by Vyása, Súka and a host of other sages. It was in this age that Krishna roamed in the fields of Mathúra, and loved and caressed hundreds of blooming milk-maids in the embowering shades of Brindabon. The Rajahs who were subsequently of historic reputation were Chandragúpta or Sandrocottus of Maghada or Behar, the grand father of Asoka (our knowledge of whom is in a great measure ascribable to recent numismatic explorations) and Vikramaditya who reigned at Ugein in Malwa. It is the residence of Megasthenes, the ambassador of Seleucus Nicator at the court of Chandragúpta which renders his epoch memorable in history. Vikramaditya was one of the most distinguished encouragers of letters. His court was the seat of the *Navaratna*, or nine gems, and the focus of learning. Now in inquiring into the state of the agricultural community at each of these epochs, we do not discover that there was any variation in the law respecting their protection. The law of Manu was the predominant law of the land. The fiat of this legislator is still looked upon with profound respect, and there can be no doubt that what he inculcates was to a great extent followed during the whole of the long period in question.

The right in the cultivated land did not exist *in the sovereign, but in him "who cut away the wood, or who cleared and tilled it."* This is not only evident from the code of Manu but also from other works, and the accounts of early travellers, numismatic proofs, and existing practices in some parts of the country. The rights of the agricultural class were in no way feudal; and what they paid was not *rent*, but a *tax* "as the price of protection." This tax was a portion of the produce; viz. an eighth, sixth, or twelfth, according to the difference of soil and expense of cultivation. In case of a war or other great emergency, this tax was increased to one-fourth, which was the maximum limit. Mr. Wynch, the supposed author of the "Memoir on Land Tenure," says, with reference to this point, that "the Hindu system of taxation under which one-fourth of the produce

was declared the maximum of the demand of the State in any case against the cultivator, had its origin in the soundest principles of statistical science."

It is evident from the Ramayan and Mahabharat, that, in the time of Rama and Yudisthir, one-sixth of the crop was the amount of land-tax. We also find from Raghu and Sakantala that the same proportion obtained in the time of Delipa and Dushmanta. And when we perceive that in Kashmir, Northern Circars, Vignyagur, Tuluva or Canara, &c. the demand was confined to one-sixth, we believe it was more general than any other proportion—especially as it is stated to be "the medium" in Manu; and testified in the Ayin Akbari. During the invasion of this country by Alexander, the tax raised by Porus and other Indian princes, who had to oppose the Macedonian hero, was the full war-tax inculcated by their venerable legislator—one-fourth of the crop. The description which the Greek writers give of the civilization and happiness of this country is indeed gratifying, if it may be trusted. It was studded with a rich cluster of cities, abounding in the hum of a thick and increasing population, and the activity of commerce both internal and external. "The produce of the field, the work of the artisan, the city without walls and the defenceless village" were "sacred and inviolable;" the fierceness of the battle in one field and the peaceful pursuits of the husbandman in the other were by no means an extraordinary scene. There was no fear of the repetition of foreign invasion; and the intestine commotions did not interrupt the avocations of the cultivator. Each kingdom consisted of a number of principalities under the protection of military chiefs, who like barons, professed allegiance to the sovereign, and were themselves looked upon as sovereigns, by their vassals. In this respect the ancient Hindu system of revenue bore resemblance to the feudal customs of Europe. There were however other features which rendered the resemblance closer. The chiefs lived in castellated mansions, built on rocky summits, or in the recesses of jungles, exercising a power more despotic than could be exercised by the king. They were liable to escuage, and subject to all feudal incidents. They held land on military tenure. But the difference between the feudal system of Europe, and the one which prevailed and still prevails in some parts of India, is great. In Europe the conquerors not only claimed a proprietary right in the land, but its inhabitants as their serfs. In India the right of the cultivator in the soil was, and is, recognized. The burden imposed upon him by a feudal lord was an additional tax for

the maintenance of the military establishment. The King, in creating military lords, assigned to them his share of the revenue. The land of course belonged to him *who tilled and cultivated it*. The tenacity for patrimony has always been great in India. The emphatic though often quoted saying of the Rajpúts expresses the intensity of feeling on the subject.—“The tax belongs to the King, the land belongs to me.” In several parts of India the existence of feudalities has been found. It remains to be seen whether the system was universal.

The machinery employed for the collection of the tax had the mark of simplicity and calculation of purpose. We know not how far the very ancient fiscal arrangement was universally carried out and continued. We mean the creation of lords of ten, a hundred, and a thousand towns. Traces of this division are however not altogether wanting, especially in the Dekhan. But the ordinary and more general system—at least in subsequent ages, was the management of the fiscal affairs of every village by its head called *Grámadhikar*, subject to the control of the *Deshadhikar* or chief of the district. These officers had their respective registers called *Grám* and *Desh Lekhuks*. The *Grám Lekhuk* kept a minute and detailed register of all accounts and transactions appertaining to the village. These registers were open to public inspection, and of great use in the adjudication of matters in dispute. The accounts kept by them were forwarded to the *Desh Lekhuk* and by him to Government. The *Grámadhikar* was the representative of the people and Government. It is supposed that he was originally elected by the villagers. He acted as the collector, judge and magistrate with the aid of a *Punchayat*; and the system was of great benefit to the people, because there was no delay—no expense in the way to justice. The remuneration which the village and district officers received from Government was the remission of the tax of the lands held by them, or assignments of rent-free lands, and from the villagers certain contributions in money or lands. Their offices became in process of time hereditary. In each village there was a corporation, and it resembled a “petty republic.” The *Grámadhikar* was a sort of mayor. Resistance to innovation is a striking characteristic of the Indians. Institutions once established are looked upon with superstitious veneration. They descend from generation to generation and seem to be immutable. The Patriarchal system, cradled and rocked, nourished and invigorated by such a propitious circumstance, continued to live and flourish for many ages. It no doubt unalterably fixed the destiny of the villagers. Occupation and

profession were hereditary,—aspirations after higher objects were extinct, and patriotism, instead of expanding, contracted itself into a narrow sphere. The village exhibited no checkered aspect, but a dull continued monotony. But in spite of these disadvantages, the people might be physically happy. There was enjoyment of security and liberty. The love for the village was strong—unextinguishable. There was nothing which could destroy its “petty republic.” Calamities might suspend its operation, but its elements were such as were never to suffer annihilation. Sir John Macpherson says, rather flatteringly, in his minute of the 4th July 1786, “It is much to discover with certainty *that we have yet a great deal to learn in the revenue line*, and we are fortunate if we can collect and take up the links of ancient forms. One thing is certain, nothing was more complete, more simple, correct and systematic, than the ancient revenue system of this country. It was formed so as to protect the people who paid it from oppression, and secure to the sovereign his full and legal rights.”

The Mahomedans, in taking possession of the country, introduced no innovations on village municipalities. They were bigoted, intolerant, and looked upon those who did not embrace their creed as *Kafirs*. But they respected (at least in theory) private property. “Whosoever cultivates waste lands does thereby acquire the property of them”—is the maxim inculcated in the Hedaya. The institutes of Timúr enjoin the annexation of *deserted* lands to the fisc, if *there be no owners*, who in the event of being found, and not in circumstances to cultivate them, should have “the necessary supplies” from the government. The way in which land-tax was collected under the Mahomedan administrator was by assessing whole districts at a certain sum, and directing district officers to levy and realize it. We are not certain what proportion of produce this amounted to. The Hedaya and other works limit the land tax to one-half or one-third the gross produce “or a supposed equivalent in money.” With reference to non-mussalman or infidel ryots, there was no such rule. We do not however find that before the reign of Alla-úd-Dín (1294) one-half the value of the produce was demanded. The kings whose names became subsequently associated with the revenue administration of the country, were Sikunder Lody and Shír Shah Súr. The former caused some parts of Delhi to be surveyed, and was instrumental in the establishment of one standard land measure called after him *Sikundari Guz*. The latter is said to have devoted himself for a time to the survey business, and limited the demand of the state to one-fourth of the produce in kind or specie. The next

King who directed his attention to the subject of revenue reform is the illustrious Akbar. He reigned for 49 years from 1559. He ordered the lands of the empire to be measured and divided into bigahs of 3,600 Illahi square guz (24 inches) and classified under certain denominations. This was followed by statistical inquiries as to the produce of different articles in cultivated lands at the Spring and Autumn harvests, and the establishment of the rates of revenue at one-third of the medium produce. It was left to the option of the cultivator to pay in kind or specie, and with a view to regulate the payment in money, a table containing "a specification of the rates of revenue in each year of the period on fifty different articles of produce, distinguished as before into spring and autumn crops, was formed. This arrangement did not however answer. Abul Fazl says it was "productive of much inconvenience, oppression and complaint." The establishment of *Tummar Jumma* was then determined upon, and the two great financial masters of the age—Rajah Todar Mal and Mofezzer Khan—were employed in the execution of this task with ten Kanongos or village registers placed at their disposal. After some inquiry they formed a new Jumma for ten years, based upon an average of the collections made during the preceding ten years. This arrangement was not enforced in Bengal, and it is doubtful whether it was ever carried into effect any where. These are not the only measures taken by Akbar with a view to ameliorate the revenue system of the country. Before his time there were a number of vexatious taxes "which used to equal the quit rent of Hindustan;" and they were in a great measure remitted by him.

We have already said that under the Hindu government, the fiscal divisions of the country were villages and districts. The names of the village and district chiefs—*Grámadhikars* and *Deshadhikars* underwent a change under the Mahomedan administration. The former were called *Mokudums*, or foremost men, and the latter *Zemindars*, or landholders. The word zemindar, although an indefinite term, has no reference, like other Persian words of similar termination, to ownership of land. This innovation in name, was followed by another of a more radical nature. And it arose from a love of exaction. Several districts were incorporated into one great fiscal division, and committed to the charge of individuals who were designated *Talúkdars* or *Zemindar Talúkdars*. This *Talúkdari* or farming system on an extensive scale—was vigorously carried on in Bengal by Jaffier Khan, alias Múrshed Kúly Khan, in consequence of his having found the ancient Zemindars

reluctant to submit to his extortions. The Zemindar Talúkdars were neither the actual collectors, nor did they in any way bring themselves in contact with the people. They were averse to this trouble, and they farmed the revenue to others, between whom and the Government they stood as middlemen.

Although there was an *assul* or original assessment, and it was subjected to no variation, yet the additions which were successively made to it in the shape of imposts, from the administration of Sultan Sujah to Kossim Ali Khan, were so enormous as to have doubled the amount. The revenue was collected under fourteen different heads, two of which constituted the standard assessment, and the rest were *abwabs* or viceregal imposts. These *abwabs* were levied by the Nazims on the Talúkdar Zemindars, and no oppression—no cruelty was left unpractised for their realization. Thus pressed by the Nazims, the Talúkdar Zemindars pressed the village contractors, and the village contractors preyed upon the ryots. Abwabs after abwabs were imposed. Such of the village contractors as came forward to protest or oppose, were incarcerated and ousted, and in the room of hundreds, one, more tractable and willing to submit, was appointed. To this circumstance is to be ascribed the origin of the Burdwan, Rajshahi, Nudiya and other extensive Zemindaris. The object of this institution was to realize the utmost revenue, without the least regard to the means of the people, or the productive powers of the land. The cesses levied by the farmers were extortionate and oppressive. The abwabs of the farmer of Dinajpúr exceeded 200 in number. Exaction and extortion were the order of the day. One class of officers plundered the other, and the whole onus at last fell upon the ryot. The settlement of Kossim Ali was “a mere pillage and rack rent.” It was so enormous that it was unrealizable. In 1763-64, the amount of collection was reduced by Mír Jaffier under the administration of Nund Kúmar; and in the following year—the first of the Company’s possession—it was further reduced by Mahommed Reza Khan on their behalf. But the severity of exactions had been so great that there was *practically* an annihilation of private rights.

In 1765 Shah Alum conferred on the East India Company the Dawani of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and confirmed the cession of Burdwan, Midnápúr, Chittagong, and the 24-Pergunahs. The royal grant was in the same year recognized by Nudjum-ul-Dowla, the Súbadar of Bengal, who retired, receiving a certain sum as a stipend. The Company, having thus “be-

come the sovereigns of a rich and potent kingdom" made no innovations on the fiscal system. The plan of farming lands was continued, but on assessments grounded on "conjectural estimates." There was no standard rate of rent, and the strong took advantage of the weak. The subject however attracted the attention of the Company in 1769, when supervisors were appointed to control native officers and inquire into the state of the country. The result of this investigation was the discovery that the "Nazims exacted what they could from the zemindars and great farmers of the revenue, whom they left at liberty to plunder all below; reserving to themselves the prerogative of plundering them in their turn, when they (the farmers) were supposed to have enriched themselves with the spoils of the country." In 1772, a Board of Revenue was formed, under the administration of Warren Hastings. The supervisors were called collectors, and lands were let on quinquennial leases to the highest bidders. This settlement was made at a time when the country was recovering from a famine which had swept away three millions of human beings. The contractors who had bid very high, unmindful of this calamity, proved *bakedars* (defaulters). This was ascribed to the inefficiency of the European collectors, who suffered depreciation and ultimately supercession by native amils. The non-realization of a large *bakaya* had elicited some observations on the system of farming, which, notwithstanding, was continued under annual settlements; and the only change worthy of notice, is a regulation that if the Zemindars came forward to enter into engagements, they should be preferred.

Such was the financial system until the arrival of Cornwallis in 1785. He found great disorder in the revenue department, arising in a great measure from the want of accurate knowledge of the country. The annual farming system was continued; but he felt anxious to ameliorate the fiscal administration. How the state of the country could be improved was the "labor of his thoughts." His mind had been saturated with the ideas arising from the institutions of his father-land. His imagination depicted in glowing colors the felicitous effects of the feudal system, and he was led to think that its application to this country would promote the cause of civilization and happiness.

With a mind full of such thoughts, and a stock of information, and data as limited as possible, he at once determined upon a *permanent settlement*. He felt eager and anxious for its speedy introduction. In 1789 he fathered the well known Zemindari settlement, and it was introduced in Behar and

Orissa; and in the following year in Bengal, comprising 149,732 square miles. It was originally decennial. By order of the Court of Directors it was made permanent. Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville and others who then constituted the cabinet, approved of the measure. The letter communicating the confirmation of the settlement, and penned under the immediate direction of Lord Melville, met with their entire concurrence, and the order was proclaimed here, in 1793, with due *éclat*.

It declared Zemindars, independent Talúkdars or Chaudris, with whom the settlement was made, "actual proprietors of the soil." It was concluded without proper knowledge of the resources of the country, and due ascertainment of the rights of the different classes of land-owners and occupants. The Zemindars were the hereditary collectors and farmers of revenue, and not the proprietors of the land. It has already been said that their original designation was *Deshadhikars* or district-chiefs. From their official connection with the land, the inference was, that they had in it a proprietary right. This was a sad mistake. This conversion of tax-gatherers into proprietors was fatal to the rights of the real proprietary body, who existed in Bengal under the names of village zemindars, cultivating zemindars, village proprietors, &c. The injustice caused by such a measure was of a serious nature. The maliks of Shahabad made strenuous remonstrances against the settlement being made with the Zemindars, but in vain. When Lord Hastings, then Lord Moira, was on a tour of inspection in the province of Bengal, the complaints of village Zemindars were numberless. He says, "the existing system established by the legislature left me without the means of pointing out to the complainants any remedy by which they might hope to obtain redress;" and that, from all he could observe, "the class of village proprietors appeared to be in a train of annihilation."

The sacrifice of the rights of the agricultural community was not the only evil. The dependent Talúkdars, who paid revenue through the Zemindar, were also affected by their being likewise handed over to the newly created body of landed proprietors. The existence of village communities, possessing peculiar rights, was not known or even suspected in the days of Cornwallis. What their fate was, owing to the Zemindari settlement, can be easily conceived.

The question as to the supposed proprietary rights of the Zemindars, had long engaged public attention, and the ablest men of the day had taken part in the discussion. Francis was a warm champion on behalf of the Zemindars; the views of Hastings were different. The conclusion arrived at by a com-

mittee appointed by him to report on the subject was in no way favorable to the opinion of Francis. The other individuals who subsequently took part in the debate were Sir John Shore, Mr. Thomas Law—the concocter of the plan of the permanent settlement,—Mr. Grant—a Revenue officer—and an intelligent writer under the name of Agricola. The letters of the anonymous combatant dwell on the errors and disadvantages of the permanent settlement. Although there are many sensible observations in these letters as to Zemindars being declared “proprietors of the soil”—as to this measure proving “an almost insurmountable obstacle to secure the Ryots from oppression” and “its aggrandizing a *few* at the expense of *hundreds of thousands*”—interfering with the rise of “a numerous class of yeomanry” and blasting “the prospect of exciting emulation and industry,”—yet they seem to support the doctrine that the proprietary right of the land exists in the sovereign. Such continued discussion led to the discovery of some of the errors of the permanent settlement, and they were acknowledged by Sir John Shore. When it was introduced in Bengal, it received only this modification—that it should not be made with Mokarori Talúkdars paying revenue through Zemindars, but with the Zemindars, declaring such Talúkdars “actual proprietors of the soil composing their talúks.” The permanent settlement, introduced no doubt from benevolent motives, was productive of serious evils. The basis on which it was formed was radically defective. Although it had been ordered that the jumma should be determined with reference to the average of former years’ collections, yet the amount was so fixed as to be equivalent to the sum then required for civil and military disbursements. It was considerably greater than the collections of Akbar’s reign, and equal to the amount “drawn from the country during the period of disorder and exaction.” It considerably exceeded the estimate of the Court of Directors, and the settlement of 1786-7. It was “more than fifty or sixty per cent. of the gross *produce* by a million of rupees or thereabouts;” and yet it was considered “a moderate jumma.” It was extremely unequal, owing to “partial and fraudulent assessment.” A few escaped the rigor at the expense of the many; and the subject of settlement was a rich mine of lucre to the Dewans and Sheristadars of the day, whose descendants constitute principally the existing aristocracy of Bengal.

Although the question of *meum* and *tuum* had been raised; and there was a good display of talent in the field of discussion, yet nothing of a satisfactory nature appears to have resulted. Whether we assume that the Ryot possessed the

property of the land or a property in the land, that is, a right of occupancy and cultivation subject to the demand of the State, it is obvious that the claim of the Government ought not to have been fixed at half the produce—the remaining proportion being allowed as expense of collection. Sir John Shore was of opinion that “the Ryots paid in the proportion of one-half of the gross produce of their lands.” The fixation of such a proportion was pregnant with serious objections. It virtually established a doctrine inculcated neither by the Hindus nor by the Mahomedans—We mean the proprietary right of the sovereign in the land. Such a tenet, subversive as it was of the existence of private rights, was an exotic in this country; and in itself an unnatural and unjust one. Whatever diversity of opinion there may be on the origin of Government—whether it was traceable to contract, heavenly ordination, or the natural course of events, there can be no question as to political institutions having been subsequent to the existence of private property. The idea of property, as being the product of labor, is *natural* with man. Land unreclaimed from sterility is common property. It is the first tillage and cultivation which constitute private property. In proportion as agricultural pursuits are thus carried on, the curtailment of the natural liberty and the want of mutual protection are felt; and it is private property which gives rise to Government, and not Government to private property.

But granting that Government was the proprietor, its demand ought to have been limited to the full share of the RENT, and should not have encroached upon the other constituents of produce—LABOR and CAPITAL. The force of this observation will be particularly felt, when we take into account the different qualities of the land, and the circumstance that there are some lands which pay only the expense of cultivation. How the pressure of taxation operated upon such lands can be easily imagined. That the assessment of half the gross produce as Government claim was productive of injury to the ryot, needs no demonstration. It has been statistically shown by Mr. Colebrooke, in his “Remarks on the husbandry of Bengal,” that cultivators at half the produce are worse off than a laborer in the same field at two annas per diem. Lord Brougham, in speaking of the Permanent Settlement, says that it “gave eighteen shillings out of every twenty shillings to the Government, by way of rent!” Sir Thomas Munro observes that “if more than one-third is demanded as Government rent, there can be no private landed property.”

We know of no country, European or Asiatic, where the

cultivators are taxed at one half the gross produce. Under the Hindus the land tax was a twelfth, an eighth, a sixth, or in peculiar and urgent cases, a fourth of the produce. The ordinary proportion was however one-sixth, or seventeen per cent. Under Akbar it was fixed at one-third of the *average produce*. But under the British, it has, in many cases, been settled at one-half.

The creation of the "landed aristocracy," which it had been supposed would give "wealth and happiness to the intelligent and industrious parts of the country," did in no way produce the expected effect. The reason why the ryot could bear its pressure so long, was, that he had more land than mentioned in the pottahs, and this is what he was able "to secure by evasion and concealment." The land-tax was exorbitant. The machinery employed for the realization of the revenue was ill adapted for the purpose. While the Government collected the revenue in a *summary* way, the Zemindars had to institute against the ryots regular proceedings for the recovery of their rents. This was not the only impediment to punctual and expeditious collections. The revenue payable by the Zemindars had been fixed, but that demandable from the ryots was left in a state of great uncertainty,—although it was known that the "Zemindars continually impose new taxes on the ryots, and having subverted the fundamental rules of collection, measure their exactions by the abilities of the ryots." These circumstances combined, disabled the Zemindars from meeting the demand of the Government. The price of land came down considerably, and in some instances it did not fetch even one year's jumma. There was a large defalcation in the revenue, and the estates of the defaulters were brought to the hammer. The sales were so numerous that they are said to have amounted to "probably one-third, or rather one-half, of the landed property of Bengal." This sadly interfered with the creation of a "landed aristocracy," and led to the investiture of the Zemindars with summary powers (Reg. VII. of 1799) for collecting rent from the ryots. But the quantum of rent payable by the ryots was, to quote the words of the Court of Directors, "regulated neither by specific engagements, nor by the established rates of the Pergunahs, or other local divisions in which they reside, but by the arbitrary will of the Zemindars," who sadly abused the powers with which they had been armed by the *hufstum* regulation. The evils arising from the law of distraint were serious. Imposition and oppression were at their zenith. The courts of law were appealed to, but they could render no aid. "In the cases which did come before them," says Rickards, "there was neither rule, nor precedent, nor usage, to guide their decisions; for the

rights of ryots had never been defined; and judgments consequently were often given on principles diametrically opposite."

The miserable condition of the ryots having roused the sympathy of the ruling authorities, they enacted that pottahs or leases should be granted specifying the amount of the demandable rent. But this enactment was soon found inoperative. The Zemindars were desirous of extracting from the ryots every farthing they could get, and the ryots were afraid of giving them any written engagements, lest they might suffer worse conveyance. The Zemindars were prohibited from increasing the *nerik* or local rates of rent. But the *nerik* had not been determined, and its amount was unknown. Every imposer of enhanced rates could say that his claim was in perfect consonance with the *nerik*. There was so much diversity—so much mutation and fluctuation in the *nerik*, that it opened "a new, extensive, and fertile field of litigation" between the Zemindars and ryots. The judicial files swelled to huge magnitude; and in one single district—Burdwan,—the number of suits instituted was thirty thousand! The courts of justice saw before them nothing but Cimmerian darkness, and were unable to pass correct decisions.

In 1812 the Punjam or Regulation 5th was passed. It was an improvement on the rules regarding pottahs, the duration of which was to be settled by the parties granting and receiving them. In other respects it was calculated to do no good to the peasantry, but on the contrary armed the Zemindars with greater powers to harass and oppress them.

The Permanent Settlement abstractedly considered is a great incentive to agricultural improvement, by reason of the security it affords against the increase of rent. The absence of fear in the enjoyment of the fruits of labor operates as a powerful stimulus to exertion, and the increased employment of capital. Such a settlement would have proved a boon if it had been made on just and liberal principles—recognizing the rights of the different classes of land owners and occupants, establishing an equitable assessment, and determining the rates of rent payable by the ryots to the Zemindars. But the manner in which it was introduced renders it a failure. The Court of Directors, seeing the effects which it had produced, could not but "lament that the objects of the Permanent Settlement, in so far as regards the security and happiness of the most numerous and industrious class of the community, have hitherto been so imperfectly attained, that instead of maintaining their rights, we have not ascertained what they are." The Finance Committee, in their report, dated 12th July 1830, say, "in the permanently

settled districts in Bengal, nothing is settled, and little is known but the Government assessment." The Select Committee, after a patient and searching examination of the great mass of evidence taken on the subject, report, in 1832, that "it (the permanent settlement) does not appear to have answered the purposes for which it was benevolently intended by its author, Lord Cornwallis, in 1792-3." In the celebrated Fifth Report it is stated, that the permanent settlement "has produced more distress and beggary, and a greater change in the landed property of Bengal, than has perhaps happened in the same space of time in any age or country by the mere effect of internal regulations."

We can quote the opinions of Lord Hastings, Holt Mackenzie, and others, to show the pernicious consequence of the permanent settlement. But we deem the task superfluous. We shall however conclude by quoting only the words of Sir E. Colebrooke—"The errors of the settlement were twofold; first in the sacrifice of what may be denominated the yeomanry, by merging all tillage rights, whether of property or of occupancy, in the all devouring recognition of the Zemindar's permanent property in the soil, and then leaving the Zemindar to make his settlement with the peasantry as he might choose to require."

The remedial measures ordered by the Court of Directors are, that the Zemindaris, sold for arrears of revenue, should be purchased on account of Government, and settled on the Ryotwar plan. But this order has not had much effect in Bengal, where *Khas management* has not been found advantageous to the *Sirkar*, (the Supreme Government).

Having endeavoured to point out the radical defects of the existing system of Land Revenue in Bengal, we shall now proceed to treat of the additional causes of the degradation of the rural population.

The land tenures in Lower Bengal are of so many descriptions, that a detailed account of them would fill a number of pages. They are however divisible into three classes—1. Zemindari. 2. Talúkdari. 3. Ryotti. We have already given an account of the Zemindari Tenure. The word Zemindari is somewhat indefinite, and conveys no exact idea of the average extent of territory which it comprises. Some Zemindaris pay lakhs; some, thousands; some, hundreds; and some, only a few rupees. They pay *malgúzari* direct to the Collectorate; and in default of payment, their Zemindaris are liable to forfeiture and absolute sale. The Talúkdari Tenure is somewhat comprehensive and applicable to several classes of tenure holders. During the latter part of the Mahomedan adminis-

tration, extensive contractors of revenues were called Talúkdars or rather Zemindar Talúkdars. Purchasers of waste lands outright from Government on the payment of an annual fee, and holders of Enam or jagír lands at a quit rent had also the same designation. A Talúk is however a subordinate tenure in a Zemindari and the Talúkdars are of two classes, viz. Independent or Húzúri, and Dependent. The former have a proprietary right in their Talúks, and pay revenue direct to Government. The latter have no such right. They hold land at mokarori or fixed rates, in perpetuity or for a limited period, from Zemindars, and pay rent to them. They have however the power of transferring their tenure by sale, gift, and other modes of conveyance. That this power has been largely exercised is evident from the subtenancy prevailing throughout the country. The names of the Dependent Talúkdars and their under farmers vary in different districts. They are called Putnidars, Durputnidars, Kotkinadars, Durkotkinadars, Mostajars, &c.

The Putni tenure was created by the Rajah of Burdwan, the greatest Zemindar of Lower Bengal, paying an annual sudar jumma of thirty lakhs of Rupees. The object of creating this tenure was evidently to avoid the trouble of looking into the details of management, and to realize the collections with greater ease and certainty. The Putnidars, actuated by the same desire, sublet their tenure to Durputnidars, who in like manner farmed their durputnas to Saputnidars at a higher jumma. The whole system was, to quote the words of Mr. William Blunt, "profit upon profits." The gradation however did not end here. Mr. Butterworth Bailey, when magistrate of Burdwan, says "I have met with more than one instance of a village being held in portions by six or eight individuals as a Dur-dur-dur putni Talúk." And the consequence was that the ryots were several degrees removed from the Zemindar, to whose care they had been committed by the permanent settlement. There was a regular ferreting and squeezing out of their earnings, and they had to feel the whole onus of imposition in consequence of the different grades of farmers making the most of each other. The inconvenience, insecurity, and oppression caused by this system of sub-letting were serious. They reached the ears of Government, and Mr. H. T. Prinsep was sent to Burdwan to inquire and report on the subject. In the course of six weeks that gentleman concluded his labors, and in 1819 a regulation (No. VIII.) was passed, confirming the tenure. The system of letting and under-letting had been found to

press heavily upon the ryot. It is one of the principal causes of his impoverishment; agriculture can never prosper while the peasantry are so much harassed and crushed down. "Even a bad sovereign," says Dr. Smith, "feels more compassion for his people, than can be expected from the farmers of his revenue." But the want of improvement and the oppression of the people are not the only evils. Depopulation and the increase of crime are and must be inseparable from the cruelties practised upon the ryots, by the farmers and under farmers. That such has been the case can be shewn by historic proofs. A ryot can never think of prosecuting his agricultural pursuits when his rights are trampled upon—when he himself is deprived of the last *courie* he possesses; and the hand of oppression raised against him. In such circumstances he is constrained to emigrate or live upon thefts and dakoities.

The difference between a Putnidar and Kotkinadar or Ijardar, is, that the tenure of the one is perpetual and liable to sale in default of the payment of rent; and that of the other is for a limited period. All these classes of farmers and under farmers are actuated by motives of speculation, and fail not to make the best of their bargain. The Kotkinadars are known to have been particularly unmerciful. Knowing that their leases will expire on a certain day, they rob the ryot right and left, unmindful of any consequences. In one of the papers under review, it is stated by a well-informed and intelligent native gentleman, that "by the majority however of the most respectable and opulent landholders the abwabs or *bajaddayas* (as they are sometimes called) are never systematically levied, as they make the payment of them optional with the ryots. But unfortunately it is not so with the *Khorda Talúkdars* such as Durputnidars, Saputnidars, farmers and others, who make them a matter of extortion, and will not cease till they are paid up." It is also known, that, when there was a partial failure of crops in Zillah Kishnaghur in 1809, and the ryots were in consequence badly off, they received no indulgence from the Kotkinadars and Durkotkinadars. On the contrary they were so much oppressed that they were forced to desert their villages. "All these under-landholders have," says Mr. A. Fraser Tytler (who held the office of assistant Judge in the 24-Pergunnahs) "independent of the high rent demanded, various means of oppressing the *ryots* and making the best of their lands. Perhaps some respectable man has given away, at a marriage or otherwise, a small portion of land to a needy dependent, but has not thought it necessary to give him a regular *sunnud* (or grant). The

Kotkinadar taking the law into his hands, demands a sight of the title deeds, and not receiving them, disposes of the land to his own friend. Another poor ryot, having scraped together a small sum of money (which, as it is at the present day a miracle, ought the more to be encouraged) has planted a few trees; the new Kotkinadar must have a rent or jumma for these. A third has had a piece of land for many years, calling it ten *bigahs*; the new Kotkinadar tells him, he must either pay so much or have his lands measured. The poor wretch well knows what he has to expect from the measurement of a *Kotkinadar*, and he will rather pay than have his little piece of ground limited, as it may probably contain a few divisions more than was stated, and from the cultivation of which alone, he can afford to pay the enormous rent of the landholder. In short their devices for making money are innumerable." Again the same author says "it is to Kotkinadars and Durkotkinadars that we may chiefly ascribe the harbouring of *Dakoits* and other notoriously bad characters; for I think it may be easily seen that it is not the interest of any respectable *Zemindar*, to nourish, as it were, vipers in his bosom, to support the very men who ruin the villages and cause the ryots to fly from his lands." The opinions which Mr. W. Dampier, the Superintendent of Police, expresses in his Reports, fully bear out our view of the prejudicial effects of the subletting system. In the second half-yearly report for 1842, he says, speaking of Burdwan; "In this district, as well as in others where there is much underletting, holders of land and others apparently engaged in trade and of some respectability are engaged as protectors of *Dakoits* and receivers of the property." Again, in the Report for 1843, "the subletting system, which relieves the *Zemindars* from all connection with their estates or ryots, and places these in the hands of middlemen and speculators, is striking its roots all over the country, and is grinding the poorer classes to nothing but a bare subsistence, if it leaves them that. The *Tikadar*, *Zurpeskidar*, *Putnidar*, *Izardar*, and all that class, including their innumerable sub-dependents, are spreading over these provinces and breaking down all feeling between landlord and tenant—Regulation VIII. of 1819 is of advantage to absentee landlords; but it is the bane and ruin of the cultivators of the soil, leading to more crime and misery than can be explained here." In another part of the Report Mr. Dampier refers "to the subletting system, which, leaving the ryots very little subsistence (the rents being higher and the price of labor lower than in other districts) exposes them to the temptation of robbing, when they are in penury, and also the minor *Talúkdars* and

sub-holders who receive themselves but little from the soil, countenancing and protecting the gangs."

Need we multiply quotations to show the pernicious effects of the sub-letting system? They are so palpable, and have so often been the themes of reprobation, that any further demonstration is unnecessary.

Next to the Talúkdari, comes the Ryotti tenure. The word ryot does not necessarily mean a cultivator; for a man may be a ryot without being himself a cultivator. It has particular reference to *jot*. Persons who have lands in their own *jot*, or in the *jot* of others, or who are residents in any Zemindari or Talúk, are called ryots,—of whom there are two classes, viz. Khodkhasts and Paikhasts. The former are resident ryots; that is, they live and may or may not cultivate lands in the same Zemindari. The latter only hold lands, having dwelling houses in other Zemindaris. Although there are *Mokarori* and *Istamorari Khodkhasts* and *Paikhasts*, yet *Mokarori* and *Istamorari* refer more to the former than to the latter. They mean holdings at a *fixed* jumma in perpetuity. The fulcrum of the *Mokaroridar* is ancient title under the guarantee of a pottah; and that of the *Istamorardar* is prescription. There are other words which are applied to lands held at a fixed jumma, viz. *Kodimi*, or holding from generation to generation, and *Mouroosi*, or what descends as a patrimony. But they all purport one and the same thing—an indefeasible and acknowledged right against the increase of jumma. The holder of any of these tenures may or may not possess *proprietary right* in the land, which is invariably annexed to the Putitdar or him "whose ancestor first broke up the soil;"—a class almost annihilated by the permanent settlement. These tenures no doubt afford great security to the peasantry, but the number of persons holding them is very limited in every district. The mutations caused by the existing system of land revenue, have been so great, that the large proportion of good tenures held before by the Ryots, are now almost engrossed by the Zemindars, Talúkdars, Putnidars, Kotkinadars, and their numerous sub-holders, to whom they have been conveyed in satisfaction of the arrears of rent or other demands. That the Ryots are often under the necessity of selling their lands and tenures to the Zemindar, his subtenants or agents, is well known. The passion for creating such property is so strong, that Gomastas appointed to a Zemindari often make it a subject of their study to form some such Alaka, either in their own name, or in the name of any of their relatives for fear of the Zemindar. That there should have been such a great change in Ryotti

tenures is not therefore to be wondered at. According to the law, *Mokarori* and *Istamorari* tenures held for more than twelve years before the permanent settlement, are not liable to an increase of jumma, except when the Zemindari is made Khas, in which case they are assessable according to the general rates of the district. Such tenures, if existing, must have been difficult to substantiate, by reason of the liability of documents to decay, and the paucity of proofs of such old events. Those Ryots however who hold *Jumabundi* from the *Sirkar*, or registered pottahs, are the only class whose safety against the increase of jumma can be calculated upon. The Khodkhasts generally take *Bamiadi pottahs*, or leases for an unlimited period; which are not invariably granted to the Paikhasts, who are, in many instances, tenants at will. With respect to the Khodkhasts, Rammohun Roy says "By Art. 2. S. 60. of Reg. VIII. 1793, Government declared, that no one should cancel the pottahs (i. e. the title deeds) fixing the rates of payment for the lands of the Khodkhast Ryots" (peasants cultivating the lands of their own village) "except upon proof that they had been obtained by collusion," or "that the rents paid by them within the last three years had been below the *nirkh bundi* (general rate) of the *Purgunnah*," (particular part of the district where the land is situated) or "that they had collusive deductions," or upon a general measurement of the *Purgunnah* for the purpose of equalizing and correcting the assessment." In practice, however, under one or other of the preceding four conditions, the land-holders (Zemindars) through their influence and intrigues, easily succeeded in completely setting aside the rights, even of the Khodkhast cultivators, and increasing the rents."

The Khodkhasts and Paikhasts, whose tenures are always transferable, are susceptible of sub-division, but the tenures falling under such sub-division are not uniformly denominated in all districts. We shall touch on those which are of a prominent nature.

Tikadar is the holder of land for a limited period. In the 24-Pergunnahs the parties who purchase proprietary rights in lands situated in any Talúk or Zemindari are called *Tikadars*.

Bhagkar is the cultivator of land on the condition of obtaining from the proprietor half the produce. *Sajot* is a species of *Bhag* in which a fixed quantity of produce is taken as rent. This tenure is prevalent in many districts, and resembles the Metayer system in Europe. Although it is better than the system of slave cultivation, it is said to have proved injurious

both in Europe and India. In cases where the crops are not uncertain, the truth of this observation is evident. "The tenant," says Dr. Buchanan, "is not pushed for his rent, and his great object, in place of cultivating well, is to diminish the expense of cultivation. From this a very great loss arises to the landlord, and still more to the public."

Pathar is the cultivator of land of which the rent is fixed when the crop is in the field. On the removal of the produce, all his right in the land ceases.

A cultivator of *Khamar* land means one who cultivates waste lands, as well as those lands, which are held of Zemindars, who let them from time to time.

Junglburidar is the holder of jungly lands, who are generally exempted from the payment of rent for a certain period. They are in the first instance *rosuddi* and eventually assessed at a full jumma. This tenure is transferable when the jumma is fixed, and the pottah given without any limitation as to time. It is also *Mokarori* when stipulated in the pottah.

The enumeration of Ryotti tenures does not end here. The above is merely a brief sketch of the leading ones. In many of the districts there are special and peculiar tenures.

The under tenants, though variously designated, *Patoy*, *Kurfa*, *Tika*, *Shikmi*, &c. are of one description. The pottahs granted to them are sometimes *bamiadi*. They have generally no fixed rights, and hold lands at the will of the *Sha ryot*.

There are two classes of people who compose the agricultural community, viz. *Grihasthas* and *Chasis*. The former let their lands to husbandmen, and receive a certain rent or a portion of the produce, or hire laborers to cultivate them, confining themselves to mere direction and supervision. This class consists of Brahmans, Baidas, Kayasthas, Kazis, Maulavis, Khonkars, &c., who however humble in circumstances, consider it derogatory to their honor to handle agricultural implements. The latter, or the *Chasi* class, are in all cases the real agriculturists. They either cultivate for themselves or for others or superintend their own cultivation. Men of low castes, such as Pods, Tiurs, Sudgopas, Kaibartas, Goahlas, Jolahs, &c. constitute the *Chasi* class. And their proportion is generally greater and varies in different districts.

Although land in Bengal is noted for its fertility and yielding remunerating crops, the high rents, abwabs, and other expenses, prevent the ryots from creating a capital. To this circumstance is to be attributed the growth and fructification of the mahajani system. The mahajans or money-lenders are sometimes the resident cultivators, and sometimes Talukdars of the same or

of the neighbouring villages. The rate of interest at which the ryots borrow money from mahajans varies in different districts. At Burdwan it is 12 to 25 per cent. per annum,—25 per cent. on the hypothecation of crops is the ordinary rate in the 24-Pergunnahs. At Nudiya, Zemindars lend money at 12, but mahajans charge $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. The mahajani interest at Jessore is at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. over and above the usual rate. It is stated in another part of the answer from Jessore that the professional mahajans lend money “at an enormous interest, taking care to deduct a certain sum as *Dharati* from the amount of the loan,” and the milkman, oilman, &c. “are obliged to supply their creditors daily with the articles they trade in, for their diurnal consumption.” The pressure of drainage falls so heavily upon the ryots that they are obliged in many instances to borrow paddy from their landlords, and the repayment is generally made in double the quantity; if it is not repaid in due time, an additional sum in the shape of interest is charged; and the system is known under the name of “Bari daya.” Mr. Alexander Frazer Tytler, whom we have already quoted, says, “the mahajan lives by the ryot, receiving almost cent per cent from them, and as surely the ryot lives by the mahajan, for you must change his nature, before he will live in any other way.” The ryot, although unknown to the mahajan, is assisted with money, and with the means for the prosecution of agricultural pursuits: and the connection between them becomes most intimate. Mr. Tytler, who had many opportunities of knowing the particulars of the mahajani system, gives the following account—“The mahajans are frequently a most oppressive class of men, and ruin the *ryots* by the exorbitant interest they charge, by their cunning in keeping accounts, thus leaving them in complete ignorance of the state of their affairs, and by many other iniquitous practices. These practices ought to be checked; and a thorough investigation of this system would develope numberless scenes of knavery and imposition, would save the families of many thousands from distress, and prevent the occurrence of many crimes.” In the answer from Burdwan, it is stated that “the ryots are entirely, or almost entirely, in the hands of the mahajans; and are made the instruments, as well as victims, of every description of villany practised by them.” From the day that a ryot falls into the hands of a mahajan, he becomes a degraded being. There is an awful potency in the word of the mahajan, and it must be listened to, and acted upon, without any consideration of the consequences. When the Talúkdar is the mahajan, the ryot is entirely at his mercy. If the case be other-

wise, the ryot must be under the influence of the party most oppressive and tyrannical—be he the Talúkdar or Mahajan. The connection between the ryots and mahajans being more intimate, they are generally more under the influence of them than of the Talúkdars. But the effects of the system are extremely prejudicial, and it is of great importance to think of means calculated to hasten its destruction. We fully concur in the view taken by Jeremy Bentham of the question of usury, and are no advocates for money being differently regulated from any other commodity. Legislative restrictions may be imposed upon the loan of money at more than a fixed rate of interest; but they prove weak and impotent in their operation. The rate of interest is in reality dependent upon the necessity and respectability of the borrower, and the state of the money market. The root of the Mahajani system, is the living of the ryots from hand to mouth. Whatever they earn is drawn upon in so many ways, that instant absorption is generally the inevitable result. True, the exertions of Mr. John Elliot, magistrate of Zillah Tipperah, in inducing the ryots to live independently of the mahajans, were crowned with success. True, that similar strenuous efforts might be attended in some cases with similar results. But we do not see how we can hope for a total cure, unless the causes which force the ryots to resort to the mahajan's aid are removed. It is our impression that if the ryot be sufficiently protected, and enabled to create capital, the Mahajani system will necessarily die away. The great thing to be aimed at for the extirpation of this evil is the gradual liberation of the ryot from the imposition and oppression to which he is now subject, and which almost drain him of the fruits of his labor. We are however in no way unfriendly to the adoption of auxiliary means. The mal-practices of the mahajans ought to be watched with great attention; condign punishment inflicted on the convicted; and ryots discouraged in every way from being made cyphers in their hands.

The rates of rent are scarcely equal in two districts. They not only vary in different districts, pergunnahs and villages, but in different parts of the same village. They are generally determined with reference to the fertilizing qualities of the soil, the number of crops they bear, and the facilities which exist for the advantageous cultivation and sale of the produce. There are various descriptions of soil, viz. Shali, Shúna, Dwa, Kurpa, Iksú, Tamak, Tút, &c. Shali produces one ámun crop (Rice). Shúna produces one áwús crop (Rice) and sometimes other crops such as hemp, peas, flax, &c. The crops

raised on Dwa, are cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, rice, vegetables, &c. and it is by far the richest land. The other lands Kurpa (cotton) Iksú (sugar cane) Tamak (tobacco) Tút (mulberry) &c. are all subdivisions of the Dwa.

The variation of rent in different parts of Bengal is striking. But its maximum and minimum could, notwithstanding, be determined, and so settled as to promote agricultural interests. When the permanent settlement was made, the revenue payable by the Zemindars was settled. But what should be paid by the owners and holders of different descriptions of land in the different parts of the country, was left in a state of uncertainty. "Government," to quote the words of Mr. Mill, "has not interfered with the payment or the mode of payment to the Zemindars; and the decision of the courts has been, that under terms of the permanent settlement, they have no right to interfere, either in respect to the mode, or in respect to the degree. This has been productive of positive mischief to the rural population and to the cause of agriculture."

That the Zemindars frequently increase their demand against the ryots, and are not guided by any fixed principle, but by their "arbitrary will," is a well known fact. Mr. H. G. Christian, in his evidence before the Select Committee in 1830, stated, "I think the rent is frequently increased on them—(ryots): one case in particular came before me as a member of the Board of Revenue for the Lower Provinces; it originated I believe in the district of Jessore." Mr. Holt Mackenzie, in his evidence before the same Committee in 1832, said, "Generally they (Zemindars) take what they can get without any very distinct understanding of the grounds of their demand." Mr. T. Fortescue, Commissioner for the Civil affairs of Delhi, expressed his opinion to the following effect on the same occasion—"Had the rates by which the ryots were formerly liable to be assessed been recorded at the permanent settlement, and fixed; the value of the rights of the ryots would ere this day have been very considerable, and rendered them secure and comfortable." The evidence given by Mr. Mill before the Select Committee is also much to the point. He says, "they (Zemindars) take from them (Ryots) all that they can get; in short they exact whatever they please. According to what is now the common understanding, and apparently the decision of the courts, they have no defence whatever but that of removal; they must decline to pay what is exacted and quit the land."

The report made on the subject in 1814, by Mr. Cornish,

the 4th Judge of the Patna Court of Circuit, is very relevant and pertinent. He declares :—

“The assertion may appear extraordinary, but it is nevertheless certain, that the rights of the Ryots remain to this day unexplained and undefended. It is true that there is something like a provision for preventing the rents of the lands of the Chapperbund or Khodkhasta Ryots from being raised, unless the Zemindar can prove that they have paid less for them, for the last three years, than the nerik of the Pergunnah. But what is this nerik or how to be ascertained? It is a mere name, and of no kind of use in securing the rights of the Ryots. The Paikhast Ryots are altogether left to the mercy of the Zemindars. Was this intended? If so, what can possibly be the objection to its being declared by a Regulation, that the Ryot is a mere cultivator and tenant at will, and that, if he refuse to take a pottah, he may be ousted by summary process, and that, further, on the expiration of his engagement, the Zemindar may demand whatever rent he thinks proper to ask.

The consequence of the confusion and doubts which at present exist on this subject, is, that the Ryots conceive that they have a right to hold their lands so long as they pay the rent which they and their forefathers have always done; and the Zemindars, although afraid openly to avow, as being contrary to immemorial custom, that they have a right to demand any rent they choose to exact, yet go on compelling them to give an increase; and the power of distraint, vested in them by the regulations, soon causes the utter ruin of the resisting ryot.

These disputes, in general, end by the ryots appealing to the courts of justice, suits of this nature are exceedingly intricate and difficult of decision, and the judgments of the courts are frequently given on principles diametrically opposite, and this must, and ever will be the case, until the subject is taken into the consideration of Government, and the rights of the Ryots, if they have any, clearly defined; or if they have none, that their minds be set at rest by being told so; in this case, instead of resisting the attempts of the Zemindars to raise their rents on them, which is sure ultimately to end in their destruction, they would patiently submit to the orders of Government, and secure for themselves the best terms in their power.”

We have already introduced a goodly array of witnesses, and the sentiments expressed by them show in what an uncertain and insecure state the Ryot is. Indeed this defect in the enactments of 1793, is so great, that they have been pronounced by the Home Government to authorize the Zemindar “to oust even the hereditary Ryots from the possession of their lands, when the latter refuse to accede to any terms of rent, which may be demanded of them, however exorbitant.” The subject has not escaped the attention of the authorities here and in England. Although the allodial rights of the Ryots have been virtually annihilated by the Permanent Settlement, yet it provides for the adoption by Government of such measures as may be “necessary for the protection and welfare of the dependent Talúkdars, Ryots and other cultivators of the soil.” This reservation, although not distinctly adverted to in the correspondence be-

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tween the Bengal Government and the Court of Directors, will be found substantially recognized. The revenue letter dated 1st August 1822, from the Bengal Government, states "that there is nothing in the laws when duly considered calculated in the slightest degree to bar the Government from the adoption of such measures as it may see fit to adopt with the view of securing the Ryots." It also states that it "was unquestionably competent to the Government in fixing its own demand, to fix also the rates at which the Malgúzar was to make his collections," and with regard to the remedial measures it opines that "it is not so easy to come to any determination, for the evil exhibits itself in a vast variety of forms and in a countless number of individual cases. Much good, however, will result from the distinct declaration of the principle, and means being now taken regularly to record the result of judicial decisions with reference to the mehals and villages to which they apply; we trust much information calculated to fix the Mofussil jumma bundi will thus accumulate, to which will be added the more detailed, though we fear less authentic, information of the Kanongos and Patwaris." The reply of the Court of Directors dated 10th November 1824, expresses their fullest concurrence in the views of the Bengal Government, and recommends that its design should be carried into effect. The evils flowing from the non-adjustment of the Ryotti jumma are known, seen, and acknowledged. The propriety of legislative interference is likewise admitted, though we do not see that any definite measure has as yet been proposed on the subject. The late Mr. Harrington, when a member of the Supreme Council, proposed a Regulation for the protection of the Ryots. It was drafted and circulated for consideration. On perusing the document, a number of able judicial functionaries were pleased to express apprehensions as to its inconsistency with the terms of the permanent settlement. It failed therefore to receive the impress of authority, and was quietly shelved. We are not aware of any further attention having been since directed to the subject. Among those who differed from Mr. Harrington was Mr. Alexander Ross. Though a Benthamite in his views, and a "Friend of India"—anxious at all times to do what was just and right, he maintained a doctrine to which we can never subscribe. It was "that the Ryots in Bengal have no rights, and never had any!" We need not recapitulate what we have already said on this point. Suffice it to say that if the ancient laws, history, and practice be consulted, such a dogma can never be maintained. The result of the non-ascertainment of the Ryotti jumma, is that any

Zemindar, Talúkdar, Putnidar, or Kotkinadar, can raise the rent of the Ryots, if they do not hold Pottahs, or if the Pottahs be *miadi*. When the Ryots do not submit to the enhanced jumma, the course left to the imposer of it is simple. He institutes a suit for the increase of jumma; and the evidence of two or three witnesses, who can be easily purchased, will substantiate that the rate paid by the defendant is under the *mathar* (local rate) and secure a verdict against him. No argumentation—no contention on the part of the Ryot, that the land, if it ought to be assessed at a higher jumma, owes its improvement to his labor and capital, or that he has been holding it at that rate for many years, will alter the aspect of the question. What a serious drawback this is against the improvement of land and the security of property ! It is well known that Pottahs and Kobúleats are not in every case exchanged, although stringent regulations have been enacted for the purpose. And there is therefore no difficulty in the imposition of higher jummas, in the absence of Pottahs, or after the expiration of the period stipulated by them. This observation is applicable to estates which do not change hands. The Ryots of those which are sold for arrears of revenue, suffer greater hardship, owing to the idea of *property* being associated with *purchase*. The auction purchaser of an estate is considered as its *de facto* and *de jure* proprietor, and he, in consequence, not only imposes new rates upon his Ryots, but arbitrarily ousts them whenever he likes. He claims this as his right, and it has been recognised by courts of justice. The Ryots, to quote the evidence of Mr. Mill given before the Select Committee in 1830, “are mere tenants at will of the Zemindars in the permanently settled Provinces.” Their rights, as affected by the sale of the estates to which they belonged, had been inquired into. The reports obtained from the Judges and Collectors, were marked by diversity of sentiment. But it was found and admitted by the Bengal Government, “that the rights of the Ryots in Bengal under the operation of the Permanent Settlement, had passed away *sub silentio*.” There has been no modification in the powers exercised by auction purchasers. They now receive estates free from all incumbrances, and the engagements of former proprietors are not entirely binding on them. The tenures excepted from the increase of jumma are such as are not held by the majority of the Ryots, and they do not therefore benefit by the exception.* Even those which are excepted, cannot always be safe; as the conditions annexed

* Vide Acts XII. of 1841 and I. of 1845.

to them may at any time be shown otherwise than what they ought to be. The Nilamdars are also known to cause new surveys to be made of the Zemindaris. Although there are Ryots who hold *toufir* lands for which no rent is paid, and to whom a survey is a subject of dread, yet the manner in which it is carried on, cannot but be hurtful to the rights of many. The fraud practised in this respect has been so great, that "Ryots have been known to consent to the doubling of their rates upon a stipulation for a fair measurement." The consequence from such a state of insecurity is that the embarkation of capital in the improvement of land is prevented, agriculture discouraged, Ryots oppressed, and their degraded condition perpetuated.

The father of the Permanent Settlement never intended that the Zemindars should increase their rents; for in his minute, dated 3rd February 1790, he says, "*Whoever cultivates the land, the Zemindar can receive no more than the established rent.*" To permit him to dispossess one cultivator for the sole purpose of giving the land to another, would be vesting him with a power to commit a wanton act of oppression;" and in the very face of this minute—in defiance of the opinions strongly expressed by officers who spent years in this country—in utter violation of the principles of justice, the purchasers of Zemindaris are allowed to exercise an authority which they cannot claim upon any ground of right, and which is productive of most mischievous consequences to the rural community. To those who are familiar with Mofussil scenes, this remark will recall many of them to their remembrance. The Ryot who lives to day in the enjoyment of his home and hearth—busied in thoughts of his harvest and granary, his cattle and ploughs, his wife and children, may be in the very same week, deprived of all. He rises next morning to attend to the economy of his *Khet*, and is thunder-struck with the notice of the *Nilamdar* demanding an increase of rent with the alternative of ejection. No plea, however grounded upon prescriptive right, will extricate him from the difficulty. He is dragged before the *Nilamdar*, who harangues on the justness of his claim as the lord of the whole estate, and on the impropriety of hesitation to comply with his demand. The companions of the *Nilamdar*, sitting around to fawn and flatter his vanity, of course nod assent. The Naibs and Gomastas exhaust threats and abuses, in which they are often joined by the *Nilamdar*. If the Ryot submit to the demand, he is required to execute a *Kobuléat*, and here the curtain drops. In the event of his hesitating to do so, he has to suffer the rigor and abuse of Regulation V.

of 1812. The notice of distress is often not stuck at his house and the *Forosh Amin* is bred to make the sale a *sudden affair*: on the appointed day, the Paiks, Munduls, Gomastas, headed by the *Forosh Amin*, surround the Ryots' house with *dhols* beating at intervals. The villagers congregate, muttering among themselves, "this is the fate of friend ——— for non-compliance with the Nilamdar's demand; we must not incur his displeasure by following such a course. He is rich, we are poor, what can we do?" The *Forosh Amin*, who in nine cases out of ten is a creature of the Nilamdar, commences the proceedings of the day. The goods and chattels are sold, and the proceeds handed over to the Nilamdar. If the sum realized by the sale, falls short of the claim, and the Ryot be a proprietor or Mokaroridar, his land or tenure is eventually sold; and he is thus reduced to a state of beggary.

It is now high time that measures should be adopted for limiting the rates of rent paid by the Ryots. This is what justice and humanity require. The welfare of a vast population, who form the very sinews of a country, is its direct and positive welfare. Promote their well-being, and the well-being of the country is promoted. In urging this point, we need scarcely have recourse to any demonstration. It is self-evident, and possesses axiomatic cogency. Now the question is, what measures ought to be taken for the attainment of this end. The establishment of a *nerik bundi*, or the correct ascertainment of the maximum and minimum rates of rent of every description of land, according to its qualities, in every village, is a great desideratum. But the institution of such a statistical inquiry is attended with great delay and expense. And it is to be doubted whether the object will be fully attained by such a course. Detailed and minute surveys have, in several parts of India, proved failures. They "tend rather to increase than diminish the irregularities of assessment," and the "safest guide in fixing the assessment, is the actual produce and collection of former years." The procedure therefore is simple. The existing rates of rent of every field, unless complained of as being high by the Ryot, or low by the Zemindar, should be declared fixed for 20 or 30 years. In cases where such complaints are preferred, they should be adjudicated on the spot, and the correct rate ascertained. Although the rent now paid is generally high; yet it is better that it should be permanently limited, than left undefined and open to arbitrary increase. In some places it is really exorbitant, and ought to be reduced. Rammohun Roy says "I regret

to say that in some parts of these provinces, the rent is already raised so high, that even an interdict against further increase cannot afford the Ryots (cultivators) any relief or comfort ; consequently the Government might endeavour to raise part of its revenue by taxes on luxuries, and such articles of use and consumption as are not necessities of life, and make a proportionate deduction in the rents of the cultivators and in the revenues of the *Zamindars* to whom the lands belong." The adjustment of the *nerik* ought to be effected by a respectable class of officers, such as Deputy Collectors. The imposition of such a task upon uneducated and unprincipled functionaries, as *Amíns*, will be a regular "pound-foolish and penny-wise" measure, and they by their proceedings, in which they will be mainly guided by motives of self-interest, will make bad worse. The instruction which ought to be impressed upon the settlement officers is, that in cases where sufficient data are wanting, it will be better "to err on the side of lenity." Over-assessment is a great *incubus* and bane to improvement. In the directions for settlement officers promulgated under the authority of the Lieutenant Governor, it is very justly inculcated that "over-assessment discourages the people and demoralizes them, by driving them to unworthy shifts and expedients ; and it also prevents the accumulation of capital, and dries up the resources of the country. Viewing the question simply in a financial light, an assessment which presses hard upon the people, is most injurious. It checks the population, affects the Police, and is felt in the excise, in the stamps and in the customs. It is evident that the prosperity of the people, and the best interests of the Government, are inseparably bound up together."

The unsettlement of the rent paid by the Ryot is not the only grievance under which he labors. This no doubt materially detracts from his security in the enjoyment of property, and necessarily prevents that undivided and hearty application to the improvement of the land which would otherwise be given. But there is another evil in the Zemindari system of an equally, if not of a more, serious nature, operating prejudicially on rural interests. The evil we allude to, is the imposition of cesses or abwabs by the Zemindars upon the Ryots. This practice, if it at all existed under the Hindu administration, was carried on to so small an extent that its operation appears to have met with no notice. But after the sovereign power was grasped by the followers of Mahommed, the practice of exacting cesses gradually grew and strengthened with the growth and strength of modern oppression. The emperor imposed abwabs upon the

Subadars, the Subadars upon the Zemindar Talúkdars, the Zemindar Talúkdars upon the district Zemindars, the district Zemindars upon the village Zemindars, and the village Zemindars upon the Ryots. And it is the Ryots, and the Ryots alone, who suffer most from the hydraulic press of exaction. What Governor Verelst said in 1769, regarding the Bengal Ryot, is fully applicable to his present state, "The truth," says he, "cannot be doubted, that the poor and industrious is taxed by the Zemindar or collector for every extravagance that avarice, ambition, pride, vanity or other intemperance may lead him to, over and above what is generally deemed the establishnd rate of his rent. If he is to be married, a child born, honors conferred, luxury indulged; Nuzzuranas (presents) or fines are exacted; even for his own misconduct, all must be paid by the Ryot: and what heightens the distressful scene, the more opulent, who can better obtain redress for imposition, escape, while the weaker are obliged to submit." After the conclusion of the Permanent Settlement it was enacted that all cesses should be revised and consolidated in the engagements to be entered into by the Ryots, and no additional abwabs* imposed, under a penalty of three times the amount. But the enactment has been a dead letter. The Zemindars impose any abwabs they please. The practice of making exactions from the Ryot by the Zemindar and his Amlas, had become so great that the Judges and Magistrates were called on in 1809 to report on the state of their respective districts. The account given by them clearly demonstrated that the Ryot was in an unprotected and helpless condition. The instances were numerous, and the imposition of cesses had established and enlarged itself as a *system*—indestructible and strong, and impregnable as an "adamantine rock." The abwabs are imposed in very many forms, all depending upon the will of the Zemindar. In some places, they are paid in kind. On the occasions of certain festivals and ceremonies, calls are made upon the whole industrial community. The milkman gives his milk; the oilman his oil; the weaver his clothes; the confectioneer his sweetmeats; the fisherman his fish; and in fact every craft has to bear the pressure more or less. Those who are respectable escape. They often cannot be taxed, but not so the poorer class. They must pay in kind or specie whenever they are ordered. Dr. Buchanan, in his Eastern India, says that in Púrnya these illegal charges "raise the rents three-tenths

* We believe the sewai collections such as Julkar, Bonekar, Fulkar, &c. are excepted.

more than the engagement," and that the Hakimi price (paid by Zemindars, &c.) for almost every thing, is much less than the amount paid by the Grihasta. Mr. Piddington, in his reply to the queries circulated by the Sudar Board of Revenue says, "I fear to be discredited when I state that from 20 to 40 per cent. on the actual jumabundi (Regal Lent) is yearly extorted from the poor Ryot." The abwabs are not in all places collected with reference to the rental. In some places they amount to one-sixteenth, in some places one-eighth, in some places one-fourth, in some places half, in some places they come up fully to, and in some exceed the jumma! In some places they may be less than one-sixteenth. The leading abwabs are (1) *Talubsúd* or interest on the rents over due, (2) *Salami* or fine paid for every Pottah, and on the occasion of *Punjaha* or the first day of collection, (3) *Mangun* or contribution for defraying expense of a festival, *sradha*, marriage, &c., (4) *Mathút* for meeting the expense of embankments and bribing Darogahs, &c. (5) *Chout*, one-fourth of the consideration money of the land for effecting the transfer of name in the Zemindari records, (6) *Maracha* tax upon every marriage, (7) *Bhatti* paid by the parents, &c. of the bridegroom, (8) *Baja Adya* for committing improper acts, such as affrays, carrying on criminal intercourse, causing abortions, &c. (9) *Ghorsí Mangun* or contribution from the under tenants, (10) *Dhúlut* paid by parties who make purchases in the Zemindari. The Zemindars take cognizance of civil and criminal cases in their Zemindaris, although prohibited by law, and exercise the powers of judges and magistrates. The Ryots submit to their decision in consequence of the inefficacy of the judiciary institutions, and the great expense and trouble in resorting to them. The Zemindars are said to be more lenient in the impositions of the abwabs, than the Putnidars and the Kotkinadars or their respective successive grades who show no leniency. Whether the Ryots are well off or not, is no object with them. They must screw what they can. They feel no interest in the improvement of the Zemindari.

In Bengal the purchase of a Zemindari is a sort of speculation, and looked upon as the goose giving golden eggs every day. It must either be farmed at a good profit, or placed in the charge of a collector who becomes the de facto Zemindar. Few, very few Zemindars, reside in their Zemindaris. Some of them spend their days and nights in their closets, doing actually nothing in the world. Some live in this city in the capacity of banians to mercantile adventurers, to whom they advance thousands and lakhs of rupees. These gentlemen cease not to

heap upon their *Sahab* adulatory expressions. They do not attentively observe how the *Sahab* spends their money—how much he makes—how much he consumes,—how much he accumulates. Extravagance and luxury, are daily practised at their cost—their claim swells out at last to a large sum, but only upon paper; and they have then the misfortune to see their names in the schedule. They then go to an attorney, who hears the often told tale. The narration is closed. He sinks into his easy chair to cogitate. He opens his eyes and says “I do not see any remedy—you must prove fraud if you oppose.” The parties seeking this advice find themselves *lachar* and “homeward plod their weary way,” while the *Sahab* goes through certain forms, and is “discharged.” He again wants a banian and performs scene second of his first act. There are some Zemindars who are fond of connecting themselves with civilians, and lend them any sums of money they require. They study to please them. They hesitate not to take off their shoes, to bend and attitudinize themselves, to fold their hands and clothe their address in a flourish of *orientalisms*. They aim at serving the civilians, so as to render them instrumental in the promotion of their interests. Such is the way in which the Zemindars make themselves aliens to the internal economy of their Zemindaries. Ask them questions as to the agricultural, manufacturing, or fiscal statistics of their estates, and the answer is sure to be that their naibs know every thing about the matter. It is to be questioned whether they even minutely look into the accounts rendered by their collectors. They are fond of ease, and are not at all times accessible to their Ryots. If petitions complaining of, or praying for, any thing be presented with *nuzzuranas*, they are not seldom referred to the Dewan, the head officer of the house, who participates in the gains of the naib, and disposes of the matter as he feels influenced.

In every Zemindari there is a naib or head-collector, generally in the receipt of 6 to 16 Rs. a month. In large Zemindaris the emolument allowed is greater. The naib is generally a man of narrow and limited ideas. His proficiency consists in a thorough knowledge of revenue accounts, and in rustic eloquence, so necessary for the purposes of collection. He exacts a *hisabana* or perquisite for adjusting accounts annually at so much on every rupee he collects—say six pie to one anna. He also takes a share of the abwabs levied for settling disputes, licencing marriages, shraddhs, hushing up abortions, making kharaj dakhil, &c. A Zemindari is generally divided into *chucks*. Those which are far from the *Kacheri bari*, where the naib resides, are in the charge of gomastas who are subor-

dinate to him. They receive from three to six Rupees per month, and take similar perquisites and abwabs from the Ryots of the *chuks* forming their jurisdiction. They pay a certain sum annually to the naib and sometimes share with him in *bajaadya*. The Paiks, or the collecting peons sent to summon defaulting Ryots, charge them three or four annas per day. In some Zemindaris the Paiks are remunerated by such *Tulu-bana*, amounting to 2 or 3 Rs. a month, and get nothing from the Zemindar. In addition to these abwabs, the Naibs, Gomastas, and Paiks often take from the Ryots any articles they can get hold of, whether growing in the Khet, or on the thatch,—whether prepared at home or caught from the pond. There is a degree of awe in the demand of a Zemindari Amla. If it is once made, compliance must follow almost with the rapidity of lightning, or it will prove “a direful spring of woes unnumbered.” The practice of taking abwabs, pervades the whole frame of the Zemindari system. In giving sunuds, or orders of appointment, the Zemindars take a salami from the Naib, and the Naib from the Gomastas. On the occasion of the Dúrga Púja, the Naib and Gomastas pay a certain *parbani* to the Zemindar and to the officers and servants of his house. These are known practises, but they tell sadly on the comfort and well being of the Ryots. It was stated in 1830 in parliamentary evidence, that one-third of Bengal was in a cultivated, one-third in an uncultivated, and one-third in an intermediate state. Cultivation may have since increased, but it is to be attributed more to the exertions of the Ryots than those of the Zemindars. If the Ryots had not been oppressed, wrung and ground down, many a jungle now teeming with ferocious beasts would have been converted into a scene of smiling plenty, and the country would have gained in prosperity and happiness.

The grievances under which the Ryot labors do not solely and wholly arise from the Zemindari institutions. He is often harassed and oppressed by Indigo Planters and always by Police men. We have before us a vast mass of materials as to the relations that subsist between the Indigo Planters and the Ryots. These we had intended to include in this article; but the whole subject is so large, and withal so important, that we reserve it for full and separate treatment, which we intend ere long to give it. As for the oppression endured by the Ryots in consequence of the imperfect system of police, the subject has been so fully treated of in previous numbers, that we have only to refer the reader to the article on “the Rural population of Bengal” in No. I., and that on the “Administration of Crimi-

nal Justice" in No. XI., in which he will find enough to awaken or deepen his sympathy on behalf of the suffering ryot.

In respect to the administration of civil justice, there has been some improvement. The comprehensive mind of Bentinck distinctly saw that the interests of the country would be promoted by the employment of efficient native agency. In coming to this determination, he had not only the welfare of the people at his heart, but perceived clearly by the force of rational evidence that the natives, in point of local knowledge and that of their own languages, must be superior to any foreigners. He hesitated not to give effect to his determination: for in 1831, he created the offices of Munsiffs, Sudar Amíns, and Principal Sudar Amíns. And the result of the experiment, if not very brilliant, yet sufficed to demonstrate the justness of Lord William's views, and the sound principles on which they are founded. That the natives are capable of becoming efficient in the discharge of their judicial functions, is now an universally admitted fact. They are, in some respects, specially useful. The people feel no hesitation in approaching them, and making their representations with that freedom of speech which can scarcely be allowed in the court of a covenanted civilian. The native judges require no aid to penetrate into the state of things, or to understand the language of the parties. The poorer classes tremble to appear before covenanted officers, who, in consequence of their being foreigners, must be more or less guided by the amlas, whose miserably poor allowance tempts them almost always to support the party who bribes them most, while their half smothered consciences make no effectual resistance. In the list of those who advocated the employment of native agency, the names of Metcalfe, Munro, Malcolm, Elphinstone, Rickarda, Strachey, Shore, Ross, and a host of illustrious persons will be found. The reports of the highest appellate courts here and at Allahabad bear concurrent testimony. The Sudar Dewani Adálat and the Bengal Government have gone so far as to pronounce Principal Sudar Amíns superior, for ordinary purposes, to district judges. And in the face of such powerful evidence, and in apparent defiance of a clause of the last charter, it is to be deeply regretted that there should still be a restriction on the farther promotion of native judges. If the interests of the country are to be served, the line of demarcation which now exists between the covenanted and the uncovenanted, must be *gradually* broken down, as properly qualified candidates increase in number. The people of India cannot form a high opinion of the *sincerity* of their enlightened rulers, with respect to their determination and decision

in carrying out what they profess, if there be not a steady onward progression. The question of giving effect to the 87th section of the last charter has been more than once mooted by Mr. Sullivan at the Court of Proprietors of the East India Stock; and his arguments were invincible—equity, economy and the good of India. But nothing decisive has been done. While we hope the intelligent community of this country will not lose sight of the subject, and continue to urge on the authorities in England the propriety of giving full ultimate effect to the above section,—we hope, at the same time, that the respectable natives of this land will not forget, that a rapid increase in the number of those who prove themselves qualified alike by intelligence, integrity, and moral character, will be one of the surest means of accelerating the period of the desired consummation.

The appointment and multiplication of native judges and collectors at liberal salaries, and the gradual increase of their original and appellate jurisdiction, are calculated to further the cause of justice. But this is not the only means of making the way to the recovery of right and redress of wrong unclogged and smooth. The emoluments of the ministerial officers should be raised, and the procedure so revised and simplified as not to allow the opprobrium of “law’s delay” being attached to any court. The stamp duty on judicial proceedings should be entirely abolished. The mischievousness of such taxes is no longer disputed. When the powerful “Protest” of Jeremy Bentham appeared, it overwhelmed the mind of Pitt with the conviction that law-taxes were detrimental to the dispensation of justice; and the consequence was that they were abolished. That the stamp duty on law papers is more prejudicial in its effects to the good and poor than to the wicked and rich, or to quote the words of a political economist, “a tax upon justice and therefore a premium upon injustice,” can be easily understood. Litigation, or in other words, frivolous and vexatious suits, instead of being checked, are promoted by such taxes; and the poorer classes are shut out from the door of justice. We are glad to find that law taxes have already met with the attention of the high authorities here. And we now hope that they will be done away with—more especially as this advantage has been given to native officers and soldiers by Act 15. of 1845. The law commissioners in their letter to the Board of Customs, Salt and Opium, dated 22nd April 1836, say “the Commissioners entertain great objections to the imposition of stamp duties upon legal proceedings.” Mr. A. Ross, in his minute, dated 14th September 1837, speaking of a draft act relative to stamp duty, ex-

presses himself as follows :—" This section continues the stamp duties on law papers and on judicial proceedings. I have already, on more than one occasion, recorded my opinion against such duties ; and I repeat that I think them objectionable, as being calculated to prevent the due administration of justice—and consequently to retard the improvement of the country by discouraging the outlay of capital." The opinion expressed by Earl Auckland is also deserving of notice. " These stamps," (meaning judicial stamps) says his Lordship, " appear to me to be wrong, as every thing must be which impedes the operation of the law, and makes the redress of injury and the attainment of right costly and difficult."

The net revenue arising from stamp duties in 1839-40 is 1,988,807 Rs. Perhaps half of this amount arises from the imposition of the tax upon legal proceedings. If asking for the abolition of this tax, the question naturally put is, how is the loss to be compensated ? Our answer is, that, as in the ancient Hindu judicial practice, a certain fine should be imposed upon the party cast, and that it should be realized in a summary way. The only objection is, that in certain cases Government may not be able to realize this fine ; but this is equally applicable to suitors in whose favor decrees are given. The non-realization of costs is to them a greater hardship, because it is superadded to the trouble and the injury they have already suffered. If there be any loss, which under efficient management can rarely occur, it is better that it should be borne by Government than by private individuals.

The object of enacting Regulations 7 of 1799, and 5 of 1812, commonly called Huftam and Punjam Regulations, is to enable the Zemindar to realize his rents from the defaulting Ryots in a summary way, that he may sustain no inconvenience in the payment of his malguzari to Government. But, like every thing else, they have their abuses ; and have been rendered instruments of great oppression to the peasantry. The abuses arise in great measure from the character of the Zemindars and the Indigo Planters who take putnis and ijarahs, and the machinery employed for enforcing the regulations in question. It appears to us that these abuses will in a great measure be checked, if the collectors be strict and vigilant in the performance of their duties, and the *Forosh* Amíns employed in selling distrained goods be a better class of men. On the institution of a huftam suit no order ought to be passed for the apprehension of the defendant, unless the claim is supported by sufficient *prima facie* evidence.

A mere *ipse dixit* of a Zemindar or Planter, unaccompanied with a *kobúleat*, or other proof of the defendant's not having paid his rent, ought not to be the ground for ordering his apprehension. The *forosh* Amíns receive one anna in every rupee. They are generally men of low character and collude with the Zemindars in harassing the Ryots. A better class of men will put an end to such mal-practices.

The difficulties and drawbacks against the amelioration of the condition of the Ryot are really great. The radically wrong basis of the permanent settlement—the grinding consequence of the sub-letting system, and uncertainty of the tenure arising from the unadjustment of the *nerik*—the pernicious effect of the *mahajani* system—the imposition of the Zemindari and Naibi abwabs—the oppression of the Zemindar or his agent—the extortions of the executive Police—the too general inefficiency and apathy of the administrative authorities—the venality of the ministerial officers—the defectiveness of the adjective law—the bad influence of taxes upon legal proceedings,—the abuses of the Huftam and Panjam Regulations, and the tyranny of many Indigo Planters* are calculated to perpetuate the degraded condition of the rural population. To whatever part of Bengal we may go, the Ryot will be found, to use the language of the Court of Directors, “to live all his days on rice, and to go covered with a slight cotton cloth.” The profits which he makes are consumed in some way or other. The demands upon him are almost endless, and he must meet them one by one. This prevents the creation of capital, and prolongs the longevity of the Mahajani system. The districts of Bengal are noted for fertility and exuberance of crops; and if the Ryots could enjoy freedom and security, the country would exhibit a cheering spectacle. But their present condition is miserable, and appears to rouse no fellow feeling, no sympathy, in those by whom they are surrounded. The monthly expense of a Ryot is 1-8 to 3 rupees; and if he has a family, it must be proportionately higher. We do not believe that there are in all the districts five in every hundred, whose *whole* annual profits exceed one hundred rupees! The majority constitute the *natawan* class.

In many instances the earnings of a Ryot are not sufficient for his family; and his wife and sons are obliged to betake themselves to some pursuit, and assist him with all they can get. He lives generally upon coarse rice and dholl; vegetables and fish would be luxuries. His dress consists of a bit

* As this subject has been alluded to, it has been included in this summary.

of rag and a slender chudder; his bed is composed of a coarse mat and a pillow; his habitation, a thatched roof, and his property, a plough, two bullocks, one or two lotahs and some *bijdhan*. He toils "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve;" and despite this he is a haggard, poverty-smitten, wretched creature. This is no exaggeration; even in ordinary seasons, and under ordinary circumstances, the Ryots may often be seen "fasting for days and nights for want of food."

The inability of the Ryot to better his degraded condition, in which he has been placed by the causes we have named, is increased by his mental debasement. Unprotected, harassed and oppressed, he has been precluded from the genial rays of intellectuality. His mind is veiled in a thick gloom of ignorance. Few—very few, possess a *written* smattering of the Bengali or Persian, and the knowledge which the larger proportion may boast of, consists in the ability to read *Kobojes*. It is lamentable to behold this long reign of ignorance in Pergunnahs inhabited by thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings; it is painful to reflect that the causes contributing to their brutalization have been allowed to exist; it is humiliating to think that the community whose land and labor replenish the exchequer of the State, have been so neglected. When we recal to our mind the state of the agricultural community—when we portray to ourselves the causes and effects of their condition—when we consider that one of the principal causes of their misery is *ignorance*,—when we reflect on these, and then on the recent educational order of Lord Hardinge—we allude to the establishment of one hundred and one vernacular schools,—how grateful we feel for this harbinger of brighter days! How pleasing it is to think that the noble lord now at the helm of the Government is anxious to promote education in the interior, with the avowed object of bettering the condition of the rural population.* The glory acquired by military exploits sheds on the achiever no ordinary renown; the lofty magnanimity of the soldier excites applause and admiration. He marches and fights at the cannon's mouth. The valor and intrepidity which he displays, and the trophies and victories which he wins, bring laurels to his brows, and

* In a letter from the Bengal Government, No. 107, dated 5th February 1845, to the Bengal British India Society, it is stated "His excellency fully concurs in the view which the Society have taken as to the main causes of the present depressed state of the agricultural population; and will be mainly guided by the result of the experiment, now in progress, in determining upon the propriety of soliciting the Supreme Government for further aid, in prosecution of a plan calculated, his excellency believes, effectually to promote the object which the Society has in view."

brighten his name with the halo of heroism. But the glory achieved by those who advance the *moral dominion of God*, dazzles and eclipses all earthly honors. It is imperishable and everlasting. With the qualities, which Lord Hardinge possesses, of a soldier, he appears to combine the virtues of the promoter of peace and happiness. The stress which he places on education is great. And we shall rejoice to see his views and intentions carried out in a more liberal and enlightened manner than they have hitherto been.

It is our belief that in districts far from this city, the Ryots possess greater simplicity and good nature than those in its neighborhood. In places contiguous to the city they appear to have acquired many vices. The complaints made against them are that they forge Kobojes, break their agreements with Indigo planters, evade payment of Khajana, and make *Dharma Ghut* or combine *en masse* not to pay rent to the Zemindar, who in consequence is necessitated to institute against every one of them *huftam* or *panjam* suits, which entails on him delay and expense, and obliges him to raise money from other sources for the payment of his *malguzari* to Government. This leads to continued wrangling and fighting between them and the Zemindar, who, in such cases, often brings false suits against the leading members of the *Dharma Ghut*, and is incited to make an example of them by any means he can think of. Some of the Zemindars have forgers at their command, and on such occasions the services of those skilful men are sure to be at a high premium. As for witnesses, they are "multitudinous as the leaves of Vallambrosa," so that one rupee a head is almost a fixed price. The court Amlas receive *parvanis* or annual presents from the Zemindar; and special fees in such cases are and must be the sure means of ensuing triumph over the opposite party. And, with such an amount of armory and ammunition, the Zemindar will, in nine cases out of ten, obtain the verdict, despite the sagacity of the judges, who must form opinions from what is *judicially* before them. When the cases are tried on appeal by European Judges, the Amlas are of course not put to much trouble on account of the Zemindar. A few words, and the decree is affirmed,—the party cast or his *Vakil* buckles on his armour, and exclaiming *Dohaye Saheb—Dohaye Saheb*, endeavours to address again with folded hands. *Bus,—bus—ho choka*, says the Saheb. The chorus of Amlas cry out—"what have you to say?—the decision has been very just." And the *Vakil* of the victorious party, thrilling with anticipations of *baksis*, plays his part by saying to the Saheb, "*may you be the Governor—you are distributing justice like Nowsharoah.*" There

are some Zemindars to whom a *Dharma Ghut* may be a source of ruin. They have neither the means of paying *mulgúzari* to Government, nor the power to make an example of their wicked Ryots in a *proper* way. The Ryots who make *Dharma Ghut*, or who are wickedly disposed, institute false criminal prosecutions against the Zemindars or their *Gomastas* to evade payment of *khajana* and put them to annoyance. Some of them appear as prosecutors, and some as witnesses, and thus they succeed in harassing the Zemindars. There are other ways in which the Zemindars are put to trouble and expense. A Ryot is summoned for the payment of his rent. If he do not pay the instalment due by him, he is generally detained at the Kacheri under the impression that he has with him the money, which he does not wish to part with easily, or that the money will be sent by his family. It is said that the Ryots, unless harshly treated, do not always pay their rent; and we believe this is sadly true in some instances. In the event of a Ryot being detained at the Kacheri, his relatives apply to the Darogah for his liberation. The Darogah, on the receipt of such an application, sends one of his underlings to the Kacheri and apprehends the Amlas; collection is thus suspended. Other wicked persons are emboldened to pursue the same line of conduct, to put off or evade payment of rent, and the Zemindar is put to some trouble. He must bribe the Darogah, or fight his battle in the Magistrate's Court. The practice of braving the Zemindars, and defrauding them of their just dues under the cloak of religion is wearing away, if indeed it ever existed to any considerable extent. At one time, it was said that some wicked and illiterate Ryots, thinking that their connection with the missionaries would raise their influence, and enable them to make it the means of their subsistence, flocked to be admitted into the *mandali*. Although the precepts which they heard, inculcated *love to God* and *love to man*, yet those whose intentions were not honest carried on practices of a diametrically opposite nature. They not only invaded and violated the rights of others, but plundered them in broad day light. These mal-practices of the *bhayi-lok*, if they ever existed, have been completely, or all but completely, checked. Of those who have embraced the Christian religion there are some who, although not enlightened or large minded, lead a good and peaceful life, and are well spoken of.

Such are the grievances under which the Zemindars are said to labor. The plea of some of them, is, that they are forced to pursue the line of conduct they now do, in consequence of the wickedness of their Ryots; whom nothing but coercion can

keep in order. This may be true in some instances. It cannot be expected that the Ryots, unlettered and unenlightened as they are, will in every part of the country maintain at all times a right and just behaviour. But this can be no justification for the exercise of oppression over them. If they are dishonest and wicked, why not have recourse to law for their punishment? If there is any dilatoriness in obtaining redress, why not petition for the simplification of the procedure? A continued warfare is the bane of all improvement. Litigation is the last step that ought to be resorted to. Rebellion, checked by lawful chastisement, cannot last long, if the causes of dissatisfaction be removed. The cultivation of amity is of the highest importance. To live in peace is to live in glory.

The lamentable state of things obtaining in the mofussil, detrimental as it is to the agricultural, intellectual and moral improvement of the country, is chiefly ascribable to the ignorance of their duties and interests on the part of the Zemindars and Ryots, the inefficiency of the Police and Judiciary institutions. The evils we have adverted to are of a crying nature, and imperatively need reform. The colossal fabric of wickedness, misery and degradation, has been rearing itself for years in this benighted land. Its hoary antiquity and gigantic dimensions ought not to be allowed to defy the application of measures calculated to effect its subversion. The force required for the purpose must not be expected from one source. It is not by a single agency that such a work can be effectuated; and the exertions should be strenuous—combined—simultaneous—unceasing. We require the aid of legislation—the panacea of education—and the steady, cordial and influential co-operation of a sympathising and generous community. Although the errors which were committed in the early part of the British administration, and which seriously affected the rights of the ryots, cannot now be remedied, yet means are not altogether wanting for the amelioration of their condition. We have reason to hope that we have in Lord Hardinge a warm friend of improvement; and sympathy for the sufferings of the Bengal peasantry is growing warm here and in England. We therefore venture to submit for the consideration of Government the following remedial measures.

The Putni and all systems of subdivision and rack-renting, which are so palpably and confessedly injurious to agricultural interests, ought to be done away with. The Government is in no way pledged to allow their continuance.

The *nerik* question ought no longer to be left unsettled. By the agency of educated natives as Deputy Collectors, let

the existing rates obtaining in different districts and pergunnahs be revised and settled in perpetuity. In all places where the rent is high, it ought to be rendered light; and this cannot be an infringement on the Permanent Settlement, the object of which is to limit the *malgúzari* paid by the Zemindars. The execution of this work is no doubt attended with great difficulty, but it cannot be unfeasible if honest and intelligent agency be employed. The litigation and mischief which have resulted from the unsettlement of the rate of rent payable by the Ryot to the Zemindar have been great. The settlement of it, even now, will prove a blessing. It will afford greater security to the Ryot, and enlarge the sphere of his exertions. The powers of auction-purchasers ought to be abridged. They ought not to be allowed to increase the rents and eject those who are not tenants at will. Ryots whether Khodkhaista or Paikhasta, holding lands for a certain number of years, ought to be protected. Many Ryots take pottahs for a limited period in the first instance, with the view to have them converted into *Mouroosi* after they have acquired the means of cultivation. What security can they have in making any outlay, if they are liable to ejectment on the sale of the Zemindari? Many of the Zemindars become intentionally defaulters, and are *benami* purchasers of their Zemindaris with the view of increasing the jumma of their Ryots.

The rules prohibitory of the imposition of *abwabs* ought to be rigorously enforced. There are some Zemindars who collect them as *rent*.

Means should be taken for the establishment of village registry offices, and facilities afforded for the registration of pottahs and *kobúleats* in those offices. The exchange of those instruments should be made obligatory.

In large Indigo districts there ought to be several Deputy Magistrates. Their jurisdiction ought to be limited, that they may be able to exercise strict and efficient supervision over the thanadari and choukidari establishments. It should be their duty to make annual circuits in every village, and institute searching inquiries as to the state of watch and ward, the efficiency and conduct of policemen, and the character of the different classes of people. The result of this investigation ought to be embodied in annual Reports to the Superintendent of Police, with such suggestions as may be necessary for the removal of the evils that may be found.

The system of Panchayats might be resuscitated in every village. This is a useful institution; and the people should be encouraged to refer all petty complaints for arbitration

to that tribunal. It is a great object to allow the poor people to enjoy the blessings of justice at their door. Time to them is livelihood; and they alone can feel the *loss* they suffer from journeying miles after miles to dance attendance at the Adálat for the adjudication of complaints of every description. The more all matters in dispute are settled by the established Panchayat, or by private arbitration, the better. Judiciary institutions, however efficient, tell seriously on their time. It is to be regretted that the ancient municipal corporation has been swept away or fallen into disuse. The Zemindars and Talúkdars now stand in the room of village and district chiefs. But there are now no village or district registers. The municipality has been dissolved, and the bond of fraternization which existed before, has been torn asunder. The system of land revenue has undergone so great a change, and exaction constitutes so prominent a feature of it, that it is questionable whether the revival of their institution, if practicable, will be attended with any good. The Munduls, instead of being the representatives of the people, will be their oppressors. It is the Zemindars alone who can prevent this oppression, and introduce self government. But there is no prospect of their doing so immediately, and thus bringing about the ancient system of revenue administration—so congenial with the habits of the people, and so beneficial to them in many respects. It is evident therefore that we want a better class of Zemindars.

The procedure of the civil and criminal courts ought to be simplified, that justice may be accessible to the poor with the least possible delay and expense. One great anomaly in Mofussil courts, is, that the evidence is not taken by the judicial officers themselves. It is of the highest importance that all witnesses should be examined in the presence of these functionaries, as a great deal depends upon the *manner* in which evidence is given. The Judges and Magistrates have now to decide from the evidence taken by their *Amlus* in the presence of Vakíls of both parties. There can be no question that the ends of justice will be better promoted by following a different procedure. There is not only no regularity or method when depositions are taken, owing to the absence of a presiding officer, but a great deal must be left unelicited. The *Jubandundi Amla* is bribed by one party or other; and it is his interest to favor him most, from whom he has received most. His dexterity in giving a *twist* and *turn* to statements is well known, and is brought into play, despite the vigilance or clamorous protestations of the Vakíl of the party against whom

he is armed. In connection with this subject we must again say that the miserable pittance allowed to ministerial officers is in no way sufficient to remove the temptation of being dishonest. To ask men to do the duties of the registrar, sheriff, accountant and treasurer, at salaries allowed to common sarkars, is but holding out a premium upon corruption. The writers who served in the days of Clive and Hastings, and in subsequent years, are known to have taken "diverse sums of money" as perquisites and douceurs. Those who held highest appointments were not excepted. But what is it that has brought about a reformation? Adequate remuneration and better control. If we wish for the same end, we ought to apply the same means.

The Law taxes ought to be abolished, and the party cast should be adjudged to pay the costs—discretion being of course left to the Judges.

There ought to be some caution and strictness in the enforcement of the Huftum and Punjam Regulations—that the abuses to which they are now liable may be prevented.

We repeat that we view with favour the recent *vernacular* educational movement. As the multiplication of vernacular schools will in a great measure depend upon the success of those which are being established, we think the experiment will be fairly made if provision be made for ensuring proper *inspection* as well as tuition. The collectors have so much to do that they can hardly be expected to supervise the schools. It is therefore necessary that all the vernacular schools should be placed under the superintendence of one or more inspectors possessing a thorough knowledge of the native languages. The appointment of such officers is so necessary for the success of the vernacular schools, that the expense ought not to be grudged. Supervision over Educational Institutions ought never to be made a secondary duty. It ought to be primary and conjoined with no other.

Speaking of vernacular education, we are reminded of another desideratum—the want of books. The Bengali literature is comparatively poor and uncultivated; with the exception of the writings of Bhárat Chandra, the literary courtier of Rajah Krishnachandra, and of the illustrious Rammohun Roy, there are hardly any books which can be held up as models of elegant composition. Whether the language is primitive or derivative, is a question which we are not disposed at this moment to discuss. But it is evident that it owes its improvement principally to the Sanskrit language. Although the number of Bengali books is now greater than

it was some years ago, yet we do not think there is any department which has been rendered complete. Indeed the student is at a stand for books after he has gone through the elementary course. We trust that every encouragement will be held out to the publication of good Bengali books. Nothing can be more desirable than conveying to the people of this country all the ideas that have a tendency to elevate the mind. This will promote the cause of popular instruction. The education of the Ryot and of the Zemindar ought to go on hand in hand. The Vernacular schools are intended for the former, and the English ones and Colleges are for the latter. The habit of the Bengalis in practising extravagance in Pújas and Srádhas, and stinginess in the education of their children still continues. But the advantages of an English education are however appreciated. It is therefore an easy task now to have the sons of every Zemindar in Bengal educated in an English School or College. Indeed this is an object of which no local committee ought to lose sight. In all educational establishments prizes ought to be awarded for good conduct. In all schools and colleges instruction should be given in agriculture; a knowledge of this science is of great importance to every future Zemindar. It will enlarge his ideas, and put him in possession of means to do good to the country. The moral and physical aspect of his Zemindari will undergo a thorough change. He will protect his Ryots, diffuse information for their enlightenment, and hold out encouragements for improved methods of culture. He will "drain marshes, clear jungles, open mines, establish fisheries, improve the old and introduce new objects of culture, new instruments, new breeds of cattle." He will not only derive profit but pleasure from his pursuits—the pleasure of study—the pleasure of doing good to his fellow men, and the pleasure of serving his country. With the ideas of moral obligation and the love of science which will be instilled into his mind, it cannot be expected that he will tread in the footsteps of his fore-fathers, and look upon oppressive taxation as the end and object of his ambition. No—he will follow a different course. His sentiments, his feelings, his views, will be different. He will know where his happiness and the happiness of his fellow men are—their close connection, and how they should be promoted. A good moral and agricultural education is among the means of elevating the landed aristocracy, and rendering them instrumental in the improvement of the country.

These are some of the means which can be adopted by the ruling authorities. We know that the anxiety for bettering the condition of the rural class is increasing, and we entertain strong

hopes of seeing at least a movement for their cause at no distance of time. To the present class of Zemindars we should say:—It is your duty to protect your Ryots. You are more powerful and influential, and as a duty to your fellow men—to those who are committed to your care—you should at all times extend to them your helping hands. You are intellectual and moral beings, and accountable to the Creator for all your acts. You must see by the very constitution of our nature—by the analysis of what is within us—by the objects of all the faculties and feelings, that the whole system of creation is designed to be based upon benevolence. The happiness of one man is so linked with that of another, that the reciprocation of good is the most distinct and positive intention of the Lord of the Universe. We are born and destined to help and to do good to each other. Viewed in reference to this consideration, how painful your past career will appear! When you sit and catechise yourselves as to what you have done for your Ryots, how few there are that will feel the pleasure arising from the consciousness of having done their duty! But improvement, however late, is desirable. If you have any love of God; if you profess to interpret his works of creation, so eloquently speaking out his intentions,—do the duty which you owe to your fellow men. The protection of your Ryots is not only imperative on you by considerations of your duty, but also by those of your interest. The relation between you and them is close and intimate. If they are not oppressed—if they enjoy security in the fruits of their labor, if they are not unjustly taxed, they will be independent of the *mahajani* aid, and create a capital for their agricultural pursuits. This will lead to the diminution of crime; for thefts and robberies are generally committed by those who are denuded of all resources and have nothing to live upon. In estates where the sub-letting system obtains, and where the amount of oppression is great, crime is sure to be found on the increase. The enjoyment of peace and tranquillity consequent on the absence of oppression is not however the only consideration. When the ryots are well protected, they find it easier to pay your claims, even in bad seasons when there is a failure of crops, and when no indulgence is to be obtained from Government, in consequence of the nature of the Permanent Settlement. They must feel encouraged to lay out capital in the cultivation of waste lands and to the carrying out of improved modes of culture. The fields, the gardens and the meadows, will wear a smiling and enlivening aspect, and the theatre of every peasant's aspirations and exertions will be enlarged. The effects arising from the protection of the

peasantry—direct, indirect and collateral,—are innumerable. But they all tell on your welfare—the welfare of a vast population, and the welfare of the whole country. And when such is the case, will you still persevere in your unhappy career—blind to your interest and duty? Open your eyes and judge for yourselves. No king—no emperor who ruled with the iron rod of despotism could ever make himself dear to his people. What safety could such an one enjoy, whether he lived in the heart of his citadel or in the bosom of a powerful army? The ramparts of the fort, the thickness of the force, the glitter of arms and even the thundering peals of cannon could not afford that security which is to be found only in the *loyalty* of the subject. A Zemindari is in miniature a kingdom. And your endeavour ought to be to secure the good will and affection of your Ryots.* There are innumerable ways in which this end can be furthered. Let them, in the first instance, obtain protection and justice at your hands; protection, not only against the wrongs of your Amlas but also against the atrocities of Police men and Indigo Planters. Do away with the abwabs, which produce only temporary good, but permanent harm. Assist them in the creation of capital, in making embankments, bringing out improved systems of culture, and introducing the cultivation of remunerating articles. A plentiful crop is not only productive of benefit to them, but to you, in regard to the facility of collection, cultivation of waste lands, and advantageous purchase of the article for the purposes of trade. The more intelligent your Ryots are, the better for the Zemindars. They know then how to direct their labours most advantageously; and they understand their rights, obligations and responsibilities as men. Their education, considered in an enlarged point of view, is a matter of great importance to you. In fact the more you think, the more strongly must you feel convinced that your happiness, and the happiness of your Ryots, are identified with each other; and that if you seek for the one, you must seek for the other. The promotion of your mistaken gratification at their expense is fraught with mischief. It is a violation of your duty and a sacrifice of your interest.

In order to apply to the legislature for aid from time to time, to impress on the Zemindars the necessity and utility of rendering their Ryots happy, and to enlighten the Ryots on the subject

* We have heard of more instances than one of the Ryots having, of their own accord, raised subscriptions among themselves, to extricate their Zemindars from pecuniary difficulties. This may be quoted as a proof of one of the beneficial effects of cultivating amity with the Ryots.

of their duties and obligations, there ought to be a body constituted for the purpose. The feeling of sympathy for the people of this country is growing and strengthening, here and elsewhere. Many a native gentleman residing in the Mofussil, will be glad to assist in the exposure of the grievances under which the Ryots labor. There is at present in Calcutta "an association of intelligent Natives and Europeans,"* instituted for ameliorating the condition of Lower Bengal. What the society here is in great need of, is the cordial co-operation of a number of well informed and well disposed Europeans and Natives, and a Corresponding Society in England. The Society thus reinforced might be rendered instrumental in the promotion of the happiness of the rural population. Those who will gather and stand firm to advance their interest—to penetrate deeply into the nature and depth of their grievances—to trace every effect to its cause—to subject every evil to the best possible remedy—those who, thus informed of the *exoterics* and *esoterics* of the Zemindari system, will carry on the work of reform—uninfluenced and undaunted—will not only have the approbation of their own consciences, but have the heart-felt blessings—of millions on millions living, and millions on millions unborn, heaped upon them. Ignorance and iniquity may for a time darken the dominion of God, but they must give way to the effulgence of knowledge and truth. Improvement is destined to roll on; and the causes interrupting its bright career, will not, cannot be perpetual. Such has been and will be the course of events. In the application and devotion of our heart and zeal to what ennobles man and extends the moral kingdom of God, we may feel assured that in every movement we make, every step that we take, we act, as it were, under providential direction:—

"Heaven's banner is o'er us."

The God of Providence smiles upon such efforts—we meet with tokens of his goodness and favour; and success sooner or later is certain.

* This expression, made use of by the Bengal Government, refers to the Bengal British India Society.

ART. II.—*The Life and Services of General Lord Harris, G. C. B. during his campaigns in America, the West Indies, and India. By the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, Private Secretary to Lord Harris, and late Governor of Madras.—Second Edition, revised. London, 1845.*

THIS is the life of an amiable man and a good soldier, written by his son-in-law and private secretary, who closed a distinguished career, in the Civil Service of the East India Company, by occupying, for some years, the chief seat in the Government of Madras. Without any skill in book-making, or much power of composition, Mr. Lushington has produced a very valuable and very interesting work. It is in no respect a finished specimen of Biography; but the very want of artifice, so apparent throughout the volume, does much to enhance the attractiveness of the work, by imparting to it a character of rugged simplicity and genuine earnestness, which stamp it with the undeniable impress of truth.

There are occasions, however, on which the reader of this Life of Lord Harris, will pause, perhaps, to express a wish that Mr. Lushington were a more accomplished artist. And assuredly he may be pardoned for such expressions, when he looks in vain at the beginning of the book for a record of the year in which Lord Harris was born; and at the end of it, for the year of his death. A tomb-stone biographer, who gives us the history of a man's life in a single line, supplies at least *that* amount of information. It is true that Mr. Lushington furnishes some data, from which the student may derive, by the aid of a not very complicated arithmetical process,—if not a very complete knowledge of these omitted facts,—at all events an approximation to it. Thus we are told that “early in 1759, a warrant of cadet in the Royal Artillery was issued to George Harris, then about fourteen years of age;”—and again, at the end of the book, the biographer informs us that Lord Harris's “death took place in the second year after I (Mr. Lushington) left England;” and the date of *that* event is accurately set down in the very first page of the biography. At page 1 we are informed that Mr. Lushington “went to India in 1827,” and at page 344, that Lord Harris died two years afterwards. The problem is one of very easy solution;—but we submit that this is not the manner in which biography ought to be written. A man may tell his wife that George III. died two years after he took the

house in Baker Street, or that the Battle of Waterloo was fought in the same year that Willy was born; but we are not sure that the historian, in his communications to the public, is entitled to make such incidents in his personal career the pivots upon which the reader's knowledge of historical events is to turn. At all events, if this be legitimate biography, the book before us ought to be called a "memoir of Mr. Stephen Rumbold Lushington, Governor of Madras, interspersed with anecdotes of the late Lord Harris." It is right, however, to add that the work is not written throughout in the "*Ego et Rex meus*" style. These occasional touches of egotism may readily be forgiven in a book, which, in spite of the omissions of which we complain, contains so full an account of the subject of the memoir.

Both in the Preface and in the closing chapters of his work, Mr. Lushington has commented upon the numerous inaccuracies apparent in the seventh volume of Alison's history of Europe. It is not very long since we pointed out a few of this historian's errors. In the work now before us, the biographer has sufficiently shown that Mr. Alison's account of the operations of the Army under General Harris in the Mysore country, is utterly unworthy of the confidence of the reader. We are surprised, however, to find Mr. Lushington charging the historian with the offence of putting forth "imputations upon the honor of Lord Harris, *the Marquis Wellesley*, and the Duke of Wellington."—If Mr. Alison committed the offence with which he is charged, and really put forth "imputations upon the honor of Marquis Wellesley," it is somewhat remarkable that that nobleman should have sent a letter to the historian, "bearing full testimony to the accuracy of his history, and to the impartial and beautiful spirit in which it is conceived and written." These are either Lord Wellesley's words or his Secretary's. Mr. Alison, quoting them in the third edition of his history, says, "the imprimatur of such a man, is indeed a testimony in relation to his own transactions, of which an historian may justly feel proud;" and assuredly, if the noble Marquis himself had nothing but commendation to bestow on what Mr. Alison has said of him, the historian may consider himself fairly acquitted of the charge of having maligned the nobleman, who has borne so full a testimony to his "impartial and beautiful spirit." The prosecution would seem to break down altogether, since the party said to have been assaulted, comes into court and swears that no assault was committed. All this would appear to be plain enough; but a new difficulty here presents itself. The Mar-

quis has borne "full testimony" to the merits of Mr. Lushington's work. In a letter addressed to that gentleman, he says; "In the whole course of a long and arduous public life, I have never experienced so much heart-felt delight as I have received from your most excellent and most valuable work..... Your book, with a brevity and force combined in the most admirable manner, has in one view brought into full light all our actions, all our services; dispensing to each claimant of glory and honour his due share of each, refuting all calumnies, correcting all errors, and trying all characters by the same unerring test of historical fact and plain unadorned truth." The calumnies cleared up, and the errors refuted, are principally those of Mr. Alison;—and yet the Marquis has borne full testimony to the accuracy and impartiality of Mr. Alison's history. Here is a difficulty, which we must leave to the ingenuity of Mr. Alison, Mr. Lushington, and Mr. Montgomery Martin, on the part of the Marquis Wellesley, to solve. We confess that it is beyond our power.

It is plain, however, that Mr. Alison cuts a very bad figure in the work now before us. Mr. Lushington has dissected his statements with a sharp knife, and laid bare all the blunders they contain. Ignorance may be forgiven, but when ignorance refuses to be taught, no further clemency can be extended to it. Mr. Alison has not only committed a series of very gross errors, but he has persisted in these untruths by refusing to expunge them from his work. Since they were first brought to his notice, a new edition of the History of Europe has appeared, containing all the blemishes which disfigured its predecessors. Of some of these we shall come to speak presently, when, after following the biographer through the earlier stages of Lord Harris's career, we come to speak of that portion of it to which the controversy mainly refers. George Harris was born in the year 1746. He was the son of one clergyman and the grandson of another. His father was a country curate, who in that condition lived and died, the parent of a large family, of which the subject of this article was the eldest. An accident seems to have determined the nature of George's profession, and the whole tenor of his career. Mr. Harris took his degree at Cambridge. Whilst resident in that University, he had the good fortune to render an essential service to Lord George Sackville. He was then a young man of great personal activity and uncommon muscular strength, renowned at College for his adroitness in all athletic exercises, and endowed with spirit proportionate to his power. Lord George happened to fall into the hands of a noted bully, from

whose clutches Mr. Harris rescued him at a critical moment; and the service thus rendered was never forgotten. Many years after this incident occurred, Mr. Harris was a country curate with a numerous family; and Lord George, Master General of the Ordnance. The promise of assistance made in former days was brought to his Lordship's remembrance; and the Master-General presented his old protector with a cadetship in the Royal Artillery, for his eldest son George, who was then at Westminster school with little prospect of any future provision. The warrant was issued in 1759. In that year Mr. Harris died. About the same time, the battle of Minden was fought, and Lord George Sackville disgraced. The Marquis of Granby was then appointed to the ordnance office; and fortunately for young Harris, both the Marquis and his brother, Lord Robert Manners, had been at College with his father. An application in behalf of the cadet was made to these influential noblemen; and soon afterwards the youth received a commission of Lieutenant Fire-worker of Artillery. But the battalion to which young Harris was appointed, was doomed, in consequence of the restoration of peace, to be speedily reduced;—and anticipating this event, the Marquis of Granby obtained for his *protégé* an ensigncy in the 5th Regiment of Foot.

In the spring of 1763, Mr. Harris joined his regiment at Bedford. The river Ouse runs through that pleasant town; and affords to all, who have leisure for such recreations, the diversion of angling and of boating. The young soldier joined a party, one day, intent upon the latter amusement. The excursion was rendered memorable by an event, which well nigh proved fatal to more than one of the party. A young officer, Ensign Bagot, was standing in the stern of the boat, when, losing his balance, he fell into the river. He had twice sunk beneath the surface of the water, when young Harris, seeing the danger which threatened his comrade, who was unable to swim, plunged into the stream, to the rescue of the drowning man. Endeavouring to save the life of another, he almost sacrificed his own. The drowning youth seized his preserver by the hair, and then clung to his arms. The movements of the swimmer being thus impeded, the two officers were in peril of sinking together; but the vigorous exertions of Ensign Harris brought the two safely to the margin of the river, where a new difficulty presented itself in the precipitous nature of the banks, which it now became necessary to ascend, with his companion in his arms. Here, probably, both would have sunk, had not

the boat, in which his comrades remained, been pulled to shore, and timely assistance rendered to the drowning pair.

This action secured for young Harris the affectionate regard of his brother officers, and the modesty with which he received the approbation bestowed upon him, did much to strengthen the kindly feelings of his companions. Nor was it long before the young soldier's courage was again put to the test—but by a trial of a different fashion. Soon after the occurrence of the accident, which we have thus briefly described, the regiment was ordered to Ireland. There was in the corps, a Captain Bell—an officer of violent feeling and eccentric habits, who from the first had exhibited in his conduct, what indeed he had felt in his heart, a strong attachment towards Ensign Harris. No sooner had the young officer, then scarcely seventeen years of age, joined the regiment, than Captain Bell “made himself the protector and adviser” of the youth. “I sate next to him at Mess,” wrote Lord Harris more than half-a-century afterwards, “drank of his cup of wine and water—or, perhaps, oftener the pure element,—for he was the most temperate of men—walked with him, and in short was seldom an hour from him, through the day.”

But such affection is often erratic. When once it begins to decline, nothing can stay the precipitate downfall. Captain Bell loved young Harris, as a father doats on an only son; he boasted of his attachment to the youth, and spoke of him as “the finest English boy” in existence. In 1765, he was appointed to command a detachment of three companies stationed at Cashel; and he made it a point that the company to which young Harris was attached, should form one of its components. Here the wayward temper of the Captain began to betray itself. His jealousy was excited. Other officers joined the detachments;—some of them were sportsmen, and Harris was naturally inclined to take pleasure in field sports. The Captain thought he was neglected; and his excitable temperament manifested itself in a manner most painful to his young friend. He became irritable—morose; seldom appeared at the mess-table, and when he did, scrupulously abstained from addressing a word to Harris. He was very wroth with his young friend:—

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain;—

The madness of Captain Bell soon began most unmistakeably to betray itself.

On Christmas Eve, Harris was partaking of the hospitality of an Irish neighbour, when a snow storm came on, so violent as to prevent him from returning that night to his quarters. But, before the hour of morning parade, he was at the threshold of his commanding officer. After knocking several times at the door, he obtained admittance. Captain Bell, who was still in bed, would not listen to a word that the young officer had to say; but at once ordered him to his room, adding that he should soon hear from him. Harris obeyed; and in the course of an hour Captain Bell came over to the young officer's quarters, and presented him with a challenge, couched in most violent and offensive language. It called upon Harris to meet the Captain at the Abbey, armed with swords and pistols, but without a second. The challenge was accepted; but not before his brother officers had endeavoured, in vain, to persuade him to allow one of them to accompany him to the field. The two old friends met. Bell declined all explanation, declaring that he had come there not to talk, but to fight. Taking off his coat and waistcoat, and depositing them on a tomb-stone, then laying his drawn sword on his clothes, the Captain prepared himself for the combat; and the brave youth followed his example. The word was given; they were to fire together; Captain Bell took aim and fired. Young Harris did neither. Captain Bell reproached him with not firing, was greatly irritated, and insisted that his antagonist should fire. They again took up their positions, and both fired together; but the ball from neither pistol took effect. This was repeated; a third shot was fired, but also without effect. Captain Bell then said "we shall go no further now, but you shall hear from me again." He then put on his clothes; and so ended this singular conflict, of which two of Harris's brother-officers had been unseen spectators.

But the strife in Captain Bell's bosom was not extinct. In the course of the evening Harris received another letter from his former friend and associate. It contained a challenge to meet him on the following morning, adding an exhortation to "bring a number of balls, as one of the two must fall." But here the young man's friends interfered, insisting that he should not again go out, without a second. Harris wrote to this effect, adding that if he had unintentionally given offence, he was ready to apologize for the error. Captain Bell then sent for him, and stated that the offence consisted in staying out of barracks all night without leave. For this he demanded an apology, and drew up a written one, which he called upon Harris to sign. The style in which it was written was not very

palatable to the young officer; but considerations of former friendship induced him to sign it; and the two then shook hands, Harris giving the best possible assurance of his disinclination to offend his old friend by asserting that he had not, on either occasion, fired any where near him;—and here, we should say, that the affair ended; but that it sent Captain Bell to a mad house, and Ensign Harris to the Peerage. The former ended his days “in confinement in London.” To the latter the consequences of the duel were, to use the language of Lord Harris, at the close of his career, “the warm friendship of Sir William Medows, which ultimately led me to fame and fortune—the giving me such a confidence in myself as to convince me no dangers or difficulties could ever make me act in an unbecoming manner—and lastly, the enabling me to preserve a command over my passions and temper in many after scenes of trial and annoyance.”

In 1766,—Ensign Harris obtained his lieutenancy, and shortly afterwards purchased, not without difficulty, the adjutancy of his regiment. Early in the following year, acting upon the advice of his commanding officer, he purposed to obtain leave of absence, “in order that he might make a tour on the continent and perfect himself in French, riding and fencing;” but the project was not carried out until the following year. A few of the letters written from France by Lieutenant Harris are given by his biographer. In these times it is difficult to find an Englishman who has not travelled from Boulogne to Paris. Eighty years ago, when Boulogne was reached “after tossing and tumbling for two days,” the fact was one of comparatively rare performance. Harris took the route by Amiens, which though a devious one, we would recommend to all travellers, even though the Railway from that city to Paris were not open, and the Boulogne line in a fair way towards completion. In the course of a few months, the journey described in the following letter, which we give as a specimen of Harris’s early epistolary style, will be performed in a few hours:—

“Paris, September, 1768.

“Tis as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion. So as all here are in mourning for their queen, I mourn also in paper*; nought else. Now are you longing to know how I am settled, and so forth. But, with your leave, I’ll first bring myself to Paris. We set out on horseback from Boulogne on Thursday morning, the coach not going till Monday. I wish you had seen us mount: you must have laughed very heartily. Conceive two great fellows astride on two beasts, not bigger than goats, with saddles and bridles that hid them; and then you see us, to appearance walking with

* It having a broad black edge.

a great saddle between our legs. But, I should not abuse them ; they carried us very well ; they are like their masters, all life. The first town we came to was Montreuil, eight leagues from Boulogne, between which places there is not anything worth notice but the number of crosses, erected almost on every eminence, and at the entrance of all the villages. The country is quite open, not a single hedge ; and the prospect is not very pleasing, from the want of houses. There is scarce a gentleman's seat between that and Paris, though many convents, all pleasantly situated, but generally near great towns.

" *Montreuil* is fortified, and appears strong from the situation ; but as we only staid to change horses, I can say nothing more of it. Our next stage was to Abbeville, ten leagues. We did not reach it till six, having very bad horses. Here we were obliged to open our baggage, but having nothing contraband, we sustained no other loss but that of time, which, to a tired traveller, is very precious. We here inquired for some means to convey our baggage to Paris, but found none farther than to Amiens ; from thence a coach was to set out next day for Paris. This, you may be sure, pleased us very much, for two reasons—going on horseback was very expensive, and secondly, we were very much tired. In the morning we embarked our all, for you are to know we went by water—a method of travelling you are not acquainted with. It was a large covered boat, drawn by men on the banks of the river, a very tedious way, but to us very pleasant, as it rained very hard most part of the day. We had provided part of a shoulder of mutton for our stock, though here our politeness got the better of our stomachs. It being Friday, we thought eating meat might offend our fellow-travellers. Indeed, I was not in much want of it ; the smell of near thirty people in so close a place is no great provocative to the appetite, but we made up for it when we came to our journey's end ; for my companion, though a good Catholic, ate meat with full as much pleasure as I did. Here we found the coach, and put our portmanteaus into it, having had enough of confinement, so determined to set off on foot, which we did with the coach, but soon left it behind, which you will not be surprised at when I tell you our carriers' wagoons are full as light machines, and travel as fast. We walked four leagues to breakfast, not on washy tea, but good milk, with a little of the cordial called eau-de-vie in it. We again set off for the place where the coach was to stop, to dine. Our great coats began to be very heavy, so we determined to wait for the coach, and put them in. We waited two hours ; they seemed very short, for I slept almost the whole time. (Walking one and twenty miles is a great help to Morpheus.) We set off again to walk four leagues, where the coach stopped that night. It was a poor village, as were all those we passed through. We saw from the road some pleasant convents, but the country is all the same, quite open. I need not tell you we slept sound. At five we got up, and found the coach had been gone three hours, with the intent that the people might go to church, (it being Sunday,) about three leagues off. We now wished for our great coats, as it looked very like rain, but that would not recall 'em ; so away we marched, and before we got five miles had not a dry thread about us. I have described the country, so you will readily conceive we were not within sight of shelter. The first we met with was an eau-de-vie shop ; we got a sip, and went on. Here my companion began to tire, the road being paved, which is rather unpleasant when the feet are tender. We reached our stage, and after breakfast found ourselves so much refreshed, we went off again in good spirits ; but before we got three leagues, he was worse, so we agreed to try and get a carriage, as the coach was quite full. By great good luck we got one, for it is not here as in England, where public chaises are plentiful ; here

every-body travels in their own. Perhaps you think our's was a chaise; indeed, it was drawn by two horses, and we had a postilion, but it was what in England is called a higgler's cart. We took it, however, to go seven leagues. This was the pleasantest part of the journey; the country is better, and the pheasants and partridges were feeding by the road-side without fear of disturbance. We passed the Pretender's house, and a castle belonging to the Prince of Condé, but gone to ruins; it appears to have been very grand; it is quite in the Gothic taste, and at a distance still makes a good appearance. We slept Sunday night within six miles of St. Denis, and next morning walked there. It would have been very pleasant; but a great deal of rain had fallen in the night, and made the roads very bad. We went through vineyards almost the whole way, but as the grapes were sour, it did not make up for the bad road. St. Denis is a large place, the church a very noble one, and, they say, contains great riches, but I had not an opportunity of seeing them, eleven being the hour. Near St. Denis is a barrack for young recruits, which is a very good institution; here, after enlisting, they are made to learn their duty, and then sent to any regiment that may want them, which is a much better way than ours.

"From St. Denis we took a hackney-coach, which plied as a stage to Paris, where we very soon arrived, and here am I quietly writing to you, whilst all Paris are dancing, drinking, singing, or walking. This is their way of passing Sunday evening.

"You will be glad to hear I am in good health, and trust this will find you so, for it is a blessing far beyond the golden sands of Indus, or the mines of Golconda; moreover, I am as merry as any Frenchman, and that's saying a bold word. I have not time to tell you of my adventures, as the person who brings this sets off immediately. Now I think of it, be so good as to fold your letters smaller, for as the French judge of all things by the show they make, they thought your letters must be well worth double another, so they charged accordingly. Had they known my thoughts, they might have charged ten times the sum, as I should have paid it with pleasure; but as it is possible to have the same quantity for half the price, we may as well save it.

Ever yours,

GEORGE HARRIS."

"I go on tolerably well in learning the language, and to you alone shall own I do not think my time will be thrown away; as I know, should it prove the contrary, you will endeavour to comfort instead of laughing at me, as most people would do had I made such a declaration to them. I intend to expend three guineas in dancing, which will be about four months time, at the end of which I hope to show you, when I come back, the best polished step of the *minuet le bien*. Will you learn?—An excellent thought; it must be so. Remember me to our uncle when you write. Tell him I have a bag big enough to put him and you in, and turn out my toes *à merveille*."

Lieutenant Harris returned to England, at the commencement of 1769, rejoined his regiment in Ireland, and continued to do subaltern's duty until the middle of 1771, when he purchased his company—an important step, not unattended with difficulty. It appears that his mother—an excellent woman, who was revered by her son, and who in no small measure helped to make the character and shape the career of one of

the most distinguished officers in the British army—advanced the purchase-money out of her scanty store, and that from the savings of his regimental allowances Captain Harris repaid the debt. He was at this time in his 26th year, and his person and manners are thus described by Mrs. Dyer, his cousin—an amiable and intelligent woman, to whom he was warmly attached. “The vivacity of youth sparkled in his fine eyes; the glow of health adorned his cheeks; and to a most engaging exterior he joined a heart replete with every manly generous feeling. His manners, which he retained to the latest period, were as prepossessing as his person; cheerful, yet free from levity; polite, without affectation; attentive, without officiousness; sincere, without roughness; and respectful, without servility.”

Captain Harris on his promotion, left Ireland to take a tour through England, on recruiting duty; and at Derby had the misfortune to fall in love with a young lady of good fortune and great personal attractions. The lady, it appears, was not altogether “insensible to his merits;”—but Harris, thinking that it would be dishonorable to endeavor to fire the affections of one so far above him in worldly circumstances, determined, though the determination cost him many a pang, not to press his suit. “I really,” he said in a letter to Mrs. Dyer, “from my soul can say that I love her too well to wish to marry her.” In 1772, Captain Harris quitted the Provinces, and proceeded to London. Thence he moved, not unwillingly,—for the great Babel had no charms for him,—to the seat of his commanding officer, Lord Percy, in the North of England, from which, it would appear that he returned to do duty with his regiment at Kinsale. From this time nothing of any importance to the career of Captain Harris came to pass until the spring of 1774, when the 5th regiment was ordered on foreign service.

The state of affairs in America had rendered it necessary to despatch more troops to that country. It is not in our province to dwell upon the circumstances of that unhappy contest. When Harris's regiment crossed the Atlantic, there was not a man in it who anticipated the great events which were about to occur. It was fondly imagined that the colonists would not proceed to extremities, and that, if they did, the insurrectionary spirit would soon be put down. Every one believed that the insurgents would speedily be drilled into obedience;—and the reinforcements despatched to teach loyalty to King George, rested for some time, in dreamy inactivity, upon their arms. It was not before the spring of 1775, that Captain Harris's

regiment was employed against any more formidable enemy than a herd of Bostonian cows. On the 19th of April, a detachment was ordered out to attack the position of the enemy, who had "fortified a small mill near the British camp, and thus, in a great measure, prevented the passage of convoys." The attack was unsuccessful; the British troops were compelled to fall back; and Captain Harris, who commanded the Grenadier company of the 5th regiment, was ordered to cover their retreat. This was a service of danger; but although one-half of the company fell, killed or wounded, beneath the fire of the enemy, he escaped unhurt.* This was this first achievement, in actual warfare; his next was even more perilous.

In June, 1775, the British troops attacked the enemy in their entrenched position on Bunker's Hill. The affair is a memorable one in the history of the two nations. On the crest of a breach, which he had mounted, whilst gallantly cheering on his men, he was struck down by a ball, which glanced along the crown of his head and made an aperture in his skull. In a letter written soon after the engagement he thus describes his sufferings on this occasion:—

"We had made a breach in their fortifications, which I had twice mounted, encouraging the men to follow me, and was ascending a third time, when a ball grazed the top of my head, and I fell, deprived of sense and motion. My lieutenant, Lord Rawdon, caught me in his arms, and, believing me dead, endeavoured to remove me from the spot, to save my body from being trampled on. The motion, while it hurt me, restored my senses, and I articulated, 'For God's sake, let me die in peace.'

"The hope of preserving my life induced Lord Rawdon to order four soldiers to take me up, and carry me to a place of safety. Three of them were wounded while performing this office (one afterwards died of his wounds), but they succeeded in placing me under some trees out of the reach of the balls. A retreat having been sounded, poor Holmes† was running about, like a madman, in search of me, and luckily came to the place where I lay, just in time to prevent my being left behind; for when they brought me to the water's edge, the last boat was put off, the men calling out they 'would take no more.' On Holmes hallooing out, 'It is Captain Harris,' they put back, and took me in. I was very weak and faint, and seized with a severe shivering; our blankets had been flung away during the engagement; luckily there was one belonging to a man in the boat, in which wrapping me up, and laying me in the bottom, they conveyed me safely to my quarters.

"The surgeons did not at first apprehend danger from the contusion, notwithstanding the extreme pain I felt, which increased very much if I

* Mr. Lushington says "The killed and wounded is sufficient evidence of the fire to which he was exposed; but it did not disturb his coolness or humanity, for in the retreat he filled his grenadier cap with water for the relief of the wounded, and when found by Lord Percy administering it to them would fain have had him partake of the precious beverage."

† The name of Captain Harris's servant.

attempted to lie down. A worthy woman, seeing this, lent me an easy chair ; but this being full of bugs, only added to my sufferings. My agonies increasing, and the surgeons observing symptoms of matter forming (which, had it fallen on the brain, must have produced instant death, or at least distraction), performed the operation of trepanning, from which time the pain abated, and I began to recover ; but before the callous was formed, they indulged me with the gratification of a singular curiosity—fixing looking-glasses so as to give me a sight of my own brain. The heat of the weather, and the scarcity of fresh provisions, added greatly to the sufferings of the wounded. As patience was the only remedy for the former, I trusted to it for relief ; and for the latter, the attention of the surgeon, and a truly benevolent family in Boston, who supplied me with mutton-broth, when no money could purchase it, was a blessing for which I can never be sufficiently thankful.”

In a subsequent letter he says jestingly, “ They still every day peep at my brain, which, all things considered, is not an unlucky circumstance, as it may convince you and the rest of the world that I have such a thing ; and I should not regret that you and the rest of my friends in old England, could in the same manner take a peep at my heart. I am convinced they would find a warmth of affection they may more imagine than I can describe.”

Owing, it would appear, partly to the state of his health, and partly to considerations of a private nature, (for he had received the promise of a commission for his brother, and was anxious to make the necessary arrangements for the return with him to America of the recipient of Lord Howe’s bounty) Captain Harris sailed for England ; but his sojourn at home was one of very brief continuance. In the summer of 1776, he again set sail for the shores of America, accompanied by his brother. The voyage was tedious and uneventful ; and there were circumstances which rendered “ the blank and solitude ” of a sea-life peculiarly irksome to him. His affections were engaged by a young lady, whom he had met in England, and the separation from whom was a severe trial. This young lady was Miss Dickson, who subsequently became his wife.

Active service in America soon raised his spirits again. He was never in better health, nor in a more cheerful mood of mind than when in full professional employment. It would swell our article to an inconvenient length, to follow Captain Harris through all the fluctuations of these eventful campaigns, in which the fortune of war was ever varying. In August, 1777, he sailed with Lord Howe from New York, “ and landed with the reserve of the army under Sir W. Howe, at Head of Elk, in September, and was shot through the leg in the attack on Iron Hill, where he had been sent in advance by Lieutenant Colonel Medows, to cover the guns of the

‘battalion with his company.’ A few days after this, the battle of Brandywine was fought. Harris, suffering greatly from his wound, was riding in a carriage, when orders arrived, to form the British columns for action. The impulses of the soldier were too strong for the wounded man. He quitted the vehicle in which he was riding, seized an unsaddled horse, mounted it, joined the army, and shared in the perils and the honors of that eventful day. This imprudence did not help to heal his wound; but so aggravated the evil that he was compelled to betake himself to sick quarters. It was not long, however, before he was sufficiently recovered to join the army; and soon afterwards he obtained his majority. In December, 1778, he served with the force sent for the reduction of St. Lucie. He was second in command, under his old friend Brigadier Medows. In the engagement which took place, when, in spite of the great numerical inferiority of our troops, and an unfortunate scarcity of ammunition, the British force triumphed over “5,000 picked troops of France, commanded by D’Estaing,” Major Harris greatly distinguished himself. He was again wounded on this occasion,—and his brother so severely injured, that he soon afterwards died of his wounds. This was a severe blow to Harris, who was warmly attached to the young and gallant officer, thus cut short in the commencement of a career which promised to be a distinguished one: but in the love of the amiable woman destined to be his wife, he found much good consolation.

Anxious after so long an absence to visit his betrothed, and, in his improved circumstances, to make her his wife, Harris obtained leave of absence, and took his passage to Europe in a Dutch vessel, which had the misfortune to be captured by a French Privateer. Being, however, soon released on his parole, he made his way to England, and was married. His regiment being then at Barbadoes, he embarked with his young wife for that Island; but had scarcely arrived when he was ordered upon a secret expedition, which would have occasioned a long and painful separation, but that it was soon abandoned. But another cause of anxiety soon presented itself. Major Harris’s regiment was ordered to England in the ensuing summer (1780); but the precise time of its departure being uncertain, and Mrs. Harris being in a situation, which rendered it necessary that she should be “settled in some comfortable place by a certain day,” the lady preceded her husband to England, and Major Harris arrived just in time to be present at the birth of his first-born—a daughter.

In the December of this year, he obtained his Lieutenant-

colonelcy, and was soon afterwards ordered to Ireland. The passage was a dangerous one; for the Captain was incompetent, and through his incompetency the vessel was nearly lost. After spending some time at Kilkenny, he proceeded with his regiment to Limerick, where a son, the second Lord Harris, was born. In Ireland he remained some years, during which "the prospect of a numerous family, added to an innate love of retirement and country pursuits, prompted him to make several efforts to sell his commission." After repeated failures, he found a purchaser, and the negotiation had proceeded almost to the point of completion, when, having proceeded to London, for the settlement of the business, he met his old friend, Sir William Medows, and a change came over the spirit of his resolution. He had come up to the metropolis to receive the money for his commission, and to make arrangements for the emigration of himself and his family to Canada. Sir William heard the story with evident impatience, and then asked whether the money had been paid down, and the new commission actually signed. Harris replied that there would be a day's delay, in consequence of the death of the Princess Amelia. "Then," said the General, "you shall not sell out. I am just appointed Governor of Bombay; and you shall go with me as Secretary and Aide-de-camp. I will go at once to the agent and stop the sale." He did stop the sale of the Commission; and this accidental meeting in St. James's Street was the first link in that great chain of events, which elevated Colonel Harris to a high position among the military commanders of Great Britain.

We must here pause in our narrative to bestow a few sentences upon that excellent man and distinguished officer, whose friendship made the fortune of Colonel Harris! The chivalrous bravery of this noble-hearted soldier was only to be equalled by the kindness of his heart and the generosity of his nature. Several characteristic anecdotes of this remarkable man are contained in Mr. Lushington's work. When he was ordered to America, having been appointed to a new regiment, he received permission to take as many men from his old corps, as might volunteer to accompany him. Accordingly he drew up the regiment in line, and after a few words of explanation, stepped on one side, and exclaimed, "Let all who choose to go with me, come on this side." The whole regiment to a man accepted the invitation; the corps went over bodily to the spot on which their beloved commander was standing—a proof of their attachment which affected so sensibly his warm heart that he burst into tears. On service, wherever danger was to be

found, Medows was sure to be in the thick of it. In the battle of Brandywine, when leading on his grenadiers to the charge, with orders to reserve their fire, he received in the sword-arm, just above the elbow, a shot which went out at his back ; and, falling from his horse, he broke his collar bone on the other side. Harris found him in this situation almost insensible ; but the well-known voice of his friend seemed to restore him ; he tried to extend a hand, but neither was at his command. " It's hard, Harris ;" he said ;—but presently added, " it's lucky poor Fanny does not know this."—After the affair of St. Lucie, it was General Medows who communicated to Harris the sad tidings of the death of his brother. The General was so affected that he could scarcely speak, but he stammered out " Harris, be a man in this as in everything else ; the struggle is past." " It is impossible," wrote Major Harris soon afterwards, " to convey to you the obligations I owe to General ' Medows, or the love I bear him. He is brave, good, and generous." Another anecdote, equally characteristic of the two friends, we give in Mr. Lushington's words. " The General, ' acting upon that principle which continually influenced his ' military career, and which taught him, that it made little ' difference in the chances of a soldier's life, whether he did ' his duty cautiously and shabbily, or promptly and handsomely, ' exposed himself to the hottest fire wherever he could. On ' one occasion he persevered so heedlessly in doing so, that ' Colonel Harris and the other officers with him, implored ' him to come down from the position where he stood as a ' mark to the enemy. He disregarded their remonstrance, ' when Colonel Harris jumped up and placed himself beside ' him, saying ' If you, Sir, think it right to remain here, it ' is my duty to stand by you.' This act of generous friendship, had an immediate effect upon the noble heart of ' General Medows, and he descended from his perilous station." On another occasion—at the storming of Nunhydroog in 1791—a breach having been effected in the walls of the fort, the troops were ordered on to the assault, when some one cried out, that there was a mine near the breach. " If there is a mine," cried Medows, who was always to be found where danger threatened, " it is a mine of gold." These encouraging words, aided by the ever-animating example of the General, had the desired effect ; the breach was stormed, and the place carried.*

Of the kindness and generosity of Sir William Medows no

* Macfarlane's " Indian Empire."—vol. II. page 13.

better example need be sought for, than that afforded by the volume now before us, wherein it is set down that, when Colonel Harris accepted the invitation to accompany the General to Bombay, "a heavy burthen of care was taken from his mind ' by a noble trait in the conduct of his kind friend General ' Medows, who with his brother, the late Earl Manvers, ' advanced £4,000, to insure Colonel Harris' life for the bene- ' fit of his wife and family." He was, indeed, habitually liberal and regardless of the acquisition of wealth. When Governor and Commander-in-chief at Madras, he placed all his financial affairs in the hands of Colonel Harris, who took such good care of them that, after providing in the most liberal manner for all the expenses of his station, he placed in the hands of the chief, before embarking for England, four lakhs of Rupees accumulated during the colonel's stewardship. "Harris knows how he scraped it together;" said the General, "I don't." We must not forget to add, though we do not find it in the volume before us, that he gave up to the troops engaged in the operations before Seringapatam, in 1792, all the large share of prize money obtained on that occasion, to which he was entitled as second in command.

Nor must we omit to pay due tribute to the humanity of the General, which was, on all occasions, as conspicuous as his gallantry and generosity. It was one of his favorite maxims—one which he never neglected an opportunity of enforcing upon the troops under his command, that "an enemy in our power, is an enemy no more; and the glorious characteristic of a British soldier is to conquer and to spare." Even when opposed to the most barbarous and remorseless enemy against whom we have ever taken up arms, he still preached the doctrine of "No Retaliation" to his followers. Some of his general orders, issued in America and in India, are models for all military edicts during seasons of active service. We cannot devote a page of our journal to anything much better than the following:—

"Head Quarters, Camp, Trichinopoly Plain, May 25, 1790.

"The Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Medows, is happy to find himself at the head of that army, whose appearance adorns the country he trusts their bravery and discipline will save. An army that is brave and obedient, that is patient of labour, and fearless of danger, that surmounts difficulties and is full of resources, but, above all, whose cause is just, has reason to hope to be invincible against a cruel and ambitious tyrant, whose savage treatment of his prisoners but too many present have experienced; however, should the fortune of war put him into our hands, uncontaminated by his base example, let him be treated with every act of humanity and generosity, and enlightened, if possible, by a treatment so

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much the reverse of his own. To a generous mind, a fault acknowledged is a fault forgot; and an enemy in our power is an enemy no more.

"That the army and Commander-in-Chief may understand each other—and the sooner the better, as there is nothing on earth he idolizes more than a well-disciplined army, so there is nothing on earth he detests and despises more than the reverse—he is, therefore, determined to make the severest examples of the few that may dare to disgrace the army in general by a different conduct. No plunderers will be shown the smallest mercy: he is resolved to make examples severe, in the hope of making them rare, and would think it one of the greatest blessings he could enjoy to make none at all. Among the first wishes of his heart is the army's reputation and success; but it must be prepared for hardships, and to endure them—for difficulties, and to surmount them—for numerous enemies, and to beat them."

When opposed to enemies of a different description, no man was more anxious to acknowledge their merits, than General Medows. At St. Lucie, he issued an order commencing with the following words:—"As soon as our gallant and 'generous enemy are seen to advance in great numbers, the 'troops are to receive them with three huzzas, and then to be 'perfectly silent and obedient to their officers." These are characteristics of the "Happy Warrior."

————— This is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

In the summer of 1788, Colonel Harris sailed for Bombay, leaving his wife and family in England. A somewhat curious arrangement appears to have been made to secure to the absent lady the advantage of frequent intelligence of her lord and master.—"Mrs. Harris, thinking that her husband would be too 'much occupied in his numerous duties to write often to her 'during his absence, had desired John Best to send an account 'of him, whenever he had an opportunity." A man must be very busy, if he cannot find time to write to his wife. John Best was Colonel Harris's servant, an excellent trustworthy man, although no clerk. The following is a sample of the vicarious correspondence which this conjugal arrangement produced—somewhat amended, be it said, in the spelling:—

"Bombay, January 9, 1789.

"Madam,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you, by the ship *Prince William Henry*, which is thought to be the first ship to London from this coast, and I am glad to inform you that my master is in perfect good health, and in a very comfortable healthy situation at present, and I hope you will receive this in good health and prosperity. And ever since we left London, Madam, there has been a great many pleasant affairs past, which did give me the greatest comfort in the world; for to see concerning my master on board the *Winterton*—we had not been long on board before they all see'd, from my master's good pleasant looks and civil behaviour, that he was the sensiblest man on board, and in a short time they all became so very

much pleased with him, that they did ask his advice at all times, for he perfectly at last gained all their favours; and if he had wanted any favour, or asked the captain to forgive any man when he was angry, it was always granted. And when he landed at Bombay, in two days all was ready to entertain the gentlemen when they came to dine with the Governor, for every day there is twelve or twenty different men at least every day, and they do make very free and pass the time cheerfully, which is very pleasant to see for I have often thought in my breast, if you did see how my master makes all the gentlemen so happy, it wou'd in the first place, it would surprise any person for to see, it is so well carried on. And my master sits at the head of the table, and the General at the side, for he gives all the care to my master, and he gives the gentlemen many broad hints that it is all Col. Harris's, which makes it appear very pleasant to me for to see them at all times like two brothers. The Governor very often tells the gentlemen some good story concerning Col. Harris and they both agree in the same in such good nature, that it makes it very pleasant; and my master always drinks a glass of wine with every strange gentleman at table, and sometimes a great many, to the great pleasure of all the people at table; it looks so well, that when any strange gentleman comes to dine the first time, they seem quite surprised, and all the time keep their eyes fixed upon my master; so, I think the best comparison I can make is, they look as if they were all his own children. But I am sorry to see the gentlemen live so fast; but, to my great comfort, my master is as careful as ever he was at home, and in every particular careful of his self. And this wine, you must know, that he drinks is three parts water. If you will put two glasses of water and one of madeira and then a little claret, you will not perceive any difference, and the claret, one glass of water to one glass of claret. This I always mind myself, and give him, when he calls for madeira or claret. I hope Madam, you will forgive me for giving myself the great honour of writing to you.

I am, with respect, your most obedient Servant,

JOHN BEST."

Sir William Medows had not been very long at Bombay, before he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Madras. To the latter Presidency he, therefore, proceeded with his staff; and assuming the command of the army, almost immediately took the field. That great and good man, Lord Cornwallis, was then at the head of the Indian Government; and at the head of the British army, engaged in operations against Tippoo Sultan, he soon appeared on the Theatre of War. The immense resources and unbounded ambition of this potentate had rendered him a formidable enemy;—but in March 1791, Cornwallis struck the first great blow at the Mysorean power, by capturing Bangalore. His intention was, in the next place, to push into the very heart of Tippoo's dominions, to invest the capital, and dictate terms of peace under the walls of Seringapatam. Before the middle of May, he was within ten miles of that city; and, although in an engagement with the enemy, which then took place, he was strong enough to disperse them, he felt that he was not equal to the investment of the

capital of Mysore. He accordingly determined to fall back upon Bangalore. We need not dwell upon all the disastrous circumstances of this retreat. In the following autumn, preparations were made for the renewal of offensive operations;—reinforcements had arrived from England; the treasury had been replenished from the same quarter; cattle in abundance had been received from Bengal; and a new battering train had been equipped. Before the close of the year, Cornwallis had opened all the lines of communication necessary to ensure the success of his final operations; in the following January, he was joined by the Nizam's forces, and the combined army marched forward on the capital of Mysore. On the 5th of February, Seringapatam was again in sight. The main body of the Mysorean army was encamped before its walls. On the night of the 6th, Cornwallis leading the centre divisions in person, attacked the enemy's position; and on the following morning, crossed the Caverry. Tippoo shut himself up within the Fortress; and began incontinently to think of terms. The British general now began to invest Seringapatam. By the 23d, the second parallel was completed; the heavy batteries were prepared for action, and in a few days, everything would have been ready for breaching. Sir William Medows, with characteristic contempt of danger, had undertaken to lead the storming party to the assault; his men were eager for the affray; and Seringapatam was at the mercy of the British Chief, when, Lord Cornwallis, whose humanity was as conspicuous as any of his other great qualities, was induced to listen to the overtures of the Sultan. Terms were dictated to Tippoo, which he was compelled to accept, and hostages, in the persons of his sons, given up, as a guarantee for the fulfilment of the treaty. In all these operations, Sir W. Medows and Colonel Harris took a prominent part. They were engaged in the capture of Bangalore, Savendroog, and Nundrydroog;—were distinguished in the engagement with Tippoo's army before Seringapatam, on the 15th of May; and on the renewal of hostilities, in the following cold weather, were amongst the most distinguished of the officers, concerned in the successful operations against Seringapatam. Medows was second in command;—and Harris on more than one occasion, selected for difficult and hazardous duty.

On the restoration of peace, Sir William Medows determined to return to England and in the month of August Colonel Harris embarked with him at Madras. After spending a year in the bosom of his family at home, he again set sail with Mrs. Harris and his eldest daughter, to join his regi-

ment then stationed at Calcutta. On arrival in October 1794, he was appointed to the command of Fort William, but soon afterwards, being promoted to the rank of Major General, his occupation was gone, and he was about to return home, when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Madras with the rank of Lieutenant-General and a seat in Council. He received intelligence of his appointment, at Calcutta, in January 1797, and proceeded, with all possible despatch to the Madras Presidency. And here, his biographer remarks "If the narrative were to close here, enough has been already written to prove that General Harris was a man of generous affection, high courage, and sound understanding; he had, moreover, shown from his earliest years, a calmness of temper, which enabled him to meet all temptations and dangers with unyielding firmness. These qualities, graced as they were in his intercourse with the world by much personal courtesy, were greatly enhanced to his family and friends by the constant exercise of an affectionate, grateful, and pious heart—from this period of his life, he is to be seen in a wider sphere of action, and to be estimated for his conduct whilst holding high command in the King's, and East India Company's Service."

On the 22d of May, 1798—"a day" says Mr. Lushington, "ever to be remembered in the annals of British India, because we date from it a new and splendid era in our history"—Lord Mornington arrived at Madras. General Harris was then acting Governor of that Presidency, as well as Commander-in-Chief. Upon him, therefore, it devolved to receive and to communicate with the new Governor-General; and the intimacy and cordiality thus commenced, continued uninterrupted until death divided these two distinguished men.

Mr. Macfarlane, in his history of "our Indian Empire" states that Lord Mornington "remained sometime at Madras, in order to acquaint himself with the real condition of that Presidency and of the Carnatic and to concert measures for defending those countries against any irruption of Tippoo and his Mysorean hosts"—but, as the new Governor-General arrived at Madras on the 22d of May, and on the 9th of June, was quietly settled in Fort William, writing letters to General Harris, his stay at Madras (although the voyage up the Bay of Bengal is not a very tedious one in the month of May) must have been of very short duration. Little can he have learnt during that stay; but Lord Mornington was ever prompt to act—his energy and activity were unbounded—and he had scarcely taken his seat as Governor-General, before he meditated an

immediate attack upon Tippoo Sultan and began to take measures for the execution of this most important design.

Lord Mornington's predecessors had been eminently men of peace. Lord Cornwallis, though a distinguished military commander, never struck a blow which could honorably be avoided; and Sir John Shore was on principle averse from military operations, not forced upon him by the pressure of events. The policy of both was in accordance with that inculcated by the authorities in Great Britain. The King's Government and the Court of Directors had steadfastly set their faces, not only against all warfare in India, but against any unnecessary interference with native courts; and in pursuance of instructions received from home, the British power in the East had, for some time, been inactive; anything like hostile preparations had been studiously avoided;—the army was not in a condition to take the field; it was weak in numbers and dispersed over the country; there was little money in the Treasury; there were neither commissariat nor ordnance stores in readiness for the supply of an army; there was no available carriage—every thing was on a peace-establishment; every thing indicated a season of profound tranquillity. But Lord Mornington soon startled the country from this state of dreamy repose. He took the oaths as Governor-General of India, and announced his intention of attacking Tippoo in the stronghold of Seringapatam.

It is no part of our intention to discuss, in the present place, the principles which guided Lord Cornwallis, Sir John Shore, and Lord Mornington. Our opinions have been stated on more than one occasion; and it is here only necessary to remark that, when the admirers and supporters of one statesman censure another, for doing, or omitting to do, what that statesman would, or would not have done, without reference to the peculiar circumstances in which both were placed, they betray the profoundest ignorance and stolidity. To contrast the conduct of Sir John Shore and Lord Mornington, without contrasting the circumstances, rising out of a variety of political events, which, doubtless regulated the conduct of both, would be an act of preposterous folly. It would be as unjust to accuse the former of apathy, indolence, and imbecility, because he did not adopt the energetic measures of his successor, as to accuse the latter of head-strong and reckless ambition—of feverish irritability and pugnacity—because he could not consent to walk in the peaceful footsteps of his predecessor. Both may have been right. It is certain that when Lord Mornington arrived in India, circumstances, unknown to Sir John Shore,

were immediately brought to his attention. It was reported to him that Tippoo was largely intriguing with the French. Not only were there a considerable number of French adventurers in Mysore; but the Governor-General had now obtained authentic information to the effect that Tippoo had sent ambassadors to the Mauritius, with overtures for an offensive alliance with the French against the British Government in India—calling for the assistance of French troops, and offering to pay the whole expenses of the war. A proclamation had been issued, throughout the Island, inviting the inhabitants to enlist in the joint service of the Sultan and the Directory; and M. Malartic, the Governor of the settlement, had forwarded Tippoo's letters to the French Government at Paris. Upon this hint Lord Mornington acted. He had determined to strike the first blow; and accordingly he wrote to General Harris, directing him to spare no exertions for the collection of an army on the coast.

Lord Mornington was a young statesman;—and he was no soldier. Of the difficulties of the game of war he had no very clear perception; of the difficulties of the game of war *in India*, he had no perception at all. He seemed to think that it was the easiest thing in the world, for the British power, without preparation, to fling itself upon the capital of Mysore; to crush the dominion of the Sultan; and to establish the supremacy of the British throughout the whole of Southern India. The effect that the Governor-General's communication of his intentions had upon the Madras Council was like the bursting of a shell in the Council-chamber. Mr. Webbe, the Chief Secretary, whom the Duke of Wellington, many years afterwards, described as "one of the ablest and one of the honestest men he ever knew," exclaimed, in sorrow and dismay, upon perusing Lord Mornington's letter, "I can anticipate nothing but a return of shocking disasters from a premature attack upon Tippoo in our present disabled condition, and the impeachment of Lord Mornington for his temerity."—"Our 'unprepared state for war,' writes Mr. Lushington, "in the absence of a large number of our troops in the Eastern Islands, 'our empty Treasury, and bankrupt credit at Madras, all the 'horrors of Hyder's merciless invasion of the Carnatic, of 'Tippoo's sanguinary destruction of Colonel Baillie's detachment, Sir Hector Munro's disgraceful retreat to Madras, and 'the first failure of Lord Cornwallis against Seringapatam, rushed 'into Mr. Webbe's mind."—What wonder? Lord Mornington's letter contained an announcement of his "positive resolution to assemble the army upon the coast," "with a view of marching directly to Seringapatam;"—and there was nothing,

in the opinion of the oldest and ablest politicians in India, to save such an expedition at such a time from utter and ignominious failure.

General Harris, like an old soldier, prepared to obey orders : but he wrote an immediate protest to Lord Mornington, in a very deferential but a very convincing letter, setting forth, in plain practical statements, the difficulties to be encountered—difficulties which only old soldiers and statesmen, who have had the conduct of extensive Military operations, can fairly appreciate. The following extract from a letter, dated July 6th 1798, contains the substance of the objections which were to be urged against a precipitate attack on Tippoo's dominions :—

“ Revolving the subject in my mind most part of the night, the magnitude of the difficulties to be encountered in an attempt to strike a sudden blow against Tippoo, before he can receive any foreign aid by the cessation of the monsoon on the other coast, occurred to me so forcibly, and has by subsequent reflection become so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I should think myself culpable, if I did not mention my thoughts on the subject, even though your Lordship had not requested information from me. Although the same points have unquestionably occurred to your Lordship, yet the practical experience of them may readily be supposed to have made stronger impressions on my mind than any that could have been conveyed by a different way. The dilatoriness, indecision, and cowardice of our allies are beyond belief to those who have not been eye-witness to these qualities in them, and there is a moral assurance that not one of them will take the field, or be of the least use to us, even admitting that their own situation presented no obstacle to their joining us, until we have secured a position to cover their advance, or gained a decided advantage over Tippoo.

“ Thus they acted with Lord Cornwallis, and as that conduct was governed by principles which have undergone no change, a repetition of it must be expected. From these data, it is to be argued that any sudden blow must proceed entirely from ourselves, and this cannot, I conceive, be attempted without a very large reinforcement from Bengal, aided by the Bombay army. When the reinforcement from your presidency could join us I need not speak of ; but the Bombay army could not begin to assemble until the cessation of the monsoon on the other coast, the period at which I understand your Lordship had hoped the important object in view would be in an advanced state of accomplishment. The last is a difficulty that might, perhaps, be rendered of less importance by your Lordship's exertions in despatching a more ample force from Bengal ; but the difficulties which press us here are, I fear, insuperable. Draft and carriage cattle, even for the defensive army, in Statement No. 1, cannot be collected to enable us to do more than merely to reach the Barrahmahal before the monsoon in October, or to repel the incursion of an enemy.

“ No. 2, from Mr. Cockburn, the best-informed man, perhaps, in India on the subject, fixes nearly the same period even for the equipment of the defensive army ; but such a force as shall be capable of undertaking the siege of Seringapatam, with a reasonable prospect of success, could not, in all probability, reach the place before the 1st of February.

“ The last point I have to observe on, is certainly the most material,—the feeding of the army when it has arrived at the point we wish. This difficulty obliged Lord Cornwallis to relinquish the idea of besieging Seringa-

patam the first time he marched against it ; and but for the almost despaired-of co-operation of the Mahrattas, it would have been doubtful whether he would have ever been able to return to it again.

"These considerations, the little dependence to be placed in our allies, and the facility of communication with the Bombay army by Palagatcherry, joined to the importance of possessing the Coimbatore country, incline me at present to be of opinion that when we engage in this great undertaking, it will be advisable to do it to the southward, by attempting the Caverri-pooram Pass ; but this point, and the season for the junction of the armies of the different coasts, and for the final enterprise ;—how far the aid of the Nizam and Mahrattas, or one or other, may be essential to our success in the attack ;—whether it may be practicable to subsist our army during the siege without the assistance of those native powers ;—what posts should be secured for magazines, so as to have the shortest and most secure line of communication by which to receive supplies ;—and the grand subject of brinjaries, whether the native powers assist us or not ;—are considerations on which there is not now any time for me to enlarge further."

But, as in duty bound, General Harris continued to make every possible preparation for the assembling of the army and commencement of hostilities. It was a solace to him to think that the responsibility of the war did not rest upon his shoulders. "Amidst the trouble of my present situation," he wrote to Lord Mornington, "it is indeed a great consolation to me 'that the momentous duty of determining whether we must 'endure the calamity of war, or remain peaceful, as we now 'are, does not belong to me, but is entrusted to a person so 'well qualified to decide it.'" Lord Mornington continued to write from Calcutta that the war was to be commenced with the utmost promptitude ; whilst General Harris continued to set forth, with deference but firmness, that to prosecute the war without money was impossible, and that he absolutely had no money at Madras. Still he exerted himself strenuously, and in spite of the importunities and remonstrances of the other members of Council, (who saw, with equal clearness, the insanity of the contemplated movement, and had not the same soldierly motives to implicit obedience to superior authority,) set to work, with such hearty good will, that not even the want of money could stay it, for he declared his intention, when the Council opposed a vote of public money, to supply funds, or to be security for the repayment of them to the treasury, out of his own finances. "Objections were, as I expected, started," wrote General Harris to the Governor-General, "but as I declared my resolution to take the measure upon myself, and execute it with my own funds, if no public money could be obtained, the opposition was silenced, and the measures necessary for putting the troops in motion were instantaneously adopted." The letter in which this passage occurs, was written on the 1st of August ;—but, some weeks

before Lord Mornington received it, that nobleman, having been convinced of the folly of attacking, with insufficient resources at his command, so formidable an enemy as Tippoo Sultan, wrote a long and able letter to General Harris, confessing that, although he had meditated an immediate hostile advance upon Seringapatam, he now perceived the impracticability of such a measure; and had, therefore, determined to postpone offensive operations, until such time as the army was in a fit state to encounter, with every prospect of success, the Mysorean army under the walls of the capital. "My 'decided opinion was and is," wrote the Governor-General to General Harris, "that every practicable reduction of the power 'of Tippoo was and is warranted by the principles of justice, 'and demanded by those of policy; and I therefore determined 'in the first instance to endeavour to anticipate the execution 'of his projects of vengeance, by attacking him on all sides 'without delay, and thus intercepting his means of availing 'himself of the solicited aid of France, or of any other assistance which might be presented to him by the variable 'course of Indian politics. But I never proposed to undertake any attack upon him, of which the success could be 'doubtful in the judgment of those whose opinions must 'always govern my discretion on every question of military 'detail; and although my judgment remains unaltered, with 'respect to the justice, policy, and even indispensable necessity of an effectual reduction of Tippoo's power, I have not 'undervalued the practical difficulties of such an attempt at the 'present moment. Your letter, together with the 'opinions of Colonel Close, confirmed the decision which 'I had already taken, and proved that any effectual blow 'against the power of Tippoo must be deemed utterly impracticable under the present circumstances of the army 'at your Presidency." This was equally sensible and candid; and altogether worthy of the man.

In the same remarkable letter, the new Governor-General expresses his astonishment—and more than astonishment—at the tardiness with which an Indian army is set in motion. "If," he said in effect, "the coast army cannot be got ready for 'service within a certain time, all I can say is, that the fact, 'which of course I cannot question, as you assert it, is a very 'discreditable one." And then he added an expression of a settled determination to remedy at once an evil of such magnitude. "This," he said, "is a most serious consideration to me, 'who am charged with the arduous responsibility of preserving 'from injury every part of the British empire in India. I am

‘ determined not only to apply an immediate remedy to this
‘ evil, but to encounter the expense which I know must be
‘ incurred, in providing a permanent security against the
‘ future return of the peril of our present situation. With
‘ this view, I mean to record my sentiments in the Secret
‘ Department upon the difficulties which obstruct the move-
‘ ment of your army. This step will be followed by a direction
‘ to your Government to report to me in Council the most
‘ eligible plan for enabling the army on the coast to be in
‘ constant readiness to take the field expeditiously upon any
‘ sudden emergency. On your report, combined with such
‘ information as I shall receive from the Commander-in-chief
‘ and from the authorities here, I purpose to ground a perma-
‘ nent system for the necessary purpose already stated.”—
There is a touch of the *griffin* in all this. Half a century has
passed away since the above sentences were written, and yet
India has seen nothing of the “permanent system,” which is
here so confidently promised. An Indian army never is “in
readiness to take the field on any sudden emergency.” A
sudden emergency, like the great outbreak in Afghanistan,
arises, and months pass away before even a single brigade,
and that imperfectly equipped, can be got ready for active
service. We wonder what the Marquis of Wellesley thought
of his “permanent system” in the winter of 1841-42.

On the 21st of August, Lord Clive, having been appointed to
the Governorship of Madras, arrived at that Presidency; and
General Harris was relieved of the responsibilities of the civil
Government. Lord Clive saw at once that the representations
of the inefficiency of the Madras army for immediate service,
which had been made to the Governor-General, were founded
upon a correct estimate of the actual state of affairs; but,
like his predecessor, he declared his intentions to do all that
possibly could be done, to manifest “the most cordial co-opera-
tion, and the most zealous and scrupulous attention to the
wishes of the Supreme Government;” and soon the condition
of affairs began to assume a more promising aspect.

Soon after the arrival of Lord Mornington, General Harris,
acting under instructions received from the Governor-General,
had despatched a brigade to Hyderabad, the object of which
movement was the suppression of French influence in the
Dekhan. The Hyderabad Court was so much under the domi-
nion of French ascendancy, that the British Government could
hope for little assistance, in the coming war, from such an ally.
The movement was crowned with success. The Nizam, on the
appearance of the British troops at Hyderabad, was not long

in coming to a determination to dismiss the French officers in his service; he had the sagacity to side with the stronger party;—and to render himself, at least in appearance, a willing and effective ally. This was the beginning of our successes—from this time the progress of our political measures advanced steadily towards a brilliant consummation. There was no want of energy apparent in any quarter. In Lord Clive the Governor-General found an able and zealous coadjutor; and when, at the close of the year, Lord Mornington arrived at Madras, he “had the satisfaction of seeing all hearts and hands united for the furtherance of his wise and vigorous counsels.” The command of the great expedition against Mysore was entrusted to General Harris, who, with rare modesty, mistrusting his own powers, suggested the expediency of conferring the chief command on Sir Alured Clarke, then Commander-in-Chief of the army in India, and at that time in Calcutta. The Governor-General recommended Harris not hastily to decline a command, which might lead him to fame and fortune; but to take a night to consider the great offer that had been made to him, and to give in his reply on the morrow. “Happily ‘for the general,” writes Mr. Lushington, “and for all connected with him, his confidence was re-established by the Governor’s kind reception of his modest doubts of his own sufficiency, and by earnest prayer to the Giver of all victory, that he might be endowed with the powers necessary for this great undertaking. His fine cheerful countenance, when he returned to Lord Mornington in the morning, so plainly spoke the result of his night’s reflections, that before he could give utterance to them, the noble Earl, by anticipation, congratulated him upon his decision, in that frank and generous spirit, which won the hearts of all who approached him, and made them serve in all his counsels in India, as fervently as if they had been of their own suggestion.”

“From this moment,” adds Mr. Lushington, “every arrangement prospered.” The want of money had been a grievous stumbling-block; but what the public treasury could not supply, private patriotism and liberality readily advanced. The Governor-General set the example by subscribing a lakh and twenty thousand rupees towards a new loan;—an example which was nobly followed by a large number of European and native money-holders; and thus, from private sources, within a short time, a considerable sum was raised, to defray the expenses of the war. Thus treasure was found. Stores of all kinds had been collected;—carriage had been drawn from every part of the country; and the scattered components of the coast army

gathered into one effective whole, well organised, well equipped,—and well commanded.

The Head-quarters of the Army were fixed at Vellore; and on the 29th of January, General Harris assumed command. The season was far advanced for the commencement of such an expedition, and Harris could not contemplate the work before him without some gloomy forebodings. The disastrous retreat of the army under Lord Cornwallis some eight years before—a calamity of which the General had been a witness and a partaker—recurred forcibly to his recollection;—the evil consequences of a scarcity of carriage and provisions in the enemy's country were ever present to his mind;—and he steadfastly resolved that nothing should draw him aside from the main object of his expedition—nothing induce him to waste his time and his resources on the march to Seringapatam. It was his fixed resolve to march straight upon the capital, never pausing, unless compelled by the positive opposition of Tippoo's army intercepting his line of march, to strike a single blow by the way. To this resolution he steadily adhered. The army commenced its march. It was a splendid force. "The army of the Carnatic," wrote Lord Mornington to General Harris, "is unquestionably the best appointed, the most completely equipped, the most amply and liberally supplied, the most perfect in point of discipline, and the most fortunate in the acknowledged experience and abilities of its officers in every department, which ever took the field in India." On the 6th of March this fine army, accompanied by the Nizam's contingent, had crossed the frontier of Tippoo's dominions, and on the following morning it commenced its march upon Seringapatam.

On the 4th of April, the British army were encamped in sight of the celebrated strong-hold of Tippoo Sultan. The march had been a difficult and a distressing one. The cattle attached to the army of the Carnatic had died off by scores. The loss of carriage had necessarily been attended by a considerable loss of commissariat and ordnance stores; and there being no possibility, in the heart of the enemy's country, of obtaining fresh cattle to supply the place of those which had fallen dead by the way-side, it was at one time feared that the European soldiers would be necessitated to take the place of the draft bullocks, and drag the heavy ordnance along the remainder of the way to Seringapatam. Fortunately, however, Tippoo in the first instance had come to the determination of attacking the auxiliary force advancing from the Bombay side; and it was not until the 27th of March, that the grand

army under General Harris was engaged with the enemy. This engagement took place at Malavelly, whither Tippoo had despatched a force to intercept the progress of the British ; and was the precursor of a career of victory. Tippoo's troops, after much hard fighting, and a fine display of British generalship, were dispersed ;—but the British force was not in a condition to follow up the success, by a pursuit of the enemy, whose loss in the affair is, however, estimated at 2,000. On the following day, General Harris steadily continued his march towards the banks of the Cavery, and halted at Angarapooram. Here he came to the resolution of abandoning the direct road, and crossing the river near Soosilly, so as to attack the western front of Seringapatam, and at the same time facilitate the junction with the Bombay troops. This masterly project was put into execution, and crowned with complete success. Whilst Tippoo was looking for the advance of the British along the direct road to Seringapatam which had been taken by Lord Cornwallis, the British troops were crossing the Cavery and encamping near the fort of Soosilly. When the Sultan discovered that he had been so completely out-generaled, he was filled with alarm and despair. Summoning his principal officers, he exclaimed, " We have arrived at our last stage—what now are we to do?—What is your determination?" They all replied that they would die with him.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the delight and gratitude of General Harris, on finding himself, with his fine army and splendid battering train, under the walls of Seringapatam. The march had been long and hazardous; the *impedimenta* of the expedition far more cumbrous than any that had ever accompanied an Anglo-Indian army in the field. An untoward check might at any hour have baffled all the plans of the British Government, and sent back this immense army to the point from which it started, after enduring all the misery of a long, disastrous, and discreditable retreat. It was necessary that the force should reach Seringapatam within a certain time; an obstruction of a few weeks would have rendered it impossible for any human combination of energy and skill to bring the war to a successful termination. Had the march of General Harris been lengthened out until the setting in of the monsoon, he must have retired, *re infectâ*, across the confines of the Company's dominions. But now the proud heights of that renowned fortress from which Tippoo had so long snorted defiance at the British Government, rose up before the eyes of the delighted commander. There was great work for him to do, and under Providence, he felt equal to its accomplishment.

It would occupy too much of our space were we to attempt to lay before our readers all the minute details of the assault and capture of Seringapatam. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief notice of some of the leading passages of this memorable chapter of Indian History. The first incident of the siege was the attack on the Sultan-pettah tope, which stood in front of a new and well-constructed line of entrenchments with which Tippoo, since the last war, had increased the strength of his position. On the night of the 4th of April, General Harris ordered out a detachment under General Baird to beat up this tope. On this occasion nothing was effected. General Baird found the tope unoccupied, and lost his way on returning to camp.* On the following day another attempt was made to obtain possession of the Sultan-pettah tope, by two parties under Colonel Shawe and Colonel Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington)—But the attempt was not crowned with success. This also was a night-attack; and, as General Harris wrote in his *Private Journal*, “night attacks so often fail.” The two parties marched out of camp about eight o’clock;—and for some hours the Commander-in-chief was left in a distressing state of anxiety, as he had reason to suppose that the two detachments were firing on each other. The failure is thus briefly recorded in the General’s Diary :—

“6th April, 1799. Remained under great anxiety till near twelve at night, from the fear our troops had fired on each other. Lieutenant-Colonel Shawe very soon reported himself in possession of the post, but a second firing commenced, and as he had previously sent to know what had become of the two Native battalions, I could not be satisfied but that, in the dark, they had mistaken each other. It proved that all the firing was from the enemy; his Majesty’s 12th Regiment scarcely firing a shot the whole night. Near twelve, Colonel Wellesley came to my tent in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the Tope. It proved that the 33rd, with which he attacked, got into confusion, and could not be formed, which was great pity, as it must be particularly unpleasant to him. Altogether, circumstances considered, we got off very well. General Baird’s expedition of last night so far answered our expectations, as he fell in with a small party of the enemy’s horse, and cut up eight or ten of them, which will tend to prevent their plaguing us with rockets, I trust. He missed his road coming back, although one would have thought it impossible; no wonder night attacks so often fail.”

On the morning of the 6th, General Harris determined to risk no more night attacks, but to send a brigade, in open day, to occupy the tope. Colonel Shawe’s detachment was still in

* It has been noticed, as an instance of one of the many *practical* uses of *Astronomy* even in its humblest form, that Baird was put in the right direction, by Lieutenant, afterwards Colonel Lambton of the great Trigonometrical Survey, who convinced the General by explaining to him the position of the Stars, that he was proceeding in the wrong direction.

possession of the ground, which he had taken on the preceding night, but it was obvious that the enemy were making preparations on a large scale to attack this post and to strengthen the party in possession of the tope. Accordingly the Scotch brigade, with two battalions of Sepoys, were ordered out for service, under the command of Colonel Wellesley; but when the troops were ready to march, Colonel Wellesley was not to be found. As there has been much misunderstanding of this matter—and not a little misrepresentation, we give Mr. Lushington's account of the incident, for its veracity cannot be questioned:—

“When all was ready, Colonel Wellesley was not present; and as General Harris had ordered that he should command, he could not comprehend why he was absent; especially when so much time had elapsed, whilst the additional forces were marching down to their allotted stations.

“After waiting a little longer, and inquiring from his staff what could be the reason of Colonel Wellesley's absence, General Harris became uneasy, and apprehensive that the favourable moment for the attack would be lost; and he directed General Baird, who was on the spot, to take the command and proceed to the attack. General Baird immediately drew his sword, and, turning his horse, rode towards the column for this purpose. He had not moved many paces, when General Harris called him back, and said, “On further consideration, I think that we must wait a little longer for Colonel Wellesley,” in which General Baird expressed his hearty concurrence.

“Colonel Wellesley appeared in a few moments afterwards, having, by an omission in the Adjutant-General's office, been only just then warned for the duty. He instantly took the command of the troops, and proceeded to the attack.”

To this we subjoin Sir David Baird's own account, as authenticated by Colonel Shawe:—

“The statement is very incorrect, although there is a mixture of truth in it, and it is especially very unjust to Lord Harris. The facts are these. The troops destined for this service were assembled early on the morning of the 6th April. General Harris was on the spot on horseback, and several officers of rank, as well as myself, were present as spectators. But Colonel Wellesley was absent, although it was generally understood that he was to command the attack. We afterwards learnt that, by some accident, Colonel Wellesley was not warned for that duty, and, of course, he did not attend, but waited in his tent for the usual order or summons.

“As the morning advanced, General Harris became impatient and apprehensive that the favourable moment for the attack would be lost by further delay; and he directed me to take the command, and proceed to the attack. I certainly was surprised and embarrassed by this unexpected order, which I felt would interfere with Colonel Wellesley. But I need not remark to you, or to any soldier, that it would have been impossible for me to show any hesitation, or to make any observation, upon receiving an order from the Commander-in-Chief to proceed forthwith and assume an arduous and honourable service.

“I made no reply, but drew my sword, and, turning my horse, I rode towards the column. I had not moved many paces, when General Harris called me back, and said, “I think, upon reflection, that we must wait a little longer for Colonel Wellesley.”

“ I then expressed to General Harris, in the hearing of all around us, my great satisfaction at this determination, because I felt that it could not fail to be painful and mortifying to Colonel Wellesley, if any other person was employed to complete the operation which he had begun.

“ General Harris's mind was obviously influenced by the same reflections, when, of his own accord, he recalled me, and it is therefore unjust to ascribe to any one else, whatever merit may belong to it.

“ Colonel Wellesley (who I presume was sent for as soon as the mistake was discovered,) appeared in a few moments afterwards, and, taking the command of the troops, he led the attack, which, in a short time, was completely successful.”

“ In the hand-writing of MEYRICK SHAW, Colonel.”

The third attempt upon the tope was completely successful. The enemy were driven from their position; and the work, in the words of Colonel Close, the Adjutant General, “ done in high style and without loss.” The tope carried, Colonel Shawe let slip the 12th regiment, which had been kept in hand, and which now, eager for the affray, bayoneted large parties of the enemy, who were endeavoring to form themselves on the banks of an adjacent nullah. The success of the 7th of April was complete;—the gain to the British cause scarcely to be too highly appreciated. We had obtained an advanced position, calculated, in no ordinary measure, to advance the future operations of the siege. From this time every thing progressed favorably towards a glorious consummation. Occasional fears of a scarcity of provision harrassed the mind of the commander—but these were but transient clouds.

On the 16th, General Harris received the chief engineer's plan for the attack on the western angle of the Fort. The active operations of the siege now commenced in good earnest. The out-posts of the enemy were attacked, and carried with very little loss. Tippoo soon began to manifest the alarm, which he had all along entertained, and to ask why the English had come to molest him. Terms were spoken of;—but the British having proceeded so far, and with such prospects of full and entire success, were not in a position to accede to any terms but those of their own dictation. The conditions proposed startled Tippoo. He would not accede to them; but sealed his fate by refusal. The operations of the siege were continued; and on the 30th of April a British battery was playing with good effect on the walls of Seringapatam. On the 2d of May, another breaching battery opened upon the Fort;—and on the 3rd the breach was reported practicable. The Commander-in-chief then issued orders for the assault, on the following day; the storming party was told off, and every preparation made for the capture of the stronghold of the once formidable Sultan.

The command of the storming party was, at his own request, entrusted to General Baird. It was told off into two columns, of which Colonel Sherbrook commanded the right, and Colonel Wellesley the left. What followed we cannot detail better than in the language of the book now before us:—

“Major-General Baird engaged with his wonted ardour in a duty so congenial to his gallant nature, and before the morning dawned, all the troops ordered for the assault were quietly lodged in the trenches.

A heavy fire had been kept up all night from our batteries, which prevented the enemy doing anything at the breach, and at daylight it was reported by the chief engineer to be practicable. Every preparation having been thus made, and no extraordinary movement on the part of the enemy having indicated their expectation of the assault, all were eager for the signal. The hour appointed by the Commander-in-Chief for the storm, one o'clock, had nearly arrived, when, a little before this time, while General Harris was sitting alone in his tent, anxiously reflecting upon the course he had resolved upon, if the Sultan should succeed in beating off the first assailants, Captain Malcolm (afterwards Sir John Malcolm) came into his tent, and seeing him full of thought, cheerily exclaimed, “Why, my Lord, so thoughtful?” “Malcolm,” said the General sternly, “this is no time for compliments: we have serious work on hand; don’t you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food, and exhaustion, that a Sepoy could push him down?—we must take this fort, or perish in the attempt. I have ordered General Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity; if he is beat off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches: if he also should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army, for success is necessary to our existence.”*

The important moment of assault had now arrived; at half-past one o'clock General Baird stepped out of the trenches, drew his sword, and gallantly exclaimed, “Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers.”

The flank companies instantly rushed out of the trenches, followed by the supporting corps, and under the cover of a heavy fire from our batteries, entered and crossed the river, assailed by rockets and musquetry from the Fort. The forlorn hope of each attack consisted of a serjeant and twelve Europeans, who were followed by two subaltern’s parties; that of the right Column was commanded by Lieutenant Hill, of the 74th Regiment, that of the left by Lieutenant Lawrence, of the 77th Regiment. The forlorn hope was accompanied also by John Best, (of whom I have before made mention,) who could not be restrained by his former master, the Commander-in-Chief, from joining in this perilous service. He was severely wounded in the bed of the river, but sat on a rock cheering the flank companies of the two attacks, as they passed, headed by Colonel Sherbrooke and Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop. A brigade of engineers, under Captain Caldwell, now Sir James Lillyman Caldwell, an officer of distinguished science and gallantry, accompanied the storming party, but he also was wounded in crossing the river. Both the attacking parties ascended the glacis and the breaches in the *fausse-braye* together. Some opposition was made, but the enemy were soon repulsed or cut down. In six minutes the forlorn hope, closely followed by the front companies of the two divisions, reached the summit of the breach,

* This anecdote was told to me in 1813 by Sir J. Malcolm, and amongst the late Lord Harris’s papers I found a letter of mine reminding him of it.

where the British colours were instantly displayed. This was, indeed, a glorious sight. Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop was here wounded in the hand, and was obliged to remain behind from loss of blood. General Baird, having ascended with the flank companies of the right attack, was now on the ramparts, when the leading companies of the two divisions took their respective routs along the northern and southern ramparts, succeeded by the other troops who were yet under a heavy fire while crossing the river.

The right attack under Colonel Sheerbrooke marched rapidly forward on the southern rampart, according to the order prescribed by the Commander-in-Chief for the assault, and met with little opposition until they came to the Mysore gateway, when a large body of the enemy endeavoured to oppose their getting within the interior rampart, but they were driven out with great slaughter. Lieutenant Shawe fell here, and a number of Europeans were killed and wounded. Having forced the gateway, Colonel Sherbrooke continued his march, and gained possession of all the rest of the cavaliers with very inconsiderable loss, hoisting the British colours as he went along as signals of success and victory.

The flank companies of the European corps on the other attack meeting with more resistance, their progress was much slower; some of the traverses were obstinately defended, for Tippoo himself was here present, and led on that fire, by which their front was frequently brought to a stand. But a part of the 12th Regiment having got across the ditch, found its way within the parapet where the enemy were posted, and drove them out; their fire, and that of the companies in front of the left, soon cleared the rampart, and the fugitives who were not shot or drowned in the ditch crowded into a gateway. Before they had time to get off, they were met by part of the 12th Regiment, and between their fire and that of the troops on the main rampart, multitudes lost their lives. The two divisions, as they respectively passed along the north and south ramparts, overcame all opposition, destroying those within their reach. Neither officers nor men knew when they could with safety arrest the hand of victory, for both had been taught, by mournful experience, that there was no hope of mercy from Tippoo, or of peace with him, or those under his command, whilst his power and life remained. The path of the soldiers was therefore destructive and sanguinary. Thousands fell by their hands—indeed, the carnage did not cease, until the two divisions joined on the eastern rampart. All resistance was here at an end, for the whole works of the fortress were now in possession of our troops: nothing remained to be taken but the palace of Tippoo. Here the utmost confusion prevailed; for the family of the Sultan knew not what had befallen him since he left them in the morning. A report had, indeed, been brought to the killedar that he had been shot, and was lying dead under one of the gateways; but whilst uncertain of his destiny, they did not dare to open the gates of the palace without his permission. For themselves, too, they feared a dreadful retaliation from our soldiers, in consequence of the cold-blooded murder, by Tippoo's express orders, a few days before, of twelve of the grenadiers of the 33rd Regiment who had fallen into his hands; much address was therefore required to calm their apprehensions, and induce them to open the gates of the palace to the British troops, who were drawn up on the outside, prepared either to storm the walls, or to take peaceful possession.

Happily the person employed by General Baird upon this duty was pre-eminently fitted to perform it with success. Major Allan (afterwards Sir Alexander Allan), of whom the Commander-in-Chief speaks, in his account of the battle of Mallavelly, as delighting him by his animation, was deputed on this service. Nature had given to Major Allan a heart, a form, and a

countenance admirably fitted for this humane duty. He had, besides, learned and practised his profession under the eyes of Medows and Cornwallis. Medows had taught him that "an enemy conquered is an enemy no more," and the whole career of Lord Cornwallis in India was a beautiful illustration of that divine precept which teaches us—

That earthly power does then shine likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Major Allan performed his duty in the manner thus simply and modestly described by himself:—"Having fastened a white cloth on a serjeant's pike, I proceeded to the palace, where I found Major Shee and part of the 33rd Regiment drawn up opposite the gate; several of Tippoo's people were in a balcony, apparently in great consternation. I informed them that I was deputed by the General, who commanded the troops in the Fort, to offer them their lives, provided they did not make resistance, of which I desired them to give immediate intimation to their Sultan. In a short time the killedar, another officer of consequence, and a confidential servant, came over the terrace of the front building, and descended by an unfinished part of the wall. They were greatly embarrassed, and appeared inclined to create delays, probably with a view of effecting their escape as soon as the darkness of the night should afford them an opportunity. I pointed out the danger of their situation, and the necessity of coming to an immediate determination, pledging myself for their protection, and proposing that they should allow me to go into the palace, that I might in person give these assurances to Tippoo. They were very averse to this proposal, but I positively insisted on returning with them. I desired Captain Schoey, who speaks the native languages with great fluency, to accompany me and Captain Hastings Fraser. We ascended by the broken wall, and lowered ourselves down on a terrace, where a large body of armed men were assembled. I explained to them that the flag which I held in my hand was a pledge of security, provided no resistance was made; and the stronger to impress them with this belief, I took off my sword, which I insisted on their receiving. The killedar and many others affirmed that the princes and the family of Tippoo were in the palace, but not the Sultan. They appeared greatly alarmed, and averse to coming to any decision. I told them that delay might be attended with fatal consequences, and that I could not answer for the conduct of our troops by whom they were surrounded, and whose fury was with difficulty restrained. They then left me, and shortly after I observed people moving hastily backwards and forwards in the interior of the palace: I began to think our situation rather critical. I was advised to take back my sword, but such an act on my part might, by exciting their distrust, have kindled a flame which, in the present temper of the troops, might have been attended with the most dreadful consequences—probably the massacre of every soul within the palace walls. The people on the terrace begged me to hold the flag in a conspicuous position, in order to give confidence to those in the palace, and prevent our troops from forcing the gates. Growing impatient at these delays, I sent another message to the princes, warning them of their critical situation, and that my time was limited. They answered, they would receive me as soon as a carpet could be spread for the purpose; and soon after the killedar came to conduct me.

"I found two of the princes on the carpet, surrounded by a great many attendants. They desired me to sit down, which I did, in front of them. The recollection of Moize U'Deen, who, on a former occasion, I had seen delivered up, with his brother, hostages to Marquis Cornwallis, the sad

reverse of their fortunes, their fear, which, notwithstanding their struggles to conceal, was but too evident, excited the strongest emotions of compassion in my mind. I took Moize U'Deen (to whom the killedar, &c., principally directed their attention) by the hand, and endeavoured, by every mode in my power, to remove his fears, and to persuade him that no violence should be offered to him or his brother, nor to any person in the palace. I then entreated him, as the only means to preserve his father's life, whose escape was impracticable, to inform me of the spot where he was concealed. Moize U'Deen, after some conversation apart with his attendants, assured me that the Padshah was not in the palace. I requested him to allow the gates to be opened. All were alarmed at this proposal, and the princes were reluctant to take such a step, but by the authority of their father, to whom they desired to send. At length, however, having promised that I would post a guard of their own Sepoys within, and a party of Europeans on the outside, and having given them the strongest assurances that no person should enter the palace but by my authority, and that I would return and remain with them until General Baird arrived, I convinced them of the necessity of compliance, and I was happy to observe that the princes, as well as their attendants, appeared to rely with confidence on the assurances I had given them.

"On opening the gate, I found General Baird and several officers, with a large body of troops assembled. I returned with Lieutenant-Colonel Close into the palace for the purpose of bringing the princes to the General. We had some difficulty in conquering the alarm and objections which they raised to quitting the palace; but they at length permitted us to conduct them to the gate. The indignation of General Baird was justly excited by a report which had reached him soon after he had sent me to the palace, that Tippoo had inhumanly murdered all the Europeans who had fallen into his hands during the siege; this was heightened, probably, by a momentary recollection of his own sufferings during more than three years' imprisonment in that very place: he was, nevertheless, sensibly affected by the sight of the princes, and his gallantry on the assault was not more conspicuous, than the moderation and humanity which he displayed on this occasion. He received the princes with every mark of regard, repeatedly assured them that no violence or insult should be offered to them, and he gave them in charge to Lieutenant-Colonel Agnew and Captain Marriott, by whom they were conducted to head-quarters in camp, escorted by the light company of the 33rd Regiment; as they passed, the troops were ordered to pay them the compliment of presenting arms.

"General Baird now determined to search the most retired parts of the palace, in the hope of finding Tippoo. He ordered the light company of the 74th Regiment, followed by others, to enter the palace-yard. Tippoo's troops were immediately disarmed, and we proceeded to make the search through many of the apartments. Having entreated the killedar, if he had any regard for his own life, or that of his Sultan, to inform us where he was concealed, he put his hands upon the hilt of my sword, and in the most solemn manner protested that the Sultan was not in the palace, but that he had been wounded during the storm, and lay in a gateway on the north face of the Fort, whither he offered to conduct us, and if it was found that he had deceived us, said the General might inflict on him what punishment he pleased. General Baird, on hearing the report of the killedar, proceeded to the gateway, which was covered with many hundreds of the slain. The number of the dead, and the darkness of the place, made it difficult to distinguish one person from another, and the scene was altogether shocking; but aware of the great political importance of ascertaining, beyond the possibility of doubt, the death of Tippoo, the bodies were ordered to be drag-

ged out, and the killedar and the other two persons were desired to examine them one after another. This, however, appeared endless, and as it was now becoming dark, a light was procured, and I accompanied the killedar into the gate-way. During the search, we discovered a wounded person lying under the Sultan's palanquin; this man was afterwards ascertained to be Raja 'awn, one of Tippoo's confidential servants; he had attended his master during the whole of the day, and on being made acquainted with the object of our search, he pointed out the spot where the Sultan had fallen. By a faint glimmering light it was difficult for the killedar to recognise the features, but the body being brought out, and satisfactorily proved to be that of the Sultan, was conveyed in a palanquin to the palace, where it was again recognised by the eunuchs and other servants of the family.

"When Tippoo was brought from under the gateway, his eyes were open, and the body was so warm, that for a few moments, Colonel Wellesley and myself were doubtful whether he was not alive. On feeling his pulse and heart, that doubt was removed. He had four wounds, three in the body, and one in the temple, the ball having entered a little above the right ear, and lodged in the cheek. His dress consisted of a jacket of fine white linen, loose drawers of flowered chintz, with a crimson cloth of silk and cotton round his waist; a handsome pouch, with a red and green silk belt, hung across his shoulder, his head was uncovered, his turban being lost in the confusion of his fall; he had an amulet on his arm, but no ornament whatever.

"Tippoo was of low stature, corpulent, with high shoulders, and a short thick neck, but his feet and hands were remarkably small, his complexion was rather dark, his eyes large and prominent, with small arched eye-brows, and his nose aquiline: he had an appearance of dignity, or perhaps of sternness, in his countenance, which distinguished him above the common order of people."

The fact of the Sultan's death having been thus established beyond all doubt, Major-General Baird immediately directed Major Beatson to communicate to the Commander-in-Chief his request, that himself and the storming party might be relieved that night, as they were much fatigued with the labours of that important day. Major Beatson, accordingly, hastened to convey the Major-General's request to head-quarters, and General Harris at once directed the Deputy Adjutant-General, Major Turing, who was sitting in his tent, to put the officer next for duty in orders, to relieve Major-General Baird; and Colonel Wellesley being that officer, proceeded into the Fort for his purpose early the next morning."

It was this appointment of Colonel Wellesley to the command of Seringapatam, after the capture of the place,* which has led to so much controversy. The facts are simply these. On the evening of the 4th of May, on which day Seringapatam

* In the second part of Colonel Outram's "Commentary" (just published) on Napier's *intense* Romance, entitled the "Conquest of Scinde," the author, referring to the indignities which were heaped on the Ameers and their families, when Hyderabad fell into our hands, exclaims, "How different was the treatment experienced by the family of our *hereditary and implacable foe*, Tippoo Sultan, after the capture of Seringapatam;" and he quotes a document, bearing Lord Mornington's name, in which the writer says "It has afforded me peculiar satisfaction on this important occasion to learn that every possible attention has been shown to the families of Tippoo Sultan, and those of his chiefs."

was carried by assault, General Baird, who commanded the storming party, applied to be relieved, on the ground that the party which had captured the place, were so fatigued as to be unfit for garrison duty. In accordance with this requisition, General Harris inquired, from the Deputy-Adjutant-General, what officer was next for duty. He was told that the name of Colonel Roberts stood next on the roster; but, presently correcting himself, the D. A. G. said, that Colonel Wellesley's name stood before that of Colonel Roberts. General Harris, who had on the mention of that officer's name commanded him (Colonel R.) to be sent to the relief of General Baird, now ordered Colonel Wellesley to be sent, as the officer next for duty. Colonel Wellesley, accordingly, went, expecting in his turn to be relieved; but finding that this constant relief of the troops in Seringapatam would retard the settlement of affairs in the fortress, he suggested to General Harris that it would be expedient to appoint a permanent garrison and a permanent Commandant. Upon this Colonel Wellesley was appointed Commandant of the garrison of Seringapatam. General Baird, thinking himself aggrieved by this appointment, addressed a letter of remonstrance to the Commander-in-Chief; and was, for this act, severely reprimanded by General Harris. The reprimand was well merited, for the tone of the letter cannot be defended by any one acquainted with the nature of that military loyalty, without which the discipline of no army can be preserved. General Baird, unquestionably, committed himself;—but we are not equally sure that he ought not to have been appointed Commandant of the garrison of Seringapatam.

That Colonel Wellesley was appointed to relieve General Baird, because his name stood next on the roster, is a fact not to be questioned:—but General Harris has no where declared that the Colonel was appointed to the *permanent* command of the garrison, because he happened to be temporarily holding it at the time, when it was first determined to appoint a permanent Commandant. On the contrary, the Commander-in-Chief distinctly declared in a letter to the Governor-General, dated June 28, 1799, “He (Col. Wellesley) was afterwards permanently appointed by me, from my thinking him more equal to the particular kind of duty than any other officer of the army;” Colonel Wellesley was, therefore, selected for command; the command did not fall to him, in his tour of duty. It is useless, therefore, to show that his name was next on the roster to that of General Baird, for the fact only proves that when an officer was to be sent into the Fort, on temporary command, there was no selection; whilst, on the other hand, as soon as a permanent

appointment was determined upon, (and that appointment was suggested by Col. Wellesley himself) the command, no longer one of mere routine, but an office of high honor, was bestowed on one especially selected by the Commander-in-Chief. Colonel Wellesley was, as General Harris declared, "permanently appointed" to the command of Seringapatam, as the officer presumed to be best qualified to hold it;—and as a special command, and one, indeed, under the circumstances of the case not of a purely military nature, General Harris was justified in making a selection. But the friends of General Baird may allege, and not without some show of truth, that he was, in every respect, qualified for the performance of the duty which was entrusted to Colonel Wellesley; and that his claims were superior to those of the latter officer is not to be denied. The letter, which General Baird addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, proved him to be somewhat deficient in the "discretion, judgement, and temper," which, according to the Governor-General, constituted his brother's peculiar fitness;* but that unfortunate letter had not been written when he was passed over, but was the consequence of his supercession. If General Baird was equal to the performance of the peculiar duty involved in the commandantship of Seringapatam, his claims were of such a nature that they ought not to have been disregarded. We do not estimate those claims so highly as Mr. Hook and others; but we think that Mr. Lushington has somewhat under-valued the General's services. The Governor-General, speaking of these services, declared with reference to the storming of Seringapatam that "a more judicious operation, conducted with more heroic gallantry and spirit, never was achieved."

That the officer selected by General Harris shone forth, in his appointed time, as the foremost man of all the world, is nothing to the purpose of the argument; we have only to regard him as he was on the 4th of May, 1799; and there was nothing at that time to render his claims to preferment, above all the other officers of the grand army, apparent to his comrades, whatever they may have been to his brother and his chief. That he was appointed to the command of Seringapatam, simply because he was the brother of the Governor-General, we do not assert, because we do not believe:—but we cannot say we are surprised that this should have been whispered through the army; nor are we surprised that General Baird should have considered himself unjustly superseded by

* Lord Mornington wrote to General Harris, "My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity, are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I *would* have done so."

an officer considerably his junior, who had taken no prominent part in the assault and capture of Seringapatam.

Having made himself master of several smaller forts, belonging to the Mysore Government, and established tranquillity throughout the country, General Harris, after appointing Colonel Wellesley to command in the conquered country, returned to the Presidency, where he had the gratification of meeting the Governor-General before embarking for Calcutta. Soon after the departure of Lord Mornington, but not before he had received the thanks of Parliament and the Court of Directors, General Harris returned to England.

Nothing can be more inexplicable to the present age, of which one of the most notable characteristics is the cheerful alacrity with which both the Court of Directors and Her Majesty's Government bestow their rewards upon the men who fight their battles, than the neglect which General Harris and his officers were for some time doomed to experience. The Governor-General had written to the Home authorities, with generous urgency, in behalf of the claims of Generals Harris, Baird, Floyd, &c.—but years passed away and still these officers were unrewarded. "There must be something very disqualifying," wrote General Floyd to Harris, in 1804, "in the conquest of Tippoo and his empire in a single campaign, which renders you and me, and all of us, unworthy of notice." We do not affirm that the India House authorities took no notice of General Harris on his return to England. They did take notice of him. They attempted to deprive him of half his prize-money, by reducing his share from an *eighth* to a *sixteenth*; and this, after the Governor-General had expressly stated to the authorities that he did not recommend General Harris for any pecuniary grant, on the score of his distinguished services, because his share of prize-money would place him above the need of any such assistance. "And what," indignantly asks Mr. Lushington, "was the return made by the Government at home? Neither the British peerage nor the riband of the Bath was conferred upon him. They seem to have determined to verify the truth of that maxim, which proceeded from one who knew the human heart well, when he left as his warning voice to posterity the well-known adage, *Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris*; in this spirit they endeavoured to deprive him, whom they had unjustly neglected, of the prize-money he had honorably obtained. They supported a suit in the Court of Chancery against his property, and no one knows

‘ better than myself all the anxieties which he suffered during those years of persecution. Though half his fortune was in peril, his spirit was too noble to listen to any compromise of those principles, which had governed his conduct at the head of the army in Mysore. This was the price at which the honours he had so well earned, together with future peace, were tendered to him; but he spurned the offer, and firmly resolved to maintain his principles and his property. The authority and the learning of the King’s and the Company’s Law officers, with the ample means of the East India Company, were all arrayed against his interests and his reputation. But General Harris determined never tamely to surrender either. He addressed to the Indian authorities a remonstrance . . . but this remonstrance produced no effect upon minds already prejudiced and predetermined. It was not until General Harris had suffered six years of litigation and slander, that the dawn of better days first shone from the upright mind of Mr. Perceval. Having been misled by the grossest misrepresentations, he cheerfully corrected his opinion, and did justice to the unspotted character of General Harris, when he saw what falsehood and calumny had been heaped upon him. But this merited rebuke did not stay the march of his persecutors. They proceeded with their appeal in the Court of Chancery, and when it was dismissed from that Court, they intruded it upon the Privy Council; where, after a solemn hearing, the General’s honorable character was vindicated, and his property confirmed.”

It is possible that there are some of our readers who do not sympathise with General Harris, quite so warmly as Mr. Lushington. That the General was fairly entitled to an eighth of the Prize-money we believe; but it is not to be forgotten that he served under Lord Cornwallis and General Medows, who had surrendered to the army all their share of the profits derived from the first siege of Seringapatam—an act of generosity by which Harris himself must have been greatly the gainer. The precedent was not one, by which all future commanders were, in any way, bound to shape their conduct;—but some, regarding the contest as one between General Harris and the army, may think that Mr. Lushington’s virtuous indignation is a little misplaced. For our own parts, we find it impossible, in times like these, when the Indian services of our officers are so liberally rewarded with Bath honors, Peerages, and pensions, not to sigh over the fate of the distinguished officer, who crushed

the most formidable enemy ever opposed to our Indian army in the field, and, throughout the fifteen years which succeeded this memorable conquest, gained nothing from his country but—*a Chancery Suit.*

In 1815, General Harris was raised to the Peerage. The honors, some fifteen years over-due, for which he had more than once vainly importuned the Government of the day, were at length, through the intercessions of the Duke of York and Lord Liverpool, bestowed upon the conqueror of Mysore. He was created "Lord Harris of Belmont in Kent, and of Seringapatam and Mysore in the East Indies." Subsequently the honors of the Bath were added to those of the British peerage; he was created a Grand Cross; and the Government of Dunbarton Castle was conferred upon him. His merits were now fully recognised; his claims fully satisfied; and the remainder of his days were spent in ease and tranquillity of mind. He lived to see more than one of his sons distinguished in the same honorable field of ambition, as that in which he had himself risen to fame and fortune; and in the enjoyment of the condescending friendship of the King, the Duke of York, and other magnates of the land, he attained an honored old age, and surviving most of them, descended peacefully to the grave. "By his neighbours and tenantry, rich and poor, he was beloved and respected for his kind heart, clear understanding, and simple manners. That frankness of intercourse, which was the result of these qualities, was quite in the spirit of Addison's portrait of the old English country gentleman, in the person of Sir Roger de Coverley and produced the same effects. 'The young women professed to love him, and the young men were glad of his company. When he came into a house, he called the servants by their names, and talked all the way upstairs to a visit.' Nor did the resemblance to the good old knight stop here. 'His easy manners put all pomp and pageantry out of countenance in his presence; and though a high-hearted nobleman doing honour to the peerage and to his country by his personal virtues and public services, he was as unaffected as the simplest peasant.'

On the 19th of May, 1829, Lord Harris was gathered to his fathers. He appears to have died in the full possession of his faculties, serenely and hopefully—to have resigned his spirit into his maker's hands, in humble reliance on God's infinite mercy. "He received the Sacrament with all of his children who were present, under circumstances of the deepest interest, affectionately bade them farewell, and resigned his spirit

‘ into the hands of his maker in full confidence of the atoning merits of His Saviour.’

We need not attempt, in this place, an elaborate mental portrait of the first Lord Harris. The son of a country curate, he rose to eminence by the force of his own personal character ; and yet that character was not distinguished by any extraordinary qualities of mind. His career, indeed, may be regarded as a striking illustration of what may be done by a man of no very brilliant intellectual endowments, who steadily follows his profession, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but consistently “ doing his duty in that state of life, to which it has pleased God to call him.” He had all that is necessary to make a good soldier—much that is necessary to make a great commander ;—he had courage, integrity, a fine sense of honor ; he was cheerful, generous, and humane. As a military chief, he had been little skilled in the handling of armies, when he was called upon to take command of the most extensive expedition, which had ever been equipped for service in India ; but when we estimate the importance of that service, the magnitude of the difficulties to be encountered, the cumbrous nature of the *impedimenta* of the army of the Carnatic, the season of the year at which he commenced his march, the character of the country he traversed, and the immense resources of the enemy, we are compelled to acknowledge that many an officer of much greater experience might have conducted the campaign to a less glorious termination. No man, perhaps, had less confidence in General Harris’s abilities than the General himself. He was diffident of his own powers ; in no way ambitious of responsible command ; and, when at length he achieved one of the most memorable acts recorded in history, the capture of Tippoo’s stronghold and the subjugation of Mysore, he bowed himself humbly before the Almighty, and to his aid attributed all that had been done. “ The Almighty only can judge hearts,” he wrote on the evening of the 4th of May, “ and I hope mine is found humble in his sight.” Humility was, indeed, one of his characteristics ; but in his dealings with his fellows, he was never wanting in firmness—never destitute of those qualities which support the dignity of human nature and command the respect of mankind. In private life, he was peculiarly gentle and amiable ; with strong, but well-regulated affections, much courtesy of manner and kindness of disposition ; he elicited from the domestic circle, by which he was surrounded, the strongest feelings of reverence and love. He was a good husband, a good father, a kind master, and warm friend.

We had intended to have closed this review of Mr. Lushington's book with some remarks upon his dissection of the mis-statements contained in Mr. Alison's history of Europe ; but our article has already extended beyond the limits which we originally assigned to it. We need scarcely say that Mr. Lushington remains master of the field. The historian must submit to the exposure. In these days it is no longer safe to write crudely and recklessly about India ; ignorance is sure of detection, and it is as necessary to consult and collate authorities, when a narrative of an Indian battle is to be written, as when an European campaign is the subject of the historian's discourse.

We part from Mr. Lushington with a word of thanks. He has done good service by the publication of this *Life of Lord Harris*. The second edition, which we have used, is, however, in some respects defective, for many of the documents referred to in the text and said to be in the *Appendix*, are no-where to be found. We presume that they are contained in the first edition, but have been omitted from the second.

In conclusion, we avail ourselves of the present opportunity for again reiterating our expression of regret that so few of the talented and accomplished men, who, after serving their time in India, have returned to their native land in the enjoyment of health and fortune, should deem it their duty, their privilege, or their pleasure, to turn their valuable Indian experience and accumulated information to profitable account, in the way of interesting and enlightening the minds of their countrymen, by separate publications of their own, or through any of the more influential channels of the current periodical Literature. Let us indulge the fond hope that, henceforward, this source of regret may be gradually diminishing, until it is eventually dried up. Lushington, Elphinstone, Galloway, Briggs, Tod, Kennedy, Wilson and others, have already so far set a good example ; may that example stimulate to more frequent and successful imitation.

ART. III.—1. *Rennel's Atlas*, 1779.

2. *Tassins' Bengal Atlas*, 1841.

THE question of Statistics is one that has engaged of late years the attention of some of the most scientific minds in England, France, and Germany; in England a Statistical Society is in active operation and publishes a Journal since 1837. Statistics are now classed as a science and as such occupy a place in the list of subjects that come before the British Association; in France the Archives of Government are thrown open to the researches of the members of La Société de Géographie, a body which has contributed more to the advancement of the science of Geographical Statistics than any other throughout the world. But in India how different is the case; it would, at times at least, almost seem to be as easy to get access to the records of the Inquisition as to many of the Statistical documents of the Bengal Government, which are often permitted to become the food of white ants, or perhaps to be *sold in the Calcutta Bazzars as waste paper*, while they are virtually *sealed* to the investigation of the learned! Yet, in spite of every such discouragement, much light has been thrown on the History of India by individuals.

We feel strongly that the *present* is the time for collecting information on the condition of India—Hindu Society is in a transition state—the old pandits and natives, whose heads are stored with traditionary lore, are passing away, and their successors feel little interest in the past local events of India:—unless therefore, “these fragments from the wreck of time” be preserved in print, we shall lose one means of noting the progress of the natives of India. Todd's Rajasthan, Malcolm's Central India, and the Mackenzie Mss., compiled at a period when Central India was in a transition state, have snatched from oblivion a number of valuable facts, which will serve hereafter as landmarks to indicate the march of improvement among the Rajpút and South India tribes.

In former numbers of this Review two papers appeared, “Notes on the banks of the Húgly,” which gave an account of the places between Calcutta and Chinsura; we propose continuing the “Notes” as far as Súti near the mouth of the Bhá-girathi, with the exception of Chinsura, Húgly and Bandel. Chinsura with its Dutch associations and Húgly with its stirring events in days of yore, afford ample materials for a distinct article: Bandel we have noticed in “The Portuguese in North India.” The Banks of the river between Tribeni on the South and Gaur on the North teem with local associations of various

kinds—*Tribeni*, famous as a place of pilgrimage since the days of Pliny—*Sátgan*, a grand emporium of trade in the time of the Romans—*Ghospárú*, the cradle of the Kartá Bhojás—*Dumurda*, notorious in the annals of dakoity—*Suhhsagar* and the river encroachments—*Chagdá*, once infamous for human sacrifices and dakoity—*Sibpúr*, formerly a residence of the illustrious Raja Krishna Chandra Ray—*Guptapárú*, famous for its monkeys and Brahmans—*Santipúr*, the strong-hold of ghosains—*Kalna*, with its trade and temples—*Dhobá*, and its sugar manufactory—*Nudiya*, in old times the capital of Bengal and still a Brahmanical metropolis—*Agradip*, the scene of a famous mela—*Katwá*, the port of Birbhum, well known in the days of the Mahratta—*Palási*, the Indian Marathon—*Rangamati*, with its spur of the Birbhum hills—*Berhampúr*, 80 years ago the frontier cantonment of the East India Company—*Kasim Bazár*, the former seat of the English, French, and Dutch trade—*Múrshidabad*, and all its recollections connected with the Musalmán dynasty—*Jangipúr*, famous for its silk trade—*Súti*, where Mír Kasim met his defeat and his visions of independence vanished—and *Gaur*, the metropolis of Bengal, long before the days of Alexander.

To the mere stranger the banks of the Bhágirathi present little calculated to afford interest;—so would the plain of Troy to the person ignorant of Grecian history: but for those who love to dwell on the past, there are few parts of India, except Rajpútaná, which are crowded with a series of more interesting associations. The trade carried on by the Romans—the Hindu dynasty of the Lakhmans—the scenes where British ascendancy was established in this country—the influence of Mahomedan sway—the development of the resources of this country by Indigo, Silk and Sugar factories—the former prevalence of gang robbery;—ideas connected with these and kindred subjects crowd on the mind of the intelligent traveller in passing various places on the banks of the Bhágirathi. In consequence of the local associations he has called up, Sir W. Scott has given “a charm to Scottish scenes and barren heaths.” Dr. Johnson has made the often quoted remark, in which he condemns the man whose patriotism would not glow on the plains of Marathon, or piety grow warm amid the ruins of Iona. In India where Europeans generally feel so little interest in the country, know so little of its past history, and sympathise so little with the natives, it is specially important that the principle of *local association* should as far as possible be called forth. We must know something of the *past* history of a people in order to understand their *present* condition—what

a stimulus did the recollections of Grecian History afford some years ago to the exertions of philanthropists in the cause of the modern Greeks, who were crushed under the yoke of Turkish tyranny. We trust that the progress of English education and Christian Missions along the banks of the Bhágirathi during the next fifty years, will afford a brilliant contrast to the gloomy recollections of past times—to the profligate rule of Kúlinism—to Satis—Infanticide—Musalmán despotism and Hindu stagnation of thought.

The banks of the Bhágirathi are likely to afford scenes of the noblest triumphs to missionary and educational operations, because the principle of concentration and mutual co-operation will be carried out, by a *chain* of missionary and educational posts at,—Húgly connected with the London Missionary Society; Ghospárá with the Established Presbyterian Church; Kalná with the Free Church of Scotland; Nudiya and Kishnaghur with the Church Missionary Society; Katwá with the Baptist; and Berhampúr with the London Missionary Society.

Besides Heber's Journal and "Robert's Scenes" there are scarcely any journals of travellers worth notice on Bengal; in a recent work, "Bacon's First Impressions," it is stated, that after leaving Barrakpúr "a few *hours* tracking brought us to Serampore"! the author gives a drawing of a fakír's serai on the banks of the river near Húgly with a *hill* in the vicinity! this resembles Carne's description of Kiernander, the *first* Protestant Missionary to Bengal, visiting his *mountain* villages near Calcutta! No Sanskrit works give any topographical information respecting those localities, except the Sri Bhagavat and some other Puranas which notice Tribeni, and the course of the Ganges. Arrian, Pliny and Strabo write incidentally of a few places. As for authorities on these subjects little information can be given, since in the Bengali language no book of any description was compiled before A. D. 1500. The poem of Kobi Kankan was written in Bengali 300 years ago, (the author lived in Burdwan; and is said to have been born at Damini near Tárikeswar in Burdwan; Kirti Bās is also said to have been born in Burdwan). It describes the journey of a merchant from his own residence 150 miles from the sea, down the Bhágirathi to the port in which he embarked for Ceylon, he enumerates the places at which he *lagoed* on the banks of the river. The *Sandesábali* and *Timir Násak* notice a few towns; but the written or printed materials are very scanty: "the Musalman invaders of Bengal thought Hindu writings to be full of mantras or charms, and they deemed them *haram* or sinful, and not worthy to be seen; hence on entering a town in Bengal

they burnt every ancient Mss. as well as image: the Hindus also were in the practice, when invaded, to destroy every thing which was of value to the invaders and particularly all "Mss. that would give information of the country;" hence no Mss. exist which give any information of Gaur or Pálibathrá. The Hindu writings were of an anti-historical character. The remarks of Taylor in his "Historical Manuscripts" are applicable here,—“Generally speaking, Indian princes, purely such, as distinguished from foreign invaders, have been less addicted to warring with each other, than those of almost any other ancient nation. Hence, in a great degree, arises the paucity of materials for Indian history; but, happily periods most barren of historical incident, have always been most prosperous for the people.” We must therefore have recourse, occasionally to oral testimony and current traditions, which are the only sources in the absence of written testimony, and which have been resorted to with so much success by Tod in his Rajasthan; the discoveries however of Ventura in the topos of the Panjab: of Prinsep in Pali Medals; of Hodgson in Nipal, and of Remusat in Chinese Mss. give hope that future researches may throw a flood of light on the Ante-Mahommedan history of Bengal; a translation of some Persian Mss. mentioned in Stewart's Catalogue would afford information on Bengal History: even legends are of value, for as Wilson remarks, “Hindu tales are *faithful* records of the state of popular *belief* many ages ago.” Legendary lore is compared by Troyer to a chronometer, which, though it gives not the true time, yet presents errors which we know how to correct. Dr. Buchanan, though he undertook at the command of the Marquess of Wellesley a survey of Eastern India, which occupied him seven years and cost the Government 30,000 £, yet has not thought it beneath his notice to embody in the report he presented to Government the legends and local traditions of the districts he passed through.

We name this article the banks of the BHAGIRATHI, though some Europeans call the river as far as Nudiya the Húgly,—but Húgly is a modern name, given to it since the town of Húgly rose into importance: the natives, call it Bhagirathi, because they say it was the channel Bhagirath cut in bringing the Ganges from the Himalaya to Ganga Ságar. This name recalls what is believed to be a fact—that the Ganges itself formerly ran by Katwá, Tribeni, and not as it does now into the Padma; our reasons are,—the natives attribute no sanctity to the waters of the Padma, thinking the Bhagirathi to be the true bed of the river, hence the water flowing by Bishop's College is not esteemed holy, as they say that the site

of Tolly's Nalá was the ancient bed—there are no places of pilgrimage along the banks of the Padma, while on the Bhagirathi are Tribeni, Sagar, Nudiya and Agardíp. Dr. Buchanan states on this subject “ I think it not unlikely that on the junction of the Kosi with the Ganges, the united mass of water opened the passage now called Padma, and the old channel of the Bhagirathi from Songti (Súti) to Nudiya was then left comparatively dry. In this way we may account for the natives considering that *insignificant* channel as the *proper* continuation of their sacred river, as they universally do, a manner of thinking that unless some such extraordinary change had taken place, would have been highly absurd”—the names of places near the Bhagirathi ending in *dwipa* island, *dángá* upland, *daha* abyss, *ságar* sea, seem to indicate that a large body of water formerly flowed near them.

We begin our notice with the SARASWATI Khal, which flows by Tribeni down to Sátgan, and which in former days was a mighty stream, when the Bhagirathi, instead of flowing as now past Húgly, rolled its mighty waters down by Sátgan. Rennel states, “ In 1566 the Satgang river was capable of bearing small vessels and I suspect that its then course, after passing Satgang was by way of Adampur, Omptah and Tamluk : and that the river called the old Ganges was a part of its course, and received that name, while the circumstance of the change was fresh in the memory of the people. The appearance of the country between Satgang and Tamluk countenances such an opinion.” The banks of the Saraswati at Tribeni formed the ancient boundary of the kingdom of Orissa, extending as far west as Bishenpur in the time of the Ganga Vansa princes from the 10th to the 14th Cent A. D. Akbar annexed Tribeni to the Bengal government and separated it from the powerful kingdom of Orissa or Kalinga, which flourished at the same period as the Ujayin and Malwa monarchies, and was next to Magadh in greatness, stretching from the Godavery towards the Ganges; the King of Kalinga in Pliny's time could bring into the field 100,000 foot; at the beginning of the Christian era Salivahan ruled the country between the Godavery and the Nermada. “ By progress of emigration and conquest the Orissa nation carried their name and language over the vast space of territory, including, besides Orissa Proper, part of Bengal, and Telingana.” In 1243 the rajah of Jagipur, 35 miles N. E. of Katak, besieged Gaur the Capital of Bengal. The Orissan monarchy sunk into decay about the same time that the Saraswati river, owing to a silting process, dried up; in 1845 an inundation tore up the soil in the bed of the

river near Sâtgan and exposed to view the masts of a ship. In Rennel's Maps, drawn over 70 years ago, the Saraswati joins a river which flows by Duma, Nisipur and Chanditala into the Húgly at Sankral near Bishop's College: this probably was the old bed of the Bhagirathi, which passed from Sankral up to the site of Tolly's Nalá, then *via* Gurea, Barripur and Rajganj to Diamond Harbour, and so on to Ganga Sagar; the ground west of Haura and from thence on to Húgly is low and marshy, indicating the course of a former river. Ptolemy however states that the Saraswati flowed into the mouth of the Jellasure river: this view corresponds with that of Rennel's, and may be reconciled with our's by supposing a *branch* from the Saraswati, *i. e.* *Ganges* to have joined the Damuda or Rupnarayan.

SATGAN, the royal emporium of Bengal from the time of Pliny down to the arrival of the Portuguese in this country, has now scarcely a memorial of its ancient greatness left; it has furnished a native proverb indicative of its fall, "Compare not yourself to a man of Satgan." Wilford thus describes it, "Ganges Regia, now Satgan, near Húgly. It is a famous place of worship, and was formerly the residence of the kings of the country, and said to have been a city of an immense size, so as to have swallowed up one hundred villages, as the name imports: however, though they write its name Satgan, I believe it should be Satgram or the seven villages, because there were so many consecrated to the seven Rishis and each of them had one appropriated to his own use." Sâtgan is said to have been one of the resting places of Bhagirathi. One of the Puranas states that Pryabasta, king of Kanauj, had 7 sons, who lived in Satgan, *i. e.* Saptagram, and whose names were given to seven villages, viz. Agnidra, Romanaka, Bhopisanta, Saurabanan, Barra, Sabana, and Dutimanta, they were *múnis*. Kusa-grass is said not to grow in Satgan, as it was cursed by the seven *rishis*. Di Barros writes "that Satgaw is a great and noble city, though less frequented than Chittagong, on account of the port not being so convenient for the entrance and departure of ships." Purchas states it to be "a fair citie for a citie of the Moores, and very plentiful, but sometimes subject to Patnaw." Fredericke, who travelled in Bengal, 1570, and visited Satgan mentions that in it "the merchants gather themselves together for their trade:" he describes a place called Buttor, "a good tide's rowing before you come to Satgaw, from hence upwards the ships do not go, because that upwards the river is very shallow and little water, the small ships go to Satgaw and there they lade:" he writes that "Buttor has an infinite number of ships and bazars; while the ships stay

in the season, they erect a village of straw houses, which they burn when the ships leave and build again the next season ; in the port of Satgaw every year they lade 30 or 35 ships great and small with rice, cloth of bombast of divers sorts, lacca, great abundance of sugar, paper, oil of zerbeline and other sorts of merchandize." The Shah Jehan Namah, part of which is translated in Stewart's Oriental Catalogue, mentions that, " while Bengal was governed by its own princes, a number of merchants resorted to this place (Húgly) and having rendered this agreeable, obtained a piece of ground, and permission to build houses, in order to carry on their commerce to advantage ; in the course of time owing to the stupidity and want of attention of the Governors of Bengal, a great number of Portuguese assembled here, who erected lofty and solid factories which they fortified with cannon, muskets, and other implements of war:" he then states the Portuguese settled at Húgly, " which drew in a short time all the trade from Satgan, which in consequence fell into decay." In 1632, Húgly being made a royal port, all the public officers were withdrawn from Satgan, which soon sunk into ruin. The Mogul governor of Húgly brought a charge against the Portuguese before Shah Jehan of " having drawn away the trade from the ancient port of Satgan." The silting up of the river there, was another cause of its decay : similarly we find that Kambay, which was a famous port when the Portuguese came to India, is now choked up owing to the sea having retired several leagues : it is said the Moguls deepened the present channel which flows in front of Húgly, and this would serve to draw off the current which before flowed down by Satgan.

Warwick, a Dutch Admiral, notices that Satgan in 1667 was a place of great trade for the Portuguese. The foundations of a fort built by the Musalmans remain near Satgan bridge ; the fort was pulled down to build houses in the town. The old Dutch residents at Húgly had their country seats at Satgan, and were in the habit of *walking* from Chinsura in the middle of the day to it and returning after dinner. Near Satgan bridge stands an old temple in which is interred one of the officers of Shah Sufi. The people of Satgan were famed for wit and often contended for the palm of wit with the inhabitants of Mahmud Shah, in the neighbourhood.

Opposite Tribeni at the mouth of the Saraswati Khal, stands a famous MOSQUE, containing the tomb of Jaffir Khan ; it was once a Hindu temple. Jaffir Khan was the uncle of Shah Sufi, he was a zealous Musalman and made a proselyte of Rajah Man Nriput, he was killed in a battle fought with Rajah

Bhudea. Jaffir's son conquered the Rajah of Húgly and married his daughter, who is buried within the precincts of the temple, and to this day Hindu votive offerings are presented at her tomb on Musalman festivals: Jaffir Khan himself, though a Musalman, worshipped the Ganges. This temple must be at least 500 years old, as Shah Sufi came to Bengal A. D. 1340 (he fought a battle near Pandua, which rendered the country entirely subject to the Musalmans); the stones in it are very large: the temple was probably erected when the kingdom of Orissa was in its glory and stretched its sceptre as far as Tribeni, and when ships floated on the waters of the Saraswati—across which a child can now leap. A civil servant at Húgly is said some years ago to have pulled down part of this temple to make a ghat!!

South of this temple is the village of BANSBARIA or Bansbati, i. e. the place of bambus, famous for the temple of the goddess Hansheshari, with its 13 pinnacles and 13 images of Shiva, erected 50 years ago by Rani Sankari Dási, the wife of Nrisinga Deva Ray, a Zemindar: it cost a lakh of rupees, and had a house there surrounded with a trench and four pieces of cannon mounted on it; when the Mahrattas came near Tribeni the people fled to this house for protection. On the festival of Hansheshari the Rani used to invite pandits from all the neighbouring country, Calcutta, Nudiya.* This temple occupies 15 acres. At Bansbaria there were formally 12 or 14 tolas, where Nyaya or logic was read, but Sanskrit studies are on the decline there. The Tatwabodhini Sabhá had formerly a flourishing English School of 200 boys at Bansbaria, established 1843, but some of the boys embracing Vedantism, their parents became alarmed lest they should forsake Puranism

* The following is a list of a few among the many eminent pandits Nudiya, has produced during the last 300 years—Raghu Nandan composed about 200 years ago “the Essence of the Hindu ritual,” he established a new ritual in the investiture of the paíta, he wrote a work on Law called *Tithi tatwa* in twenty-eight books; it is extensively studied, and is highly valued by Colebrooke—*Nudiya* is most famous for the study of Nyaya or Logic: among the pandits who have written commentaries here on the subject occur the names of:—Godadar Sriromani, Maturanath Tarkabagish, Roganath Sriromani, Bas Deb Sarbabaumi,—on *Smriti or law*, Ji Matta Bákan—Sri Krista Tarkalankar, Chandrasekar Bashishpati; and on the *Mugda Bodh* or *Grammar*, Durgadas Bideabagis, Ram Tarka Bagis, Bharat Malik; Amar Sing, the author of the *Amera Kosha*, lived in Naya where he kept a tola and wrote his book. There is a tradition that the celebrated Kalidas came from the Court of Vikramaditya to test the knowledge of the Nudiya pandits, and also that Sankar Acharya visited it for the same reason; Krishnanda, a Brahman of Nudiya in the middle of the 16th century, propagated a doctrine called *pasu bháb*; it is believed in by numbers of Brahmans in Bengal. Sir W. Jones, 1787, congratulated himself in “spending three months every year near an ancient university of Brahmans (Nudiya) with whom he began to converse fluently in Sanskrit.” Those anxious to know more on the learning of Nudiya, we would refer to Adam's Reports on Education in Bengal and Bahar.

and they withdrew many of them; the members of the *Sabhā* thought that Bansbaria being an eminent seat of Hindu learning presented a more favorable opening for schools than Calcutta; but Puranism and Vedantism being antagonistic, the success of the school has been retarded. A tiger was seen near it in 1830; he killed four ryots; old persons still remember the time when the Satgan district was infested with tigers and when rewards used to be offered from the Collector's office at Húgly for killing them. Tarachand, a native Christian, resided at Bansbaria; he was led to inquire respecting Christianity from simply reading a New Testament. The first native Church under a native minister was formed at Bansbaria under Tarachand, who was a well informed man, and spoke English, French, and Portuguese with fluency.

On the opposite side of the river facing Bansbaria is MALIK-BAG, of which Ramkomul Sen gives the following account in his able preface to his Bengali dictionary. "The Musalman invaders of the west of Hindústan, who afterwards established themselves on the throne of Delhi, considered this country (Bengal) to be *Dojakh*, or an infernal region, and whenever any of the Amirs or Courtiers were found guilty of capital crimes, and the rank of the individuals did not permit their being beheaded, while policy at the same time rendered their removal necessary, they were *banished to Bengal*. Of those individuals banished to Bengal, one, named Mullik Kássim, had his residence immediately west of Húgly, where there is a *Haut* or market, still held, which goes by his name. Ahmid Beg was another person of that description; his estate is still in existence, opposite to Bansbaria; and there are a *Haut*, *Gunge*, or mart, and a *khal* or creek, still called after his name; Meer Beg also had a fort, with a mansion opposite to Húgly, which is called *Mir Beg há Gur*." These lands were given on a kind of military tenure; as the Government of the Afghans in Bengal, bore a close resemblance to the feudal system of the Goths. The air and water of that part of Bengal were then considered so bad as to lead almost to the certain death of the criminal. The whole of *Malikbág* was formerly a large garden, but the trees have been cut down for fuel. In the time of Malik the site of Serampore was a jungle. The site of the city of Jessore, which is considerably to the north of Malikbag, was, when founded 300 years ago by Sivananda Majúmdar, the uncle of Rajah Pratapaditya, "a forest on the borders of the sea." A little to the south of Malikbág is HALISHAR, famous for the Smriti Colleges, established there by Rajah K. Ray of Nudiya; he assigned

to them endowments of land, the Rajah is said to have come here to visit Balarám Tarkábushan, a very learned pandit, who would not enter a Sudrá's house, nor even take money from his hand, nor receive a present on the banks of the Ganges; the Rajah saw a Kumbhakar or potter at the place and asked him in Sanskrit, *Kastam* (who are you), the man replied, *Kumbhakar Ahang* (I am a potter), the Rajah surprised that a low person knew Sanskrit, said, this is a fine place, and he made a bazar in it called Kumarhattá, i. e. the bazar of the potter. Great quantities of broken pottery are still dug up, the pandits still call Hálishar by the name of Kumarhattá. Balarám Tarkaboshu, a pandit well skilled in Nyaya, lived here. There are still twelve Sanskrit Colleges in Hálishar and its neighbourhood; Law and Logic are the chief subjects taught. Hálishar is noted for its drunkards, and particularly for drunken women: one reason ascribed for it is, that many Brahmans from the East of Bengal reside here, and follow the Tantra system which encourages drunkenness. At Hálishar, Ram Komal Sen had his country seat; he was of low origin, his father was a native doctor; Professor Wilson patronised him and gave him employment in his printing office, afterwards in the mint, where he studied English and Sanskrit, and subsequently became Assistant Secretary to the Sanskrit College. *Hálishar* formed a Zillah last century: it has a population of about 30,000, 4000 of whom are of the *bhadrá lok* or Hindu gentry.

To the North of Malikbag flows the JAMNA river, called by Ptolemy, the Diamuni, "the blue daughter of the sun," by Jaydeva it is named the Kal Yamani, because Kanya destroyed the hydra *Kalya* which infested it: the villages along the Jamná are scattered and thinly populated. Corpses are thrown into it in order to float into the Bhagirathi, which they sometimes do after the lapse of a year. In 1813 the Government survey fixed the Jamná as the Northern boundary of the Sunderbands. The Jamná joins the Ishamati (so called from its being noted for its *ikshu* sugar canes.) The Jamná, though now a Khal, was a large river at the period when the whole stream of the Ganges flowed down by Tribeni and along with the Saraswati formed the Dakhin Prayág; the ghát manjis on the route from Orissa to Tribeni are guilty of great oppression. To the North of the Jamná is GHOSPARA, famous for being the birth place of the Kartá Bhoja sect.*

* Few respectable Hindus have joined the Karta Bhojas, yet they are spreading, but chiefly among the *lower orders*: one of their pretences is, to substitute an actual vision of the goddess of every individual instead of a material image, each one is

We now come to the far famed TRIBENI, the MUKTABENI of Bengal, as the Tribeni at Prayag is the Yukta Beni. Tribeni is said in the Padma Purana to give virtue and salvation to all those residing near it; a famous mela is held here in January: in 1838 over 100,000 persons attended it; of these 24,000 were from Orissa. The Shiva Purana states that the place where the Ganges unites with the Jamna is capable of destroying the sin of murdering a Brahman, particularly in the month of Magha. Stavorinus, an old Dutch traveller of the middle of last century, described the mela as attended by an immense concourse, who carried home Ganga water for the use of their relatives. Tribeni is one of the four *Samajis* or places famous for Hindu learning; the others are Nudiya, Santipur, and Guptapará. Tribeni was formerly noted for its trade: Pliny mentions that the ships assembling near the Godavery sailed from thence to Cape Palinurus, then to Tentigalé, opposite Fulta, then to Tribeni, and lastly to Patna. Ptolemy also notices Tribeni. The Portuguese, Ptolemy, and the natives now call it Tripina, but incorrectly. There were over 30 tolas in Tribeni; Jaganath Pandit lived here in the time of Lord Cornwallis; he took an active part in the publication of the Hindu Laws. Some years ago a Saniyasi who lived for 50 years near the bazar, was attacked by dakoits; 2000 Rupees were stolen from him, and his ears were cut off. A bridge was built over the Saraswati by Prankissen of Chinsura, but it was nearly destroyed in the great storm of 1242 B. S. by an over-flow of the Damuda. Jagannath presided 50 years ago over a large college in Tribeni: he was considered the most learned man in Bengal, and died at the age of 109 years. Several persons have become rich here from selling the clothes

allowed to retain the deity he has been most accustomed to honor; a secret and darkened apartment is chosen and the initiated are made to see their own god, i. e. they are turned first to a strong light and then to a dark recess where fancy conjures up the image. Their chief principle is "that by devotion God will give them eyes, and then they will obtain a sight of Him, and through that sight salvation." The *Friend of India* states, "it is a certain fact that a considerable number of those who first received the Gospel in Jessore, were in a measure prepared to do so by an acquaintance with the religionists of Ghospara." The same remark applies to many of the 4,000 natives who became Christians a few years ago in the Kishnaghur district. The Karta Bhojias have given no written account of their doctrines, they think pen and ink too material; their tenets are handed down by tradition which is communicated to the initiated. Ishwar Chandra Pal, "the present head of the sect, lives in the style of a rajah, his grandfather was a guala or keeper of cows. Drs. Marshman and Carey visited Ram Dulal his father, in 1802, they found a *rath* near his house! which was handsome, stately, exceeding that of many rajahs;" he was "no less plump than Bacchus and about 20 years of age," he argued with them, defending the doctrine of Pantheism; some of their secret rites are of the most disgustingly licentious description. They are spreading in the districts of Burdwan and Kishnaghur, and particularly along the road from Burdwan to Hágly and Calcutta.

of the dead. Stavorinus writes in 1763, that about 3 miles north of Tribeni near the river, he came to a wood, in which was "an ancient building of large square stones as hard as iron, 30 feet long and 20 broad, the walls 13 or 14 feet high, no roof, 3 tombs of black stone on which were Persian characters." The Bengalis believe it was built by a magician in one night without the assistance of any mortal! In June 1837 an alligator 12 feet long, with the arm of an adult female in his belly, was caught here at the ghat.

NYA SERAI or the New Serai, is situated on a branch of the Damuda river, called the Kanah Nadi; its mouth is so choked up with sand at Salimpúr, that it is unable to receive much of the Damuda, and is therefore called the Kanah Nadi; attempts have been unsuccessfully made to cut through the sand, but it has filled up again; it has been proposed to cut a canal to draw the water from Bundipúr to Bali Khal or to make a canal from Gopalnagar to Bydabáti. A bridge was built here by a Zemindar; but a few years ago it was washed away by the inundation in 1839, it was ordered to be rebuilt, by the Court of Directors. Through Nya Serai lies the line of traffic to Burdwan and the Jangal Mahals. Stavorinus in 1768 describes the country about Nya Serai thus, "We met with pleasant plains of arable and pasture lands, intermixed with groves of cocoanut, mango and other trees: the sugarcane was likewise cultivated in many places and flourished excellently." Stavorinus walked from Nya Serai to Tribeni,— "the way first led through a wood which was filled with the notes of birds and afterwards over a lovely plain mostly consisting of pasture grounds." The banks of the river between Nya Serai and Serampore are mostly elevated, which shows it was a remnant of the ancient elevation of the land, like that at Rangamati. There are a Munsif at Nya Serai and a chokey station for the Salt Department. The Nya Serai Khál is named in Rennel's Maps the old Damuda; on it is *Magrá*, so called from a goddess of that name; it is on the high road to Lahore, has 4 tolas, and furnishes quantities of sand fit for plastering.

North of Nya Serai is the village, DAMURDA; its affix *daha*, an abyss, indicates, like *Khal*, *Sagar*, *daha*—that it is alluvial land gained from the water. There is an English school here. A Zemindar Ishwar Babu is said to have lived here 40 years ago and to have been in the habit of inviting travellers to his house at night and then strangling them while they slept; a pilgrim discovered it at night and gave information to the thana at Bansbaria; the Zemindar was arrested and hung; men were found sunk in a tank near his house with stones tied round